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Dishonored Collected Works

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Dishonored

By

Bethesda

Dishonored Audiographs

Callista Prepares a Lesson Plan

By

Callista Curnow

Elementary Sums. History of the Isles, Geography of the Isles. The Seven Strictures. Litany on the White Cliff. Sayings of the Overseer. One day we'll get a few new books.

Callista Remembers Her Uncle

By

Callista Curnow

Remember Miriam's wedding, Uncle? Even the cousins were there, in from the farms. Yours was the only house big enough for all of us. The baker used two carts to bring all the bread and sweets! Two carts! Full to the brim. I blamed Bradley for stealing the icing blooms on top of the cake, but you were right, of course, it was me. How did you know? But didn't we look fine? So many of us then. (pause) And, remember when the streamers caught fire? They burned so fast! We all ran screaming. But not you, Uncle. Remember? You found each little fire, and put them all out, one by one. I thought you were the bravest man alive. We all did. Uncle Curnow. (cries)

Callista Talks About Emily

By

Callista Curnow

Yes, yes, I tell her, you will still need to study! And as Empress you'll have proper tutors, one for each subject. And many personal servants. She asks if she'll have spies. Yes, I tell her, I suppose you will. And advisors. So many advisors, your head will spin. She wants a cake maker! Well, I tell her, you'll have a whole kitchen staff, with an army of chefs. And of course she asks if she can have cake every day. And I say, if that is your wish, my young Empress, which always makes her giggle. Sometimes she gets so sad, remembering these things. They remind her of her poor mother. It's been six months and Emily is resilient, but sometimes I can hear her crying when she thinks I'm asleep.

Callista's Final Words

By

Callista Curnow

I don't know if anyone will hear this. The others took Emily away in a boat. I don't know where and her hair hadn't been combed yet. I worry who will look after her? I didn't even get a chance to say goodbye.

Callista's Letter

By

Callista Curnow

Dear Uncle, it's been a while since I've heard from you. And with the way things are going, I can't be sure we will see each other again. I just wanted to tell you I'm doing well, and I'm safe for now. My job, caring for - a young girl, is better than I expected. But she can be very trying. But I'm treated well. There is enough to eat. I fare better than most, I suppose. We are the last of our family, Uncle Curnow. We just have to go on living. If we can. May we see each other soon, your niece, Callista.

Callista's Plea

By

Callista Curnow

Uncle Curnow! I hope you find this! I'm devastated. The girl I've been caring for is gone. Emily is her name. Yes, that Emily. Daughter to the Empress. She's gone - they took her away in a boat this morning. I don't know where, and her hair hadn't been combed. I worry, who will look after her? I didn't even get a chance to say goodbye.

Callista's Progress Report

By

Callista Curnow

There's hardly a need to work on table etiquette. She knows it all, even if she chooses not to employ it. She'd rather hold her spoon by the wrong end and pretend it's a sword. Then, suddenly, she changes and she's all manners, asking for a tea party. I tried to oblige her, but I have little to work with. No proper plates. Instead of a cloth napkin I've only the bar rag. Ale mugs, instead of teacups. I've asked for things befitting her, but they have their minds on other things. For now, Emily and I decided to make pretend dinner setting using paper, and little things she's found here and there – on the floor I suppose. Not right for a princess, but it'll have to do.

Campbell's Lamentation

By

Thaddeus Campbell

Curse those fools at Coldridge for letting Corvo get away. Who knows what the man could do now. Hiram, or the Lord Regent, as he asks us to call him now, seems to have faith in all the Sokolov security devices he's put up all over the city. But I'm not so sure. At least the girl has been moved to a safe place. Visiting her twice a week has given me ample opportunity to 'inspect the facilities' as they say. So there's an upside, at least.

Crowley's Last Message

By

Crowley

Slackjaw, it's me, Crowley. I'm makin' this in case I don't make it back. You was right, there is someone wants you dead. Wants ta take over the distillery - the whole Bottle Street Gang. And you'll never believe who it is neither. At first I didn't - that's why it's taken me so long. I wanted to be sure and ... what's that-?! Ahh! No! Noooooooooo - ahhhhh

Emily Complains About School

By

Emily Kaldwin

Hello. I am Callista, and I am Emily's teacher, and this is my lesson plan. Boring sums. Boring history. Boring geography. Boring, boring, boring Seven Strictures. Why can't we study sword fighting? And sailing? And monsters?

Emily Tells a Tale

By

Emily Kaldwin

This is the story of the fancy dressed lady and the naked man. Once upon a time there was a fancy dress lady. And she came to the Madame and said that the naked man wanted something. And she was mad about it. And then the naked man came in and he said it was just what he always gets. And the Madame said if that's what he wants it'll be ten coin each time. And that it was Beatrice he'd be wanting to visit. And the fancy dressed lady said "see?!" And then she left. And then the naked man said Beatrice would do. And the Madame said, "ten coin, Custis". And then the naked man said "Lord Pendleton!" The End.

Galvani's Speculation

By

Dr. Galvani

Obviously the plague rat is distinct from the ordinary rat, but in what respect? In size, and the coarseness of its fur. And I believe, in intelligence although the experiments there are not complete. Coriander's zoological survey describes only the ordinary rat, which means plague rats have only been here for five or seven years at most. This was not a gradual migration. Could they have been introduced on purpose, perhaps by a foreign power?

Havelock's Log: Entry Five

By

Farley Havelock

We've done such things. Cowardly things that I'm ashamed of. How could anyone ever forgive us? Would they, even if things are better? No, no. That's not how it works, once the bureaucrats step in. Everything gets muddy. If anyone ever knew, we'd all lose our heads for this. So no one can ever know. And could we ever control Emily with Corvo around? That's the question that sticks in my mind. We need to make our final move, and we need to make it cleanly. No loose ends. Only a few in the know. The ones with the most to lose.

Havelock's Log: Entry Four

By

Farley Havelock

We're getting closer to reaching our goals, but our position is becoming more dangerous. You don't house and feed half a dozen people without leaving telltale traces. Riverboats pass day and night, and the looters are going to start gathering once they're sure the plague has burned the place out. I conclude: if our enemies are not dead by the Month of Wind, we will be. There's a sadness in Emily, but she's strong, weathering the death of her mother just half a year ago better than most grown men I've known. Once we take Dunwall Tower, I'll see that her life is better. I've always thought that I'd command the navy in her name, but sometimes I wonder if I shouldn't just take the title Lord Regent and do it properly.

Havelock's Log: Entry One

By

Farley Havelock

Log entry one-four. It seems we have moved to a new phase. Martin's improvisations have borne fruit, and the former bodyguard has been freed and is en route to the staging location. With Pendleton's voting bloc and my military connections, all we have lacked is the ability to project lethal force in a controlled manner against previously inaccessible - ah, to the point we need a man who can kill the bastards for us. Corvo is more than capable, of that, I have no doubt. End log... Is this off? Switch, switch, where's the -

Havelock's Log: Entry Three

By

Farley Havelock

Corvo's proved his abilities, beyond question. It's not anyone who can walk into Holger Square and put down the High Overseer. And now we're faced with the question, could he be dangerous? Events are going to move quickly now. The storm's rising.

Havelock's Log: Entry Two

By

Farley Havelock

Corvo seems to have arrived in good shape, much better than I expected given what I've seen of Coldridge Prison. He seems willing to work with us, and he shouldn't lack for motivation. The man has lost everything. We'll judge how he performs in the field, and if I can, I'll find a way to test him personally.

Interrogation of the Royal Protector

By

Hiram Burrows

Corvo's unconscious again. Though he's taken more punishment than any two men we've brought in for interrogation. When he wakes, we'll start again. Having him sign the confession for her murder isn't critical, but it might be useful to us later. The assassination of an Empress is not a trivial matter.

Lord Pendleton Memoirs

By

Lord Pendleton

Lord Pendleton Memoirs, chapter 27. In my thirteenth year, the despised stepmother at last departed, and Pendleton Hall was again quiet although Father had by then sunk into deep depression. It was at this sensitive time that Waverly Boyle first entered my life, she who will be source of many tender recollections to come.

Memoir, chapter 28. Waverly, Waverly, Waverly. The very name sweeps one away. She came into our cold, marble halls and brought light and warmth. She changed our lives forever. It was only later I realized she was a traitorous little weasel, like all the Boyles.

Chapter 32. As yet I have said little of my brothers, Morgan and Custis. Twins they are, and four years senior to me. Morgan is the larger of the two brutes, by a slight bit. From earliest memory they abused me in every way. I'm not the first to claim their elder siblings were cruel, but my suffering was unique, I promise you. At the tender age of five, they tied me to the crib, and set inside it a bundle of assorted vipers they had collected over several weeks. My howls - and my breathing - were muffled by a blanket, and so it was hours before the nurse found me, barely alive. I had kicked a few serpents to a pulp, and others had slithered away, but not before I'd been bitten a dozen times or more - on my legs, arms, and face. The wounds kept me convalescing for months, while those two got away with barely a tongue lashing! (Turns away from recording, breathless) Wallace! Bring me wine! (back to recorder, darkly) Tomorrow I will regale you with the special gift they gave me on my tenth birthday party.

Lord Pendleton Memoirs, chapter 41. In which I bed two of the Boyle

women, and only missed the third by virtue of some inclement weather. It was the Month of Rain, and to counter the gloom, the Boyle ladies hosted three nights of merriment by invitation only. Lydia was most fetching in lavender pants and a tunic of yellow silk. She was pleased with me from the moment I walked in the door – with my man servant bringing not one but two cases of effervescent wine from the south. In fact I had come laden with gifts, such that all three Boyle women soon took notice, and they set out to make me more than welcome. We uncorked the wine right away and as night fell we – (sound of something crashing) Wallace! Confound these interruptions! (Recording ends abruptly)

Overseer Music Boxes

By

Unidentified Overseer

We cannot doubt the effectiveness of Holger's Device, or the mathematical beauty of the music itself; we've seen it in action against the forbidden practices too many times to deny it. But the question no one wishes to ask is - is the incantation itself black magic? The boxes are priceless, but what's inside?

Pendleton Considers the Future

By

Lord Pendleton

This was never my idea. He knows that. Certainly I am not completely guiltless, but with my position, he would be a fool to come for me. And if he does, I have much to offer. Extensive business opportunities. So, he'll see reason, if it comes to that.

Pendleton Embraces The Future

By

Treavor Pendleton

At last, time to leave this hovel for some place befitting my station. Now all the good families of the Empire will look up to the Pendletons! Wallace, before your meeting with Havelock downstairs I want you to haul this to the boat for me. I'll be recording the most important chapters in the next few days.

Pendleton Shows Signs of Strain

By

Lord Pendleton

That is not the vintage I asked for, you half-wit ox. (Pause, another clatter)
No matter! Just set it down. Leave both bottles and get out. (Sad, pathetic)
I'm trying to write my memoirs.

Pendleton's Arrival

By

Treavor Pendleton

My furnishings have been installed, at last with no small amount of complaining by that antiquated boatman. The others have no idea what it is like to suffer as I have. Speaking of which - (turns away from microphone) Wallace, please breathe two bottles of Dunwall red - never mind which - and fetch a clean glass. (Back to Microphone). Ah well. I'll begin again tomorrow.

Piero Considers Life Energy

By

Piero Joplin

The Academy teaches that absurd idea that the energy in whale oil arises from the need to maintain life functions at the extreme Ocean depths. The pressure and cold are too much to endure without it. I speculate that a human being might, by a process of adaptation, produce high energy humors in the body. I could buy a tank that would slowly increase pressure on a subject over a long period of time, and then [sic] observe them, for years if need be, to see if the formulation of the energetic substance develops. Surely the Empress will be able to furnish me with facilities, a subject, and the necessary legal amnesty.

Piero Fantasizes

By

Piero Joplin

What will I say when Sokolov has passed? At his funeral. Something like this, perhaps. Sokolov is dead. Gone forever. We were rivals at the Academy. Yes, he was jealous of my agile brain and youthful energies. But he is dead now, and what can I say about him? Sokolov, he did improve on some inventions. He did well for himself, in his way. He had many admirers among the aristocracy, especially those who lack a solid background in matters of natural philosophy. He was a painter of portraits. They say his work was genius. That remains to be seen. Time will tell.

Piero Feels Used

By

Piero Joplin

Cursed dreams were accurate! The Conspiracy was just a nest of worms. All is falling to ruin, and even the great Piero's days are numbered as hounds scratch at his door. If only I had enough whale oil in here to set off a pyre equal to my brilliance.

Piero Finds a New Ally

By

Piero Joplin

Well, I knew it was too good to be true. Seems that the conspiracy tried to use old Piero for their own gain and then discard him. But they have erred, and delivered to me an ally almost as brilliant as myself. Old Sokolov and I will hole up here until we can blast the ruffians outside and make for the Academy.

Piero Notes Anomalies

By

Piero Joplin

I am getting a frequency reverberation that confounds some of my experiments. I suspect there are some kind of empty chambers beneath this building. In a District this old, anything is possible.

Okay, this is interesting. Has anyone found these chambers he's talking about?

I could be wrong though

Thanks for the clarification...:)

Piero Questions His Future

By

Piero Joplin

The Lord Regent is dead. Now we will see. Now it will all become clear.
Have I placed my trust in the right people? Will I get what was promised me?
I feel pins and needles in my hands. I need rest. I hardly know when I wake
or when I dream.

Piero Speculates on His Future

By

Piero Joplin

It won't be long now. Barring some unfortunate turn of events, or betrayal, I will soon have a very astonishing title. Royal Physician? No, it's too much like Sokolov. Maybe it's time for a change, a re-imagining. Something that will shake the Academy of Natural Philosophy to its stones. Royal Alchemist? Physicist? Royal Astrological Metaphysician. Yes.

Piero's Arc Pylon

By

Piero Joplin

The copper wiring is making all the difference. Increasing the output by almost 50 percent. Yet the whale oil still has too many impurities. I'll need to find a way to filter it myself if that idiot can't provide a better grade. Even the Academy doesn't have anything that will refine it to the specifications I require. Something new then, perhaps using charcoal, or a multiple chambered device? I feel confident the answer will come to me tonight as I slumber.

Piero's Dark Dreams

By

Piero Joplin

The inspiration is coming faster. My mind works faster at night than it does during the day. I'm being swept away, and I can no longer tell if it's genius or madness. When Corvo arrived, he brought some force from the Void with him. Or perhaps I am more brilliant than even I had supposed.

Piero's Speculation on the Spirit

By

Piero Joplin

Does part of the soul live in the heart? If the heart keeps beating, does that mean the spirit is never released to oblivion? I can keep a heart beating forever with electricity, but what does that mean for any essence trapped within? It would be easier if I had created these processes in waking hours - I am uneasy pursuing avenues that emanate from my dreaming mind.

Piero's Thoughts on Sokolov

By

Piero Joplin

His logic is flawed, anyone can see that! And not an original idea to be heard!
His notes are a mess, if he even keeps them. How he got this far is anyone's
guess. He says what they want to hear. Friend of the rich, that's his method.
Sokolov's true genius is in pampering the aristocracy. Fools.

Samuel Finds an Audiograph

By

Samuel Beechworth

Hello. My name is Samuel. This machine was tossed into the river by the Admiral, but I've fetched it and it appears to be workin'. Let's see if it is. Test. Test. There we go...

Samuel Stays Wary

By

Samuel Beechworth

Not liking the look of this one bit. That party died down inside awful fast, and now they called all the staff together. They said one more package for me to deliver, but I think I'll be keeping station at a safe distance from the riverbank and keep an eye on things for a while.

Samuel's Pride in His Role

By

Samuel Beechworth

I'm taking part in history, here. Dunwall is on the verge of a new age, a better age, and this old sailor has had a role to play in it. I doubt I'll be remembered, as the worthy men who made this happen are truly the heroes. And one feisty little girl, who hides the sadness of missing her mother very well, bless her. But perhaps someday someone will listen to this and know that a humble sailor named Samuel was a part of it all.

Sokolov's Observation on Test Subject 312

By

Anton Sokolov

Sokolov here. Excellent progress today. Test subject 312 is declining rapidly. As I theorized, Formulas 12 and 17 administered in combination greatly accelerated the progression of the disease. Interestingly, the respiratory mucosa have erupted and raised pustules, greyish in color, which burst, causing hemorrhaging and pain. I now turn my hopes and energies to Formula 25, which, in conjunction with a high heat therapy, which came to me most vividly in a dream last night, has great potential, according to the latest celestial alignment. As for test subject 312, after the characteristic sloughing of the skin, she should be dead by mid-morning tomorrow.

The Lord Regent's Confession

By

Hiram Burrows

If I explain, then you will see, I am not at fault. My Poverty Eradication Plan was meant to bring prosperity to the City, to rid us of those scoundrels who waste their days in filth and drink, without homes or occupations other than to beg for the coin for which the rest of us toil.

And it was a simple plan - bring the disease bearing rats from the Pandysian Continent, and let them take care of the poor for us. The plan worked perfectly. At first. But the rats - it was as if they sought to undo me. They hid from the catchers, and bred at a sickening rate. Soon it didn't matter, rich, poor, all were falling sick.

And then people began to ask questions. The Empress assigned me to investigate whether the rats had been imported by a foreign power. I knew the truth would come out eventually. So there was no other way than to be rid of her, and take power myself. She had to die, you see. SHE HAD TO DIE.

Bringing about the death of an Empress is not an easy thing, but it gave me the chance to attack the plague with some real authority. Quarantines! Deportation of the sick! But there's always some idiot woman searching for her wretched lost babe, or some sniveling workman searching for his missing wife. And then quarantine is broken!

But you can see how my plan should have worked? Would have worked! If everyone had just followed orders.

Thoughts on the Lord Regent's Death

By

Daud

So he's dead. Farewell, Lord Regent. Royal Spymaster. Hiram Burrows. You small, worried man. You'll never know how many times I've thought about trying to get close to you again, just to put a piece of sharp metal in your eye.

But someone beat me to it. Someone very dangerous it seems.

Good riddance to you, sir. So many schemes you had and so many contracts. How many people did I kill for you? None like the last. None like her. I'd give back all the coin if I could. No one should have to kill an Empress.

Thoughts on the Lord Regent's Fall

By

Daud

So you've lost it all. Ruined at last, Lord Regent. Royal Spymaster. Hiram Burrows. You small, worried man. You'll never know how many times I've thought about trying to get close to you again, just to put a piece of sharp metal in your eye.

But now there's no need. You've been taken down by the same apparatus that gave you life to begin with: laws and courtrooms and the mighty swell of public outrage.

Good riddance to you, sir. So many schemes you had and so many contracts. How many people did I kill for you? None like the last. None like her. I'd give back all the coin if I could. No one should have to kill an Empress.

Whaler Assassin Interrogation

By

Unidentified Overseer

What we have is a man, aged thirty perhaps, slender. Unusual tattooing on the face and chest. Probably superstitious heresy. Wearing some sort of industrial mask when we brought him in, stolen out of one of the whaling factories from the look of it. (Pause) (To the subject) You're one of Daud's men, aren't you? Caught at last. (Brief pause) Give us a name, at least. (To others) What's wrong with his eyes? Opium? Laudanum? (To the subject) Are you with us? (To others) What's he doing? (Louder) Some kind of fit!? (Sounds of convulsions) (Pause) He's gone. (Pause) Here it is; a pin, hidden in one of his gloves. (More official) Subject has administered some kind of poison. The effects seem to have been lethal.

Dishonored Books

A Gaffer's Tale, Vol 1

By

Unknown

(Excerpt from the travel journal of a young whaler)

A Gaffer's Tale Vol 1: Or, A Gaffer's Early Adventures

My sister Nina and I left Tyvia together, saying goodbye to our aunt, the woman who had raised us since childhood. Leaving behind our home city of Yaro and the cold, but beautiful white landscapes we had always known, we boarded a ship for Dunwall. Our parents had left us with a sizable inheritance, and we spent half of this getting to the capital city and establishing a small import shop dedicated to Tyvia furs.

Once I'd helped Nina establish the business, I was free to pursue my dream. Signing on with a whaling ship was the most exciting thing I'd ever done, and saw it as a means to an end; someday I would captain my own crew, and eventually own a fleet of similar vessels. With tears in her eyes, Nina kissed me farewell and I did not see her again for many months.

As an apprentice to the gaffer, I got to see the tracking and killing of the great beasts up close. Nothing had ever fired my spirit so, as the wind and pounding waves; racing after a wounded whale, being pulled by a skein of cables embedded in its thick flesh.

I changed more in those first seven months that I had in the previous seven years. Whaling was beginning to put its mark on me so that Nina barely recognized me when I returned, tanned and sinewy with muscle, weather creases already wrinkling the corners of my eyes. But she could see that I was filled with joy, having found my purpose.

A Gaffer's Tale, Vol 2

By

Unknown

(Excerpt from the travel journal of a whaler in his final years)

A Gaffer's Tale, Vol 2: Or, A Gaffer's Final Passage

After more than a quarter of a century, I am done with whaling, too broken to continue. I've seen all corners of the Isles and made more coin than most men see in a lifetime. But it's all gone. I've lived through an Emperor and watched his daughter take the throne, fair young Empress she was, but slain so young. Everything beautiful comes to die. I've eaten in every port of the known world and sailed in the loneliest waters you could imagine. I've seen the cliffs around Pandyssia. Even the best of it doesn't give me an ounce of joy. The years come back across my dreams as a line of butchered bodies; long, sleek and singing among the waves under the moonlight, only to be speared by ugly, weather-scarred men who'd knife each other for a good pair of boots.

Each year I had less time to come home. My tongue forgot the language of small chatter and those who lived in the cities thought me odd. My sister Nina hardly knew what to say to me during our visits. When she lost her business to the Lord Regent's crooked barrister I was a hundred miles east of Morley, gaff-hand frozen from the sleet as we tracked the first bull whale we'd seen in months. I helped her as much as I could, but Nina died in the early days of the plague. None of it mattered. If I'm jaded and bitter, it's because this industry has taken away my dreams. The world has beaten me.

A Second Solution

By

Piero Joplin

[Excerpt from a series of newspaper articles from prominent natural philosophers - by Piero Joplin]

It is through no fault of my own that the average citizen has expressed a preference for Sokolov's Elixir over my own formula, sold as Piero's Remedy, a name I did not choose if you must know the truth. The public has spoken its usual message of idiocy, spending their coin as a means of selecting Sokolov's formula over mine, which I believe to be equal if not superior.

Much has been made over the popularity of these concoctions as a means to resisting this remarkable new plague. I say remarkable because this strain works with an efficiency we have not seen in the history of the Empire. This plague, now making its way through the City of Dunwall, is unrivaled in its effectiveness. I have studied it within the blood of those afflicted and it is nearly perfect. Elegant, in fact.

And while it is true that Piero's Remedy and Sokolov's Elixir are known to protect the body against the plague equally, my own has properties, not fully understood, which relate to the mind itself, and the spirit. And it is in this way that my formula wins out. Here, is where one should pay attention to this contest. For you see, Sokolov's Elixir, with its emphasis on the brute, animal body, is a cross goo better suited for livestock. The subtle and secret variance in the key ingredients making up Piero's Remedy ensure that it works on the higher functions that separate humankind from the mindless blue-jawed hagfish swimming in the Wrenhaven River.

Abductee Manifest

By

Unknown

The following children have been brought to Godfrey's farm, awaiting passage to White Cliff on the 13th Day, Month of Seeds.

Jude Thornton, Ada Hargreve, Nicholas Reynes, Patrick Fagan, Roland Williams, Zachary Clendon, Thomas Jordan, Kent Hodgson

Ration allotment:

12 crusts of bread

1 wheel of blood ox cheese

5 tins of brined hagfish

Admiralty and the Fleet

By

Unknown

(Excerpt from a book on naval history)

While each of the Isles has some form of naval fleet, none is more envied than that of Gristol, with its long, proud history of great ships and the admirals who command them. Boys come of age in the cities of Gristol hoping to someday captain such a ship, and family dynasties are made by those captains who track down infamous pirates or crush seditious uprisings, as during the Morley Insurrection.

In times of war and peace, Gristol continues to innovate at sea. The ship designs of Anton Sokolov himself now represent the highest standard in the whaling trade, allowing crews to haul their kill up over the deck and begin their butchery and processing, even as the ship returns to Dunwall. The crews can be seen working on their latest whale as the ship moves slowly up the Wrenhaven River, coming to dock with one of the powerful warehouse companies such as the Greaves Whaling House. Suspended in the rigging overhead and backlit by the setting sun, the silhouette of one of these creatures makes a moving sight as it cruises to its final resting place in the industrial heart of the capital city.

Avoiding the Rat Plague

By

Unknown

(Excerpt from a government protocol on disease practices)

Much of the public still harbors false beliefs related to the plague. It is NOT true that the bile from river krusts will protect against contraction of the disease. Nor is it true that crushed Morley orchids act as a remedy, though it is speculated that both of these ingredients are used in both Sokolov's Elixir and Piero's Remedy. Consumption of these products, before exposure to the plague, constitutes the only known means of resisting the disease.

Further, the Abbey of the Everyman warns against superstitious practices. Not only is it ineffective to burn two hagfish and a cat together, inhaling vapors while chanting the names of the plague-dead, but it is also considered heresy by the Overseers and will be met with the full measure of the Abbey's laws.

Tell your neighbors and practice these things yourself: Avoid contact with the infected. Consume your ration of elixir daily, preferably in the morning. And report anyone suspected of carrying the plague. Everyone must work together to stop the spread of the dreaded contagion.

Bone Charms

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book on sailing traditions and scrimshaw]

Bone charms, a sailor's blessing, they say.

The carving itself is a practice from long back, passed from father to son, old man salt to greenhorn still getting his sea legs beneath him. In the old times, men cut into the tusks of ice seals and into the arm-long fangs of bears that roamed the isles north of Tyvia.

Once the whale trade began, the practitioners went to engraving the bones of these great beasts, rendering charms that sing in the night and grant some small boon to a man's vigor or defense against pregnancy.

Bounty Ledger

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a bounty ledger]

Croonigan - Eliminated, 1,500 coins paid

Sollard - Location unknown

Elizabeth - Abducted, delivered, 2,000 coins paid

Boothe - Eliminated, payment refused. Employer eliminated

Unknown Masked Man - Revealed to be Corvo

Slackjaw - Location Unknown

Corvo - in custody, to be delivered alive

Boyle Party Guest Ledger

By

Unknown

Lord Montgomery Shaw

Miss Adelle White

Mr. Byron Alderdice

Mrs. Jane Blair

Mr. Jerval Crawford

Miss Ella Triss

Stephen Harding

Dr. Jack Ramsey

Lord Talmedge Estermont

Mr. Nels Jefferies

Lord Timothy Brisby

Lord Bernard Prismall

Mr. Adam Pyle

Corvo Attano

Call to the Spheres, Vol 1

By

Unknown

(Excerpt from a work of fiction, early chapters)

My stomach twisted as the engines of the old vessel roared louder. It was the creation of Orchado, Third Prefect from the Academy of Natural Philosophy. He was exhilarated, savoring each of the small craft's undulations. Orchado pulled a lever and a great gout of smoke surrounded us. The smell of burning whale oil grew unbearable as the machine propelled itself upward.

I was too afraid to look through the window, which suddenly didn't feel thick enough. As if knowing my thoughts, Overseer Bryn looked at me and smiled; "Recite some the Litany, my pupil. It will protect your heart from the turpitude of the Void on our way to the Outer Spheres."

Call to the Spheres, Vol 2

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a work of fiction, middle chapters]

Orchado was elated, like a boy of sixteen on the eve of the Fugue Feast.
“When we are back in Gristol, I’ll be named Royal Physician!

“Or you will be burned for heresy, Third Perfect. All depends on what we find when we get there.” My master’s voice was different, as if the air of the Outer Spheres added qualities normally absent: uncertainty, weakness, fear.

I risked another glance at the monolithic structure in the distance. It was a wonder for Orchado, a puzzle for Overseer Bryn, and for me a towering monument for emptiness; a magnificent shrine to madness.

Call to the Spheres, Vol 3

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a work of fiction, final chapters]

I do not fear the Void, nor am I concerned with the spiritual sanctity of the weak. For I am now His herald, His chosen, having seen His sublime vault, where eternally He feeds upon the substance of the Void.

Alone in Orchado's ship, the floor painted red with life, I draw designs with my fingers and gaze through the portals at the land rising below. There I will build the first monument to His glory, a rotting wound in the flesh of nature.

Patiently, I'll build, awaiting Your arrival, oh great scion of the Void!

Confiscation Log 2749

By

Unknown

Accused: Archibald Pelling

Recovered: Effigy of the Lord Regent

Sentence: Sentenced to 3 years imprisonment at Coldridge

Accused: Beatrice Gauld

Recovered: Collection of animal skulls, carved with pictographic sigils

Sentence: Home confiscated

Accused: Charles Hanley

Recovered: Book of rituals

Sentence: Home and property seized, banished to the flooded district

Curnow's Visit

By

Thaddeus Campbell

Wayland,

Captain Curnow and his retinue will be here this evening. See that they are allowed through the checkpoint without incident. I would like him in a fair mood when I have drinks with him in the meeting chamber.

Also, be prepared to defend the checkpoint from the inside should things go awry with negotiations. Not that I expect they should, but I want your Overseers prepared in case Curnow and his men live up to the City Watch's reputation.

High Overseer Campbell

Customs and Food of Morley

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a traveler's journal]

Born and raised in Gristol, I spent my formative years in our smaller cities before settling in magnificent Dunwall. There, in the capital city, I learned to appreciate the finer things. When the opportunity arose to document my travels to Serkonos, Tyvia and finally Morley, I left my position as a clerk for the late Lord Estermont.

Perhaps, like so many in Dunwall, I suffer from being excessively cultured, but I found Morley disappointing.

Over the course of this journal, I will explain why I found the Festival of Churners to be tiresome, despite the high banners, bare feet, and red robes. And why their renown jellied ox tongue is something I will be struggling to forget for many years to come.

Damien's Journal

By

Damien

Amanda and I only had enough coin to buy half the elixir we needed. Even that's all gone now, and there's nothing to do but wait. We're very sick and there's no place above to hide from the city watch. They're breaking into houses all over our district. So we'll stay here and share the last hours together. Our fire will keep the rats away, but they'll inherit this city.

-Damien

Daud's Log

By

Damien

[The latest log entry]

Eighteen years on this wretched rock, in this city of filth. I've felt the blood of scholars, of noble pedophiles, of guildsmen, of unfaithful lovers, of politicians who were far too just for their own good, and of law enforcers who came too close to bringing the wrong man to justice. Why should an empress be any different? Why should I feel the entire weight of this dying city crushing down on my back?

Corvo, Lord Protector, is of Serkonos, just as I once was. I might have known that fact already, but it didn't matter until I recognized it in his face. It brought back distant memories of home, and the optimistic young man I once was.

What would I find if I went back there? Would I find that it has rotted from the inside, just like Dunwall, or will it only appear that way because I'm the one who's rotted?

Daughter of Tyvia

By

Unknown

(Excerpt from a theatre play)

Young Lady Amelia (in the back garden): Duchess, I do not know of the world beyond these garden walls, but do not mistake my lack of experience for fear. Or for an absence of desire. If I've avoided you it is because of the warning your name carries.

Duchess Kalli (bending a rose to her face, inhaling the scent): And what warning is that, my dear Amelia?

Young Lady Amelia (turning her back to the Duchess): I believe you know my meaning. Your father's tales are still the subject of parlor gossip.

Duchess Kalli (stepping up close): And those stories excite you? Tell me, girl, I am a friend.

Young Lady Amelia (hesitating): Duchess Kalli, I- Yes, I confess they do. In my youth I hid a copy of the tales of Prince Kallisarr. I read them late into the night.

Duchess Kalli (speaking into her ear): As did I.

Young Lady Amelia (leaning back into her embrace): But he was your father?!

Duchess Kalli (stroking her neck): They're just stories, Amelia. Fire for the imagination.

Young Lady Amelia (breathing deeply): Duchess, will you teach me to kiss?

Duchess Kalli (cooing softly): I will, but have you ever kissed another?

Abirri, a rose gardener (emerging from the hedges, stammering): My ladies! I swear to you, I did not intend to spy. Forgive me, but I was pruning the hedge and could not find a way to interrupt.

Duchess Kalli (extending a hand): We forgive you. But as punishment, I command you to stay, and to come closer.

Young Lady Amelia (shocked, brows furrowed in irritation): But he is a servant, Duchess!

Duchess Kalli (pulling at each of them, drawing them closer to her): And serve us, he will, young Amelia.

Dead Counter Responsibilities

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a manual on new City Watch procedures]

Commissioned by the Lord Regent in the face of the growing plague crisis, the Dead Counter is a position that will only be given to officers, usually of junior or middle grades. In most matters of edict or curfew enforcement, these officers will defer to the acting officer on-duty. However, any Dead Counter will have command in situations related to the plague and the handling of the dead, including those with late-stage plague symptoms (called “weepers” in common parlance). Starting in the Month of Rain, interested officers may apply for the test and, if accepted, for the two-week training tour. Pay will be administered in coin and rations of elixir, at one and one-half normal pay grade.

Deposition Log 73826

By

Unknown

The Case of Agatha Harcourt

Deposition from Mary Wallace

“I smelled a peculiar stench coming from Agatha’s window one night. As I looked in the window, I saw her burning over a fire the bones of something small, along with clumps of hair.”

Deposition from Herbert Alcott

“On several evenings as I came home from work, I saw Agatha peering at me unnaturally from behind her curtains. On the fifth day I felt a pain in my stomach upon approaching her home.”

Outcome:

Agatha’s home was searched. Several outlawed items were found, and Agatha was caught as she attempted to flee from the back door. Her interrogation yielded little of use. Home and property seized for the Abbey. Remains cremated.

Disclosure Log 965

By

Unknown

Name: Dillion Jacobs

Admitted Violations: Theft of neighbor's food

Recourse: Half wages to be given to neighbor for a month

Name: Milicent Ridgeway

Admitted Violations: Adultery

Recourse: One year in the service to the order

Name: Robert Young

Admitted Violations: Spying on his neighbor as she bathed

Recourse: Public humiliation in the stocks for 2 days

Donovan's Journal

By

Donovan

[Excerpt from a worn journal]

Everyone was looking for someone to blame for what happened, as the waters rose day by day, and one by one the business owners had to give up their shops to ankle-high muck and river krusts started growing as far back as Thresh Street.

Truth is it wasn't some plot to wipe the ever-prosperous Rudshore off Dunwall's maps: it was laziness and stupidity. The barriers keeping the rising river waters out hadn't been maintained in at least a decade, and once one leak started the whole thing gave out. City was so tied up fighting the plague no one lifted a finger to salvage the place.

It's been a year now, and living in a place the Regent's forgotten about has its perks.

Early Life and Times: Slackjaw

By

Crowley

[Excerpt from a series of letters sent by a member of the Bottle Street Gang]

You want the chinwag on Slackjaw? What he was like when we was young, before he got his name? Oh, he's got a cool head now, but it weren't always like that in the days before he was boss of the Bottle Street gang. Time was, young Slackjaw wasn't such a reasonable man.

Like most of us, he grew up on the streets, running with a pack of ragamuffins and avoiding the law, pinchin' whatever he needed. Dark haired and dark eyed, smokin' a pipe by the age o' ten. For them born into the brothels or coming from the orphanages, it was either the gangs or workin' with the mud larks and no one wants that. Some got pressed into the Navy or put down in the mines run by the Pendleton or Boyle families. As hard as it was on the streets, as hungry as we all got, at least we was free.

By the time we weren't little 'uns any more, Slackjaw was one to watch, usually callin' the shots when we took down a farmer's cart or sidewalk street vendor. He'd come up with the plan, give everyone some part to play and decide on the split. Most of us just went along, 'cause we learned fast that we made out better like that. More food, more coin. Plus, none of us wanted to deal with Slackjaw when he was in a rage.

He worked on a couple of big jobs with Black Sally across town, and that was enough to get the attention of the other bosses. He wasn't just a street kid any more. Now he was an up-and-comer, which meant trouble.

Another guy who fancied himself as such was Mike the Fish, who was workin' his way up running the protection racket among the factory women.

One fine evening we're all taking in a bawdy show in the theater house. Mike the Fish and his lot are there in the cheap seats too, just down the aisle from us. Mike gets a wild idea - he wasn't big on planning - and throws a heavy ceramic spittoon at Slackjaw. Hits him square in the face and breaks his jaw. We look to see if there's gonna be a blood brawl, but Slackjaw just points at the door and we all leave, with Mike laughing at our backs.

Waking up the next day, without telling us why, Slackjaw motions for us all to follow. He still can't say a word, so we just come along. We stop at the docks and Slackjaw buys - actually pays coin for it - a heavy chain covered in hooks. It's for fishing in the deep, something you'd attach to a long line off the side of a ship. It's about four feet, made of thick links, and there are shark hooks comin' off it at different angles. Slackjaw's got that thing wrapped around his left arm, danglin' at his side.

Not sure how he knew where Mike the Fish was stayin', but when we reach his girl's house, Slackjaw throws a bottle through the window just like that. It's almost noon. There's a bunch of screamin' inside and Mike pokes his head out, looking wide-eyed and baffled. When he sees Slackjaw out in the street, a look comes over his face that still gives me the willies. Pure murder.

Mike comes out the side door bellowin' like a bloodox, holding a cleaver, heading straight for Slackjaw. When they come together in the street, Slackjaw spins and the shark hooks bite deep into Mike's arm and shoulder. He screams, but Slackjaw holds onto the chain. He's standin' there with his jaw broken, clenched tight, with the chain wrapped around his left arm, hooks sunk into Mike the Fish, just knifing him as fast as he can. Mike couldn't fight very well, hooked like that and using his left hand, but he was a big guy and it took a lot of stabbin' before he went to his knees. Everyone was cheering at first, but then we all went quiet. It just kept goin' and goin', until finally it was just Mike the Fish blubberin', cryin' like a baby, and the sound of Slackjaw's knife.

When it was over - and here's the brilliant part - Slackjaw took out a note and stuck to Mike's face with a nail. It just said, If you want a job, come to Bottle Street.

Slackjaw didn't talk right for a couple of months, but word spread fast.

By the end of the year, once we had a sizable gang goin', he sent out letters to the other bosses, tellin' them that he was running a brand new crew over on Bottle Street. Most of them laughed or beat up the guys who delivered the letters. Green-eye Trish even came back missing a thumb. But apparently Slackjaw was expecting that kind of reaction and had a backup plan.

A week later, four of the bosses were dead. Seemed like a series of unfortunate events, but everyone knew better. One shot dead by the Watch while standing in the middle of a meat market. Another slipping and falling into the water, out cold. One of the older bosses found in bed with his belly opened wide and a Tyvian pear stuffed into his mouth. Still not sure what that meant. And Sheila Barnsworth was found bubblin' in a cauldron o' hot wax.

Slackjaw sent out another set of letters. Offers to the under-bosses, telling 'em they'd be treated fair as peers. He even sent Green-eye Trish with one of the letters. All of the under-bosses accepted.

After spilling the guts of his main competition, Slackjaw went in for stabilizin' his business, real neat like. Calling in favors, smoothing things over, giving everyone a little bit of coin or drink as a bonus. Showin' what he could be like as boss. So everything got quiet, which always makes the boys of the City Watch nervous, of course.

Word went out among the Royal Spymaster's snitches, the Responsible Citizens Group they called themselves, telling everyone working in a shop or sweeping off the front steps of their homes to keep watchful eyes for Slackjaw and his men. Tryin' to suss out what they were up to and what had just happened. But Slackjaw aint stupid. He greased a few palms among the shopkeepers and the Watch too, telling them that he was in town to stay and that things would be run properly from now on, without so much blood. He was finally a real boss, ready to settle into the business of moving whiskey, running the hound fights, and offering up the ladies and gentlemen of the night if you take my meaning.

Then the plague came.

At first it seemed like a good thing. A few people got sick and everyone wanted to buy those potions, from Sokolov or Piero. Health elixir or spiritual

remedy they call 'em. Slackjaw told me he saw an opportunity. We already had an old whiskey factory with a still, where we could water the stuff down and sell it discounted. Doing the same with Sokolov's elixir was a smart plan. Pretty soon everybody in the slums was sick and business was good. But after a while there were so many people down with plague that everyone got scared. Everybody started actin' real nasty and everything fell apart. When people can't work, they don't have the coin for elixir, watered down or pure.

When the Empress died, it seemed like Dunwall would slide into the Void. Spymaster Burrows took over and the Watch started using all that new Sokolov technology. Watchtowers, tallboys and them arc pylons. They put up a wall of light across Clavering Boulevard and cracked down hard.

But Slackjaw surprised us again. Instead of leaving town on a boat bound for Morley or one of the other Isles, he stayed and kept it all together. We get as much elixir to fight off the plague as the City Watch, with their taxes and rations. And that's kept us alive, so far.

-Crowley, Bottle Street Gang

Elixir Accounts

By

Unknown

Next Batch

Tubbard Family - 4 doses

Crammling Family - 3 doses

Braeden Family - 5 doses

Golden Cat - 2 crates

Bitterleaf Almshouse - 1 crate

Ed Knack - 1 dose

Luther - 1 dose

Black Sally - 2 crates

Griff - past due.

Trace Flannery - 2 doses

Pratchett Family - 5 doses

Nelly and Morris Sullivan - 2 doses

Esma Boyle's Diary

By

Esma Boyle

Finally! Tonight, tonight! The party is going to be so fabulous. I shall bed the first man to ask for it. And the second after that! I am so sick of these dark, awful times. Every day is as dreary as the one before. Well not tonight! Tonight is for the living!

- Esma

Excerpt from An Assassin's Log

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a fresh journal]

The four hounds we rescued from the Overseers are making great progress. I am confident that with continued care and proper feeding, the training that they received at the hands of the zealots will fade and they'll begin to behave more to our liking.

Explorer's Journal

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from the journal of an explorer and natural philosopher]

Dr. Hazian's interpretations of the Pandyssian carvings are the height of ignorance. The core theme is not renewal, but dire warning. The central figure is not a benign spirit. It is clearly a monster, and the jewel a type of fetish, the key to its dark potency perhaps.

The panels should be read as follows: The hero-figure steals the jewel from the monster and casts it into an unquenchable fire. Thus, the monster is made mortal and the hero is able to slay it, breaking the cycle of terror.

[Note scrawled in the margins]

Vera has taken an inordinate interest in my field manuals. Such appetites are unseemly in a lady of her station. I shall have to reprimand her.

[Second note, written in a different hand]

So dreary dreary, dearie.

Failed Experiments

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a series of lectures on natural philosophy - By Piero Joplin]

Of course I have attempted to improve upon Sokolov's designs. Of course! And why not? After all, it is likely that his thinking was influenced in some small way by our time together at the Academy. We are all part of a community, striving to unknot the mysteries of the Cosmos. Even those among us who possess the greatest minds are often led to a fruitful line of consideration by, how does one say it, our intellectual subordinates. Sokolov is no exception to this, despite the glamor of genius he has cast over the aristocracy.

And further it is true that many of my experiments have failed. No need to gossip about it behind my back in your social clubs and in the very chambers of the Academy itself. Great ambition requires risks. You may laugh now at my Door to Nowhere, but someday you will not. Your children will likely see it as commonly as you see the electric lamps lighting our streets at night. But a few short years ago, you would have laughed at Sokolov's Arc Pylon or Wall of Light. Your laughter, your condescending smiles, they are nothing but evidence of your own limited imagination!

Field Survey Notes: The Royal Spy

By

Hiram Burrows

[Excerpt from the personal memoirs of Hiram Burrows, dated several years earlier]

This is the Fourth Day, Month of High Cold.

Progress continues on the suppression of gang activity in the Distillery District, but more slowly than I'd expected. The ruffians operating there have been cunning, I'll grant them that, but it's only a matter of time. I'll see their leaders flogged in public and sent beneath the Royal Executioner's blade. If I had my way, that mute bastard would be working night and day, removing the heads that need removing.

Internally, the Empress does not seem pleased with my investigations. It seems that it is beyond her thinking - against her very nature as a trusting person - to believe that traitors move among us, but I know they do. They must.

No, Jessamine would rather spend her time with the Royal Protector. At least he's likely to stop any immediate threat to her safety, but a strong arm is not what's needed against those who would undermine us. How will Corvo's sword stop a poisoned wine glass or an explosive delivered by courier? It will not. There are many threats around us. Threats requiring meticulous efforts to police.

Young Lady Emily is undisciplined, I'm afraid. Here within Dunwall Tower, she receives instruction from the finest tutors known in the Isles, yet her mother spoils her and she spends most of her time lost in imagination, wasting her time drawing, or asking Corvo to teach her to fight with wooden

sticks. The girl might rule the Empire some day; every moment spent at play is a moment wasted.

Shoring up security for the main gate leading into Dunwall Tower has been another pet project of late. To think that back in his day Emperor Kaldwin left it open to the public during the day, allowing anyone to come and go as they pleased. If it were up to me, I'd seal off access to the streets entirely, but the Empress won't hear of it. The water lock is much easier to protect and if it were the only way in to the Tower, traffic in and out would be greatly reduced. Someday the wrong person is going to slip in and we'll suffer for it, mark my words. No amount of security is excessive when it comes to protecting heads of state.

The Empress also disapproves of my plans for the Sokolov devices. Sokolov himself has no interest in security, of course, but he's vain and therefore keen to see his inventions deployed in any fashion. This "wall of light" he's been tinkering with has promise. In any case, at least I was able to convince the Empress to upgrade the pistols carried by the officers of the Watch.

Why do I worry so, when no one else seems to care? If I ever fall asleep, will it all sink into the Ocean? Will the rough things clamber over the walls and fill themselves on our flesh? This is what I see in the same dream several times each month. If only I had more say in things, more authority, I could protect us all.

Perhaps I have been working too hard. Dinner and an evening of conversation with a certain lady of refinement might be in order, perhaps somewhere nice in the Estate District.

—Hiram Burrows, Royal Spymaster

Golden Cat Guest Ledger

By

Unknown

Lord Morgan Pendleton, with Loulia in the [Steam/Ivory] Room,
[downstairs/second floor].

Mister Bunting, with Betty in the Silver Room, second floor.

Lord Custis Pendleton, with Violetta in the [Gold/Smoking] Room, third
floor.

Lords Morgan and Custis Pendleton checked out at 7:00pm, citing an
appointment with the Lord Regent.

Granny Rags' Diary

By

Granny Rags

I can't trust him, you can't love what you don't trust. That's the song the birdies sing when the weather turns cold and forces them out of their nice homes they built. Nice homes spoiled. Spoiled and ruined. Useless now. So the birdies hate the weather that betrayed them. They fly away to look for new homes that aren't so cold and dreary, dreary, dreary.

I am leaving too. My valise is packed. So dreary everywhere I look. I can't bear it anymore.

Harpooner Songs

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book of sea shantys sung by sailors]

What will we do with the drunken whaler

What will we do with the drunken whaler

What will we do with the drunken whaler

Early in the morning

Feed him to the hungry rats for dinner

Feed him to the hungry rats for dinner

Feed him to the hungry rats for dinner

Early in the morning

Way, hey and up she rises

Way, hey and up she rises

Way, hey and up she rises

Early in the morning

Slice his throat with a rusty cleaver

Slice his throat with a rusty cleaver

Slice his throat with a rusty cleaver

Early in the morning

Stuff him in a sack and throw him over

Stuff him in a sack and throw him over

Stuff him in a sack and throw him over

Early in the morning

Way, hey and up she rises

Way, hey and up she rises

Way, hey and up she rises

Early in the morning

Havelock's Log

By

Farley Havelock

It has been days since our men were dispatched to stash weapons for Corvo in the old sewer. They have not returned, so I can only hope that they succeeded in getting the package delivered. Piero spent considerable time and resources making those things. If I could find a way to mass produce them, the Dunwall Navy would secure its place as the dominant force on the globe. But back to Corvo. Can he actually break out of Coldridge Prison and if so, will he make his way back here? I personally give him odds of 1 in 5.

Litany on the White Cliff

By

Abram Templeton

[Excerpt from a series of Overseer invocations - By High Overseer Abram Templeton]

And I say to you, brothers, it is here that we make our stand as a righteous force against the growing darkness. It is here that we unite against the spirits of the unknown that would drag us screaming into the night, never to return to our homes, to our families! Together we will serve as a rod to those who would stray from the herd, for the foggy gray wastes of the Outsider. We will burn a bright fire with our virtuous actions so that others will not lose their way. And to those who choose to wander, beyond the walls of our homes, in far places, we will strike at them swiftly before they whisper to their neighbors, filling their hearts with strangeness and doubt.

Looting in Recent Months

By

Unknown

(Excerpt from a letter found in an empty house at the edge of the Rudshore Financial District)

The looting started in the warehouses. Once enough men took sick with the plague, the companies had to suspend operations.

My husband Malkus was with the Meierson Tobacco Leaf Company, which closed last year during the Month of Clans. He ran the fire boxes and the main curing barn. Malkus always said flue curing made the sweetest leaf. Sickiness hits the tobacco men the hardest because of all the smoking.

They ran with a small crew for awhile, but around the time my husband got sick the fires were put out and the tobacco sat rotting.

Somehow the thieves knew and started stripping the place. Later, they moved on to houses, the bastards.

Lydia Boyle's Diary

By

Lydia Boyle

I am looking forward to the party tonight despite the prospect of so many boorish men talking about their business failures. What I wouldn't give to meet a fine young musician in this horrible town! Someone who appreciates the harpsichord for instance and could write me a song.

- Lydia

Mace Brimsley's Journal

By

Mace Brimsley

Day 1

When the Dead Counter came I was certain that if they discovered the illness in my wife then I would be taken as well. I commanded her to feign death, and I did the same in the hope that the inspectors would either be too lazy or too stupid to care. True to my suspicion, we were loaded onto the plague wagon without them even bothering to check for pulse. The Dead Counter seemed only concerned in the value of our estate.

Day 2

I cannot be certain if it was luck or cruel fate that I should survive the drop from the plague wagon. I suspect it might be a curse, for my darling wife not only survived unscathed as well, but the experience nor the plague have done a thing to halt her nagging mouth. Soon we discovered that we were not the only survivors, and in fact a small band huddles close to Rudshore Gate, begging for any chance at freedom.

Day 3

Certainly by now I should be feeling the effects of the sickness within my chest and throat, but aside from dehydration and the pains of an empty stomach, I feel nothing.

Martha's Journal

By

Martha

[Excerpt from a worn journal]

The Whalers came in greater numbers last night. We ran as soon as we heard the odd sounds they make, but half of our men fell before we could scatter.

Larrion says they aren't whalers at all, but cultists hiding their faces behind masks from the old oil processing factories. We should have moved out when they first started skulking around. They're after the old Chamber of Commerce building for the same reasons we settled here. It's secure, fairly dry and there's a tunnel underneath leading straight to Rudshore Gate.

Missing Women, Golden Cat

By

Madison Kanebright

[Excerpt from a crime story, revolving around the Golden Cat]

Mister Arrowhoff,

I assure you, my family has the means to pay you and your associates, should you locate my sister. You've got her name and description, and everything else we know about her initial weeks in Dunwall, before Patrice stopped writing to me.

However, there is one other detail, so hard to believe that I was reluctant to mention it.

There is an establishment within Dunwall called the Golden Cat. A bath house, I believe, though some say it's a brothel. I find it implausible that Patrice would ever be connected with such a place, but I would be remiss if I did not pass along the information. Just before her letters stopped coming, the cousin of an old friend said he saw Patrice performing there, singing and playing the harp. It could be nothing, but please investigate.

Lastly, if your search of the city has not borne fruit by the Month of Wind, I will be making the trip from Morley myself in order to retain another agent.

Sincerely,

Madison Kanebright

Mother's Journal

By

Mother

Eighth Entry

It's the 4th day of the Month of Rain. Morris is sick and so are the children. I've avoided it thus far, which is good fortune, since it has fallen on me to care for them.

Ninth Entry

The city watch comes and goes, knocking on doors and asking for signs of plague. Even our neighbors cannot be trusted. Earlier, it was difficult to keep the children quiet. Now they sleep most of the time.

Tenth Entry

The flies have set in. I try to keep them away, but I can barely get close, they sting so. Most of the time, Morris won't answer me when I try to talk to him from across the room.

Eleventh Entry

Morris is gone now. I don't know what I'll do. For now all my hope is reserved for the children. Leaving the flat for a while near dawn, I found some plague bags from a guard booth while no one was around. It took a while, but I got Morris into one of the bags. At least his face is covered.

Twelfth Entry

Young Robert has passed. The star of my sky is gone.

(Page Missing)

Seventeenth Entry

Elise stopped breathing in the middle of the night. She was such a head-strong girl, I can hardly believe she was overcome. She was always near as I cut up hagfish or vegetables, arguing with me about everything.

Eighteenth Entry

It is the 4th day of the Month of Wind. It has settled in that they are lost to me, all of them. I cannot bring myself to call the Dead Counter.

Nineteenth Entry

I have the fever now. No guards come near anymore.

Mysteries of Pandyssia

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book on the Far Continent, Pandyssia]

At the Academy of Natural Philosophy they speak of the Pandyssian Continent as a place of wonder, where all life has intertwined and blossomed across aeons, producing a vibrant ecology unrivaled in the civilized world. The Overseers from the Abbey of the Everyman, by contrast, talk of horror and heresies. Of cults of sub-men engaged in brutal, perverse rituals.

The few who have traveled to the Far Continent and come back to the Isles, those who have actually touched the soil there, have returned with notes that describe vast deserts, deep jungles, and outlandish creatures that defy belief.

Once in a generation, a great effort is mounted to build a colony there, in hopes of this someday growing into a port city to rival Dunwall itself. But to date, these attempts have all ended in madness and failure.

On Branding Heretics

By

Unknown

The Heretic Brand is reserved for those Overseers who have committed heinous acts against the order, but have not broken codes that would otherwise result in execution. No contact, aid or shelter can be given to one bearing the brand; that person is forevermore unwelcome to the Abbey and its affiliates.

When used, the brand is applied to the forehead, so all can see the sins of the recipient. The chemical compound acts immediately, scarring the heretic for the remainder of life.

The Interrogation Room here at the Office of the High Overseer stands ready for branding ritual, should the need arise. The recipient must be strapped into the interrogation chair and restrained as the brand is applied. The Heretic Brand itself is to be stored in the same room.

On Hunting Whales

By

Old Grum

[Excerpt from a forward-gaffer's journal - By Old Grum]

These new ships made by that Sokolov fellow make life easier than it was in my youth, I'll tell you what. Ere was, we were at the mercy of the winds. Nowaday, the engines git up at first whale-sign and there aint time enow to roust the boys from they're bunks afore you're on the herd.

We cull out the biggest bastard we can lay eyes on and the pilots drag us out from the circlin' brutes. Them things groan and bellow across the water, like they're callin' to each other. Men below say you can feel it in the hull.

But when the harpoons go in, the beast cannot make for deep water no more. Once it weaks from lost blood, we launch the hook-boot and put chains into the tail. Then the winches drag the bastard backwards up the chute and into the rigging overhead.

Overseer Chant

By

Unknown

Restrict the Wandering Gaze that looks hither and yonder for some flashing thing that easily catches a man's fancy in one moment, but brings calamity in the next. For the eyes are never tired of seeing, nor are they quick to spot illusion. A man whose gaze is corrupted is like a warped mirror that has traded beauty for ugliness and ugliness for beauty. Instead, fix your eyes to what is edifying and to what is pure, and then you will be able to recognize the profane monuments of the Outsider. Restrict the Lying Tongue that is like a spark in the heathen's mouth. It is such a little thing, yet from the one spark an entire city may burn to the ground. Better to live a life of silence than unleash a stream of untruth. The echoes of lies come back as the voice of the Outsider. Restrict the Restless Hands, which quickly become the workmates of the Outsider. Unfettered by honest labor, they rush to sordid gain, vain pursuits, and deeds of violence. Of what value are the hands that steal and kill and destroy? Instead, put your hands to the plow, the fork, and the spade. For even the lowliest labor that is rigorous squeezes the muscles as a sponge, rinsing impurities from the mind and body.

Pandyssian Bull Rat Study

By

Anton Sokolov

[Excerpt from lab notes - By Anton Sokolov]

The bulk of the rodent is hardly the most interesting detail, though it is the one first remarked upon by visiting colleagues who come to study my prize from Pandysia. Upon further observation, it becomes obvious that the specimen exhibits greater cunning than its cousins native to temperate Gristol. Twice in the night I have awoken to find it loose in my apartments, so a new cage had to be devised. An entertaining diversion, but a waste of my precious time. The dietary tests I have conducted have also provided some surprise. The Pandysian Bull Rat, I can say with confidence, is not a finicky eater. With equal gusto, I have seen my little guest dine upon other, smaller rats, living felines, and even the corpse flesh of a plague-dead woman found in the Wrenhaven River. Further study is required.

Rat Behavior and Extermination

By

Lena

(Excerpt from a series of interviews with street workers - By Rat Catcher Lena)

Used to be, you'd go out with a bag, a stick with a nail on the end, and catch as many rats as you could in a night. The City Watch paid by weight. My husband Benjamin and I mostly worked alone, and we got by. If we found a place where the rats were real bad, sometimes we'd hire a crew of street brats to work with us, the younger ones who didn't make trouble. We'd pay them with bread and apple cider.

Once the plague came, the rats were different. Meaner, bigger, and a little quicker. You had to watch yourself. If you got cornered, they'd turn and the swarm would come back at you. I barely got away with my skin a few times, down in the sewers. The bites hurt afterward, but it was the sounds they made that stayed in your dreams at night.

It got more dangerous, and the City Watch started paying better. But that didn't last long because after a while too many people had been stripped clean, trying to fill up a bag. One slip and they'd be all over you, gnawing and trying to chew down to the bone. That's how I lost my poor Benji.

Refinery Manager's Log

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a work log]

The tankers marked “Batch B” coming from the Whalehouse slaughteryard need to be connected to the deeper pipe-row ONLY. These barges contain blubber from juvenile whales and have to undergo a different refinement process to ensure the same level of potency. We need to get the tankers emptied and back out to the Whalehouse as fast as possible.

Greaves Lighting Oil Company is on track for record profits this quarter and I want it to be the Refinery that gets the credit for it, not those ass-scratchers at the Whalehouse!

River Krust Reproduction

By

Piero Joplin

[Excerpt from a nature journal - By Piero Joplin]

Curiously, the river krust possesses both male and female anatomical features. One can only imagine what this would mean for human society, were it true among our own species. Would we dispense entirely with courting and dances? Imagine the increase in efficiency, as we all dedicated ourselves to the important matters in life. Natural Philosophy, of course, but also industry and law. And when aged members of society needed to be replaced by more vigorous younger members, one could simply engage in the auto-impregnation process and produce the desired offspring.

Back to the matter at hand, while any given river krust is fully capable of inseminating itself, it must also be noted that reproduction does frequently occur between individual krusts. This happens when river krusts live in colonies, clustered above and below one another, such as when attached to a wooden dockyard piling. In these cases, as one of the mollusks releases its fluids, they run down across another in the colony, resulting in the intermixing of bloodlines.

Rumors and Sighting: Daud

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from an Overseer's covert field report]

For over a year now, I have lived away from the Abbey, without the company of my Overseer brethren or the guidance of the blind sisters of the Oracular Order. Days have passed with me sleeping in the dens of cut-purses, murderers and worse, and the nights have seen me prowling through the worst alleys and wretched corners of Dunwall. I have taken my meals with killers. At times I have ventured beyond the city walls, meeting in forgotten graveyards and the outlying ruins frequented by those of ill means.

My beard has grown long and I wear the weathered clothing and bits of boiled leather favored by the Bottle Street and Hatter gangs, and by those rough men and women who make their trade knifing others in return for coin. My hands have run red with blood, it's true, but I have selected my targets with care, choosing among those criminals and heretics who were not fit to live, executing them justly and using their deaths as a means of building my reputation. So far this trick has allowed me to make my name among my murderous colleagues, without taking the lives of the innocent.

My goal is singular: I must impress the assassin named Daud in order to get close to him.

Of all of the practitioners of black magic we have tracked, none concern the Abbey as much as Daud. It is said that his mother was a witch from one of the archipelagos off the Pandysian coast, taken captive by pirates venturing far from the Isles. According the legend, by the time the ship returned, the captain was dead and the witch controlled the crew, with Daud still a shadow in her belly.

The earliest stories tell of a gang-killer without mercy, moving among the shop keepers and City Watch officers of Dunwall like a reaper through wheat. Then a period of silence followed; years we now believe he spent traveling the Isles, studying anatomy and the occult in the great halls of learning and in hidden basements frequented by fellow dabblers in the forbidden arts. Daud is even purported to have spent a winter in the Academy of Natural Philosophy itself. And for a time, before a schism developed, he counted the Brigmores among his allies. All the while, he honed his craft, and it is during this time that we believe he began to consort with the Outsider.

New reports emerged of a dusky-skinned assassin, paid by the elite to eliminate their rivals in Dunwall and in the other major cities across the Isles. Those who saw him and lived numbered in the handful, but all of them reported something strange. He appeared and vanished like smoke. From a nearby rooftop, he gestured and a noble woman stumbled from her balcony, falling to her doom on the cobblestones below. Most recently, as this new threat of plague has risen in Dunwall, Daud has been seen leading a gang of men in dark leather, dressed as factory whalers in their vapor masks. They seem loyal beyond comprehension for one so unworthy, leading me to wonder if some of his magic is dedicated to lulling their minds, enslaving them.

Only a month ago, one young girl claims to have come upon a strange scene. Carrying a bottle of milk home to her crippled brother, she was taking a shortcut through the Tailors' District. In a narrow street, she passed beneath a window and heard unusual sounds from within. Pushing aside the ratty curtain, the girl saw into an abandoned apartment, used by miscreants for gambling and trading habber weed. An occult shrine had been erected against the far wall, which she recognized from the teachings given by her local Overseer. A man she described as resembling Daud was kneeling before the shrine muttering to an unseen spirit as if in argument. He took a carving, made of pale bone, from the altar before him and the lights all went out in a gush of unclean wind. Quiet as a field mouse, she slipped away, running until she reached her home.

There can be no doubt. Daud is an agent of the Outsider and must die, for

there is no limit to the evil this man might do. This is my solemn oath and the great purpose of my life. Until Daud is a dead and his corruption has been purged from the world, I will continue to move among the depraved, winding my way toward him. I will not drop my guise or don my Overseer's mask again until Daud breathes no more.

Security Work Log

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a security work log]

For the next couple of days we're going to quadruple the rate of drops from the plague wagon. This inevitably means we're going to get a growing number of plague carriers who play dead in hopes of escaping. So here's the plan to keep the Rudshore Gate area secure.

Step one: Set up some arc pylons in the courtyard behind the hotel. We have a street blocker up there, but we can't weld it shut. We still need to use that route to access the river, which means plagues can too.

Step two: Put up a barrier between Thresh Street and Old Mosley Canal.

Step three: Install more lights, especially to illuminate the hotel and surrounding buildings.

You might be tempted to borrow the oil tank from the pylons to get the floodlights working. DO NOT. We will need these pylons active and the back court secure.

Sewer Capacity in the Month of Nets

By

Unknown

(Excerpted interview attached to a formal report - By City Works Crew 17A)

I been asked to tell the problem, so here it is.

It's been every year that we work like men gone mad during the Month of Nets. I don't hardly see my family. It's bad enough that the works is clogged with trash from the catch, pieces of crates and nets, but the water smells of hagfish guts too. We got to get it done before the Month of Rain, or you know what.

And it ain't like we get help from those pricks in Civil Engineering, either. Been at this job for nigh on 28 years and I ne'er see one of 'em come below, except to measure will it hold when they go puttin' up one of their fancy new bridges.

So these last 3 years been the worst and here's why. It's the river krusts, moved into the works. We hear a man ahead yell and scream, like he's burnin' up, and we all climb up fast. No other choice.

The Abbey of the Everyman

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a larger work on the history of the Overseers]

The Abbey of the Everyman is the seat of religious power and inspiration for all Overseers across the Empire. The order arose over the years to protect the common people from the ravages of the Outsider, until the need for a central bastion of authority was deemed necessary. This imposing structure is a destination for pilgrims seeking refuge or guidance.

Many mistakenly attribute the Abbey's construction to High Overseer Benjamin Holger, when it was in actuality Holger's successor John Clavering who laid the foundation. Shortly after the Abbey was completed, every Overseer in the land gathered there and began a trek to White Cliff.

There, a great siege commenced, as the Overseers purged the region. The battle raged against heretics, witches and thralls of the Outsider. Though Holger was killed in the struggle, White Cliff was cleansed and the ceremonial rites that followed lasted for a month, giving birth to many invocations and speeches which were inscribed in tomes and carried back to the Abbey, where they are still revered today.

The Academy of Natural Philosophy

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from an overview of the Academy]

Squatting at the edge of Dunwall, the Academy of Natural Philosophy is an ancient educational institute, bustling with young students and old philosophers, alchemists, cosmologists, and vivisectionists. The best minds from across the Isles gather there to study all of nature, including the human corpus, the celestial heavens, and the physical universe.

No one is allowed inside except esteemed members and the few students accepted each year, after a long and arduous application process. Those living nearby can only puzzle at the exotic shipments seen coming from the river and passing through the back doors, or wrinkle their noses at the odd smells that emerge from the smokestacks atop.

Royal Physician Anton Sokolov is currently head of the Academy.

The Ancient Music

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a longer work]

Throughout the natural world there are ripples that we can barely perceive with our sense, on Ancient Music permeating everything as fundamental structural rule. Through it, you can work wonders without violating the natural world or begging favors from unfriendly spirits.

Throughout my studies I have found a 17 note scale derived from this phenomenon, and with the right equipment those notes allow for astonishing effects. Not the least of these is the ability to calm the turbulence originating in the Void which we attribute to the Outsider.

The Bone Charm Situation

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a report to the Office of the High Overseer Gerard]

I was asked, should we not tolerate the possession of simple bone charms among the populace? Surely this is a trivial matter, merely a cultural practice seen across the Isles? Not as terrible as the creation and coveting of more complex occult runes?

Such an insidious question.

This foolish distinction weakens our mission while the stench of the Outsider grows thick around us.

Perhaps, as some claim, our ancestors tolerated these cursed practices during the times before our modern Empire arose, to ease the lives of the lowliest serfs as they paved the roads to civilization. But there is no excuse for witchery in this brighter industrial age.

Having adjudicated the trials of many heretics myself, I swear that their eyes, as the clarity of pain took their lives, were grateful to be liberated.

The Distillery District

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a pre-plague promotional book on products made in Dunwall]

Across the Empire, Old Dunwall Whiskey is not only the finest libation of its kind, but it's also an important cultural tradition among discerning folk, sophisticated and common alike.

Captains moving their ships across the Great Ocean always have a bottle in their quarters for occasions, fine restaurants and bars keep it in stock, and farmers across Gristol exchange Old Dunwall Whiskey when healthy children are born.

Some might disagree, preferring "highbrow" drinks such as King Street Brandy or one of the other brands from Morley, but sales of Old Dunwall have been brisk through the early years of Empress Jessamine Kaldwin's reign, a trend that is expected to continue.

Aged and bottled in Dunwall's Distillery District, Old Dunwall Whiskey is what you want!

The Elixir Black Market

By

Gerard Corey

We've seen widespread looting since the Month of Clans.

It wasn't prevalent at first, but it's a pattern now: There's an outbreak in one of the districts and the Watch moves in. We quarantine buildings, put down weepers, and deport anyone showing early signs. Afterward, the Dead Counters come through and the lawyers write up the paperwork to transfer ownership of businesses and homes at Parliament's discretion. Soon after, like clockwork, the gangs begin tearing the place apart.

There's a fairly robust black market now, because everyone wants elixir and most can't afford it. Even Sokolov's brand won't help you if you've already got the plague, but getting a regular dose is your best chance if you want to avoid contracting it.

Some of the gangs have taken to buying small amounts and watering it down before selling it. And I have to admit, if I didn't have an officer's ration, I'd be buying from them.'

Gerard Corey

City Watch, Third Regiment

Estate District

The Eradication of Black Sally

By

Jules Roebin

[Excerpt from a popular story of crime and daring - By Jules Roebin and the City Watch]

Before Slackjaw ran the streets in the Distillery District, there was no boss more ruthless, violent or dedicated to squeezing the average citizens for coin than Black Sally.

Like so many from Morley, she was pale-skinned and green-eyed, with 'hair as black as the Void.' They say that she started young, and as a girl she'd stun a man with her looks, coming upon him in an alley, then smile a one-sided smile and suddenly run him through with a knife. She'd have his money and be on her way before he breathed his final breath.

As a boss, she was worse, ruling over the meanest street gang Dunwall had seen up to that time. Her operation touched everything from shipping to prostitution. She even had a racket going with the Bakers' Guild. A finger in every pie, indeed.

One man, Watch Captain Jules Roebin, made it his mission to stop her, and kept the case going for half a decade. Black Sally met her end when Roebin had his men light smoke fires in barrels, near the warehouse where she hid out during the day. As she and her gang rushed to the streets, terrified the building was burning, Captain Roebin and his top officers threw nets over them and ran them all through with blade and pistol shot.

The Estate District

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a historical overview of the Estate District]

Home to some of the most powerful families in Dunwall, the Estate District has been a jewel in city's crown for generations. No district enjoys finer restaurants or cultural events, and no families inspire more admiration, or more gossip, than the lords and ladies of the Estate District.

The late Lord Boyle and his lovely wife perhaps best epitomize the privileged class of citizens. Their annual costume ball is the talk of high society, creating ripples throughout Dunwall when one family or another is excluded from the guest list. But it's not all play that drives the Boyles; on several occasions, they've generously brought in poor laborers from elsewhere in the city for a week or two to work on their garden or home, providing vital employment for those who need it most.

With so much history, the Estate District has also seen its share of trouble as fortunes are made and lost. The great Lord Preston Moray, and his eccentric wife Vera were once the toast of Dunwall, before tragedy struck and they fell into ruin.

Riddled with canals and large homes that enjoy historical preservation tax breaks, the Estate District is a place to which we can all aspire.

The Exquisite Tallboy

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a letter of public concern by anonymous authors]

What you've read here is the truth, regardless of what you will hear from the "authorities" who rule over us. It is not a matter of coincidence that the former "Royal Spymaster" is the one who stepped in when the late Empress fell. We, who will remain nameless, believe that these events are interconnected.

The signs of oppression are all around us. The Sokolov designs, originally intended to provide light and warmth in our homes, have been turned against us as a means of inspiring fear and controlling our movements through the city. And where did this plague originate? Some say it was imported. A wild theory? Perhaps.

One of our members risked her life to obtain an internal report from the government, which we will be printing and sharing soon, called "The Exquisite Tallboy," extolling the virtues of this newest member of the City Watch.

To those in the streets below, these "virtues" are horrors, spread by stilted thugs who rain down fire on the sick and the poor. To these eyes, the tallboy is another government bully, armed with incendiary devices, thickly armored and standing high overhead, looking down at the common people of the city. We now know that the tallboys are heavily drugged, imbibing a substance that renders them resistant to pain, but also dulls whatever empathy they might normally possess. Exquisite? We think not.

Copy these words and share them with your neighbors. And remember, when

the tides are lowest, the truth will be revealed.

The Fifth Stricture

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a work detailing one of the Seven Strictures]

Restrict the Rampant Hunger or the intemperate will rise up among you like a virulent swarm, devouring everything wherever they go, even filth. For what goes into your body, poisons you, and if you eat filth then filth is what you will vomit up. Surely the glutton will sell away birthright, family, and friends for a morsel of meat.

The First Stricture

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a work detailing one of the Seven Strictures]

Restrict the Wandering Gaze that looks hither and yander for some flashing thing that easily catches a man's fancy in one moment, but brings calamity in the next. For the eyes are never tired of seeing, nor are they quick to spot illusion. A man whose gaze is corrupted is like a warped mirror that has traded beauty for ugliness and ugliness for beauty. Instead, fix your eyes to what is edifying and to what is pure, and then you will be able to recognize the profane monuments of the Outsider.

The Flooded District

By

Abe Breen

[Excerpt from a report on Dunwall - By Abe Breen, City Watch]

Before the plague turned everything to shit, Rudshore was filled with barristers and money men, rushing around taxing each other and whatnot. Every guard in the Watch wanted that post, and there were classy women everywhere.

The whole place flooded years ago, just as the plague got real bad. People were sick and nobody was working, so the city let the dams go to rot. When the big one broke, I've heard tell, the river put it all under water. The swanky Chamber of Commerce was there, and so was the bloody Greaves Whale House.

Now, there's nothing but rats and gangs and who knows what. Last I heard, the Captain's been using it as a quarantine for weepers. You show one sign of the plague and it's 'your citizenship has been revoked.' Over the wall you go, into the water.

The Fourth Stricture

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a work detailing one of the Seven Strictures]

Restrict the Roving Feet that love to trespass. They pay no heed to the boundary stones of a neighbor's fields. They wander into foreign lands, only to return with their soles blackened by iniquity. Where have you strayed that destruction now comes behind you? Would you walk across burning coals or broken glass? They why do you prowl into the homes of the honest, or into the dens hidden things, for the result is the same. You will fall into the Void! Instead, rest your feet on a firm foundation so that when the winds of the Outsider shriek against you, you will stand firm and not be overthrown.

The Fugue Feast

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book on the celebrations and holidays]

At the end of every year, after the last day of the Month of Songs, we begin the Fugue Feast.

The new year has not started and thus the time that follows is ‘outside’ the calendar. A period of celebration and feasting begins, during which the people abandon the very practices that keep them whole and healthy over the year.

Many leave their homes, euphoric with spirits or potent herbs. Some paint their faces or wear masks to conceal themselves as they pursue their passions without reservation.

When the right cosmological signs are observed and it is time for the calendar to begin anew, the sitting High Overseer calls for the hymn of atonement and the Fugue Feast ends.

Families return to their homes, wives to their husbands. Enemies put down their weapons and fires are extinguished. No complaint is given for those who have wronged others, deviated from ancient codes, or discarded oaths; for this time during the astrological alignment does not exist, and is not recorded.

The following day starts the new year, marked on the first day of the Month of Earth, as it has always been.

The Great Trials

By

Tynan Wallace

[Excerpt from an Overseer's findings - By High Overseer Tynan Wallace]

Spending two years in the company of heretics, the insane, and those rare, black-hearted villains who were truly practitioners of magic, I can say with truth that I have seen such things as to break the minds of most. While the trials and burnings weigh heavily upon my heart, I must chronicle what has been a unique opportunity to witness the multifarious perversions that the Outsider bestows upon those who seek his black council.

Many of those we faced were accused of bewitching their neighbors or family, controlling them from afar, or even walking around in their skins. And I have seen this with my own eyes, as one woman slid into the form of another, prowling unseen until a vigilant Overseer struck down both the witch and her host.

Others, detailed herein, were found to stand in two places seemingly at once, or to vanish from one place and appear in another.

Our work was dire, we knew, for if the followers of the Outsider can truly inhabit the skin of another, or move from place to place like the wind, then how can we hope to erect walls to keep him out? It was these trials that first led us to investigate barriers beyond the physical.

The Greaves Whale House

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book on well-established companies in Dunwall]

In the early days, when the ships brought in the great, dead whales, men would slaughter them and reduce their blubber to oil in massive vats on the banks of the Wrenhaven. Small crews maintained their own vats, with workers specializing as fire tenders, slicers, gut-men, haulers or strainers.

Inevitably, once the demand went up, the businessmen moved in, wooing the best crews with promises of better pay and safer conditions. The warehouse went up at the edges of the Rudshore Financial District almost overnight. None was more organized, or as some would say more ruthless, than the Greaves Whale House, opened by Ebenezer Greaves himself.

The Greaves Whale House grew rapidly, absorbing rivals until it dominated the trade. At its peak, the operation employed over 300 workers, not including the children who filled minor, and often tragic, roles. Those associated with the refinery were recognizable by their head-to-toe industrial leather uniforms and the masks they wore to protect against fumes.

The High Overseer

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a series on Overseer roles and rituals]

Over the centuries, the Abbey of the Everyman has held its place as the dominant religion across the Isles. Not only do its adherents call it the only meaningful faith, but aside from a few tolerated variants, they castigate the followers of other religions as heretics, actively resulting in harm rather than harmony.

A key component to the Abbey's health is the High Overseer, venerated by all other Overseers, the women in the Oracular Order, and the congregations from each town and city across the Empire. The High Overseer is called upon to interpret the Seven Strictures and to initiate important ceremonies such as the Fugue Feast at the end of each Calendar year.

Above all, the High Overseer must embody the Strictures, serving as a living example of their perfection.

Upon the death of the acting High Overseer, it falls upon a council made up of elder Overseers to call for the Feast of Painted Kettles, the first step in the arduous process of choosing a new leader for the Abbey.

The Hungry Cosmos

By

Anton Sokolov

[Excerpt from a longer work on the movement of the spheres - By Anton Sokolov]

Once the curtain has been lifted, it becomes inescapable that we inhabit a world adrift in a sea of howling chaos, a terrible maelstrom in which all heavenly bodies orbit a devouring core. Though the trip could take many thousands of lifetimes, all cosmic objects are eventually dragged into this hungry nexus and forever cease to be.

Though they are moved by eddies in the celestial medium, stars offer guide points in the otherwise perilous blackness. Our own sun holds its planets close in our inexorable course toward oblivion, giving us life and warmth until the end.

The Isle of Morley

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a volume on Morley geography and culture]

It's said that the history of Morley is as colorful as a quilt made from all the flags ever flown and all the clothes ever worn. The land itself hides from the sun under a layer of clouds, and thick gray moss hangs from the trees, but the spirit of the people who live in Morley dances like the firelight.

Among the people, the love of good food and drink is legendary, with stews and roasted meat dishes most often used to fight off the cold and the dreariness. The nation has a rich tradition of poets, musicians and philosophers, even among the poorest folk. Intellectual tomes and bar songs alike were often penned in Morley.

A late entry into the Empire, the Morley Insurrection is still a sore point for many natives, and independence is a proud character trait among the people.

The Isle of Serkonos

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a volume on Serkonos geography and culture]

Serkonos, the jewel of the South, is best known for its warm winds, spiced foods and endless beaches. While the city of Cullero sees the heaviest flow of travelers from across the Isles, Karnaca, on the Southernmost edge of the known world, is preferred among the elite of the Empire. It is said that a month spent resting beneath the sun of the beaches of Serkonos, or within one of the rural villages, can cure most maladies. Travelers bring back recipes and styles from the South, and the dances that all Serkonans learn in their youth are favored in Gristol for their sensuality, copied by the fashionable aristocracy in the capital city of Dunwall.

The only persistent trouble in Serkonos originates along the string of tiny islands stretching away from the mainland to the East. For generations, pirates have hidden among this archipelago, raiding traders passing between the Isles and, more recently, attacking whaling ships returning with rich stores of oil.

The Isle of Tyvia

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a volume on Tyvian geography and culture]

Northernmost among the Isles, Tyvia is dominated by snarling mountain ranges that rise up from frozen plains. Travel between cities involves arduous treks through territory thickly infested with terrible bears and packs of hounds adapted to the climate. Despite these conditions, Tyvian art, architecture, food and fashion are ornate and complex, marked by an intricate refinement that perhaps arose as a counterpoint to the cold, harsh land itself.

While people in the lower city of Caltan share much with their nearest neighbors in Morley, most Tyvians are a breed apart, shaped by generations of life in the inhospitable cold. Austere and regal, Tyvians are proud of their customs, food and history, and have little concern for the Isles to the south.

The Journal of Granny Rags

By

Granny Rags

[Excerpt from the ramblings of a street denizen]

Of course I'll tell you, dearie. I won't keep any secrets from you in the end. All the dreary days of my life are like the windows of a house. From the kitchen, I can see out into the garden where the leaves and stalks are brown and bug-eaten. You can see a little lump of dirt where something was wrapped in a blanket and laid to rest along the rows of twisting vines.

The front room looks out into the street, where the neighbors are all setting fire to their homes, barricading themselves inside. Warm and snug, dearie.

Don't forget about the bedroom, either. It sees into a dreary alley, where hooligans are playing a game with an old man. The first two are hitting him with sticks and the girl with them is kicking at his dry, old ribs. Oh, to have those bones, to boil them in a pot.

No one lives in my house anymore dearie. No one you'd want to meet.

When I lived there with my husband, we were fine, fine people. Vera Moray, everyone would say, your house is as grand as Boyle Manor. Better even. Your dinners are lavish and your parties are the best.

When that young Sokolov came to paint my portrait I was nearly still in my prime. Radiant, he said, and he was just barely a man, so young, painting all the best people across the land. Everyone wanted a portrait by his hand, all my friends. I was the only one, dearie, wet with his paint, glistening on the canvas for a pretty coin.

But it wasn't all parties and paintings. My husband and I weren't always at home, no. We traveled together, he and I, to the far ends of the Isles. Beyond even, all the way to the red cliffs of Pandysia, to dig in the rock and crawl through the caves, holding up candles and squinting at the walls. Many precious things we came upon, but none so precious as the boy with the black eyes, dearie. All those marks and bones, carved so deep and polished so bright.

I brought the old bones home. Hid them from my dear husband. Then I learned to boil them and carve them myself. They made such good presents, dearie. The little mute boy took them home. He loved them so. All the time he came back with new bones for me, holding them up so I could see it in his eyes, even though his tongue was still. Granny, his eyes would say to me, carve these bones for me. Make me another present. And he went so far, so far, all the way to Dunwall Tower, the Royal Headsman himself now. My little mute boy and his shiny, shiny sword.

Better bones were what I needed, you see. Better bones to carve and polish, scrape and gleam. My dear old husband was always tired. I made him soup and then he was sick. Better bones, was all. For my little mute boy, carved in the name of the one with the black eyes. And after my husband was gone, given away as birthday gifts, I didn't want to live there any more.

So now I'm old and don't have many to give my presents to. It's sifting through the garbage for Granny Rags, and feeding the little birdies that gather at my feet. No one wants to have tea, dearie. Especially those rude louts on Bottle Street. Slackjaw and his boys, always meddling with an old woman just trying to make her way.

In the end we'll be together with him. You and me in the dreary night with the stars above and below. And always the one with the black eyes, dearie.

The Leviathans' Sorrow

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a report on a treatise banned by the Rudshore Trade Council]

Little is known of Pacotti, credited with this series of pamphlets arguing against the whaling trade. While he is gifted, his views are nonsense and threaten the economic underpinnings of the Empire.

01 Enslavement: On the breeding and husbanding of whales, versus hunting the beasts in the wild after “a natural and free life cycle.” Parcotti offers no solutions for where these massive, malevolent creatures might be “pastured.”

02 Dissolution: Laments on the destruction of “social” bonds between herd member. Pacotti actually uses the term “families.”

03 Harmony: Drivel on the “aesthetic wonder” of what is, in reality, the great and terrible Ocean that ever-threatens to swallow us. Includes arguments on the “gentle nature” of the brutes, a notion refuted by seamen who return to shore, wide-eyed with tales of the whales’ savagery.

04 Disruption: Here Pacotti is on his weakest footing, issuing up feverish warnings against the displacement or transference of natural beasts from their native environments.

The Lighthouse

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a recent historical work on Kingsparrow Island]

Kingsparrow Island sits in the middle of the Wrenhaven River, and up through the previous century, it was only used by fishermen and for occasional religious ceremonies.

During the time of the Morley Insurrection, a fort and naval dock were added to the island, as a means of protecting the city from attacks by sea.

In the time of the Rat Plague Crisis, shortly after the tragic death of Empress Jessamine Kaldwin, Dunwall's acting Regent Hiram Burrows commissioned the construction of a modernized military installation and lighthouse on the island.

Burrows Lighthouse, only recently completed, is widely considered to be one of the marvels of the modern age, humming with Sokolov's technologies, powered by processed whale oil.

The Metaphysika Mysterium

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a longer banned work on supernatural ritual]

It is said that we should not sully our hands when combating the forces of the Void. My studies have been deemed heretical by my brothers, but the rewards have been invaluable. I have harnessed the same energies employed by the Outsider and his accused followers while avoiding their corruption.

I will prescribe a two-fold method in this text.

Indirection: As the unwholesome powers of the Outsider use living flesh as a conduit, we can avoid being tainted by using the flesh of others instead.

Containment: By using Channels and Barriers we can focus these Void energies in a raw state, shielding them from the perverse perspectives of the Outsider.

The Movements of Corvo Attano

By

Unknown

Known Movements: Returned after an official deployment of roughly 2 months. After departure from Gristol, mission included stops at other major Isles at the behest of the Empress Jessamine Kaldwin. Arrived bearing ill news. Immediately apprehended for her murder.

Last Confirmed Sighting: Entered sewers under Coldridge Prison after escaping execution under unusual circumstances.

Testimony from Citizenry: Trey Dover

Confidence: Moderate, unconfirmed

Statement: Person matching subject's description seen conversing with unknown woman near front gates of the Academy of Natural Philosophy.

Testimony from Citizenry: Benjamin Hornibey

Confidence: Low, unconfirmed

Statement: Person matching subject's description seen fraternizing with oxherds just outside the city.

Testimony from Citizenry: Charlotte Kadenhead

Confidence: Low, second hand

Statement: Overheard conversation implying one of the parties involved had knowledge of the subject.

Suspected Alliances: None known.

Recommendation: Search of the Estate District, based on subject's prior position of authority and privilege.

The Outsider

By

Unknown

(Excerpt from the diary of a known heretic, seized before his execution)

For most, the Outsider is nothing but a child's tale meant to instill fear of that beyond the family, the community.

When I was young, my mother and I were on the run, moving from one village or sea town to the next. Camping in the woods for weeks, always with the cursed Overseers at our backs.

At night she told me of her dreams. Of the empty place where the Outsider whispered to her. With each visit, her craft grew, until she could see through the eyes of moths, and unlock a door or window latch from outside a house.

I will find this empty place. Somehow the key to open the Void will fall into my hands. In time, I will learn the secret and he will call to me as he called to her.

Call me a heretic for my studies. Drag me to your cold stone cell, whip my flesh and put me on trial as an apostate. Burn my body to ash.

But I will continue to seek the realm of which my mother spoke. It is my life's meaning.

The Rat Plague

By

Lena

[Excerpt from a natural philosopher's notes]

For over a year, I've studied this cursed plague, collecting and dissecting rats by the thousands. Given their rapid gestation and maturation cycle, it's been possible to breed them for numerous generations.

The rodents themselves seem immune to the plague, but they pass it readily between members of their own species, perhaps through mites.

The bloods of the rats tells its own story, allowing me to gauge the number of generations that a given group of rats have lived with the plague. As such, a nagging question remains. The rats collected in the poorest parts of town, in the slums, exhibit the oldest strains of the plague. While those found near the docks - where the foreign, plague-bearing rats would presumably have entered our city - exhibit a younger strain of plague.

Could this mean that the rats were transported to the slums in some way that is not obvious?

I will continue my research. If nothing else, I am living proof that Sokolov's Elixir and Piero's Remedy are very effective at protecting against the plague, if one consumes enough of the stuff.

The Royal Spymaster

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a historical record of government positions and ranks]

It is said that the Office of the Royal Spymaster has existed for as long as there have been Emperors and Empresses. However, in the earliest days of the Empire, this position existed in secrecy. Only after the Morley Insurrection was the position publicly acknowledged, due to the tremendous role that the acting Spymaster played in quelling the rebellion.

Originally, members of the military or officers of the City Watch were advocated for the role, chosen by the Admiralty. In the recent years, the outgoing Spymaster has made recommendations on his replacement from the small cadre of espionage agents serving him. In this way continuity is preserved, since many of the covert projects undertaken by the government are not committed to writing, only communicated in whispers, behind secure doors.

This leads to the most common critique of the Office of the Royal Spymaster, that actions are taken and deeds committed that even the Emperor or Empress is not aware of. This lack of oversight or accountability is a commonly debated topic during Parliamentary sessions, but those who hold the position of Royal Spymaster insist that in order to function the role must exist outside existing bureaucracy or law.

The Rudshore Chamber of Commerce

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book covering the various districts across Dunwall and their histories]

Once the financial heart of the Empire, the Rudshore Financial District was a hive of trade activity. No district employed more barristers, accountants, or indeed more security. And no part of Dunwall saw a greater flow of coin.

When the flood barriers broke and the waters rolled in, the looting that followed was accompanied by an epic period of chaos and butchery. Those who could withdraw and move the assets did what they could. Others, with their wealth tied up in grand mansions and artwork, lost it all.

When the last of the high society set had withdrawn and the lights went dark, Rudshore was a gloomy, crumbling shell of what it had been, inhabited by thieves, wild dogs and rats. Once great palaces of commerce sat empty and haunted, or come to house killers and mercenaries, as well as anyone else looking to hide from the City Watch.

In mere months, “The Flooded District” was settled upon as the most proper name for the place.

The Sayings of the Overseer

By

Unknown

“Keep both hands on the plow, lest the Outsider find use for them.”

The Sayings of the Overseer, 13

“An Overseer is he who lives in the world of the invisible, spying with his eye all that hides within the hearts of wayward men.”

The Sayings of the Overseer, 211

The Second Stricture

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a work detailing one of the Seven Strictures]

Restrict the Lying Tongue that is like a spark in the heathen's mouth. It is such a little thing, yet from the one spark an entire city may burn to the ground. Better to live a life of silence than unleash a stream of untruth. The echoes of lies come back as the voice of the Outsider.

The Seventh Stricture

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a work detailing one of the Seven Strictures]

Restrict an errant mind before it becomes fractious and divided. Can two enemies occupy the same body? No, for the first will direct it one way, and the second another, until they stumble into a ditch and its neck is broken. Likewise, two contrary thoughts cannot long abide in a man's mind, or he will become weak-willed and subject to any heresy.

The Shadow on Bitterleaf

By

Unknown

(Excerpt from a much longer work of fiction)

Finding my way by the feeble light of the dying fire, I saw her working. A large needle moved in her hand, following precise, esoteric patterns; knots and loops of seamstress-craft from ancient days. Beneath her needle, his body clenched and shuddered, shaking the wooden table.

A morbid fascination pushed me closer, until she turned her blank face toward me, resting the needle in his flesh. With a refined tone, she addressed me, “So you are the lover, I presume. You too have been unfaithful, and it is now your turn to be mended.”

The Sixth Stricture

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a work detailing one of the Seven Strictures]

Restrict the Wanton Flesh. Truly, there is no quicker means by which a life can be upheaved and sifted than by the depredations of uncontrolled desire. What avail is the concourse of a prostitute? The attention of a loose companion? Nothing. And what of the fruit of such unions? Only sorrow is born, only misery is multiplied; within these things, the Outsider dwells.

Travel to Pandyssia

By

Anton Sokolov

(Excerpt from a travel chronicle - By Anton Sokolov)

The men I set out with are good sailors, no doubt half of them cut their teeth on the rascally pirate ships spawned in the Serkonan Archipelago. Or they were, I should say. Half of them died before we sighted the broken red cliffs welcoming those who would visit the Far Continent as it is called. Sickness, in-fighting, poisoned by a school (or would one say flock) of small fish that fly over the waves like birds, landing in the hundreds across the deck, pricking any they touched with toxic quills. Two thrown overboard by gusting demon winds. The quiet Tyvian navigator simply dead in his bunk, wrapped in his white furs, eyes wide with terror. Few have crossed the Ocean and the distance to Pandyssia is greater than most would imagine. More died climbing the cliffs. And now with but a handful I stand looking across the greatest expanse of land that exists. My allies are frightened, for this is beyond them, and now their captain is dead too, stung by something that resembled a prairie mole but reacted with great apoplectic outrage when handled. So it falls on me to lead them.

Tyrion's Journal

By

Tyrion

26th Day, Month of Wind

I finally found a new place where I should be able to hide and survive for a long time if I stay quiet. The City Watch condemned the building, so this basement should be a safe spot. I have to believe that.

28th Day, Month of Wind

Everything is going as I expected. The Watch patrols in the street nearby, but they never enter this building. Food is the only problem, but I managed to steal some during the night.

2nd Day, Month of Darkness

Someone else found this place and wants to share it. He has a strange amulet made of bone and he claims that it protects him from the plague. We'll see.

Perhaps we can help each other, but I'm losing confidence in the odds of survival.

4th Day, Month of Darkness

Since he arrived, I've been having bad dreams and I don't feel really well. There're more and more rats in the building. Soon, I won't be able to leave this shack even if I want to. I'm starting to think that his amulet is cursed.

Weeper Identification and Handling

By

Dr. Galvani

[Excerpt from notes by Dr. Galvani on proper procedure for handling those infected with plague]

Once a victim bleeds from the eyes, you cannot help them. Death is inevitable, given our current understanding of the plague. However, by following protocol we can limit its spread.

All personnel handling “weepers”, or those in the final stages, must consume liberal amounts of one of the available protective potions. Any of the variants will serve this purpose: Sokolov’s Elixir or Piero’s Remedy, for instance. A dose per day for the enlisted man. A dose twice daily for officers.

Distance must be maintained, either through the use of pole arms or incendiary ranged weapons, in order to avoid the parasitic stinging insects that colonize on infected host.

After use, strict washing procedures must be followed with regard to washing the metal kennels, transport paddocks, and the carriages used to transport the infected to one of the deportation zones, such as the Flooded District.

Whale Oil Processing

By

Ebenezer Greaves

[Excerpt from the founder of the Greaves Whale House - By Ebenezer Greaves]

Out at sea, they secure the beast with hooks, with lines cast from the main-ship and from several smaller boats. Buoys keep the whale from diving deep. Once it's caught, a larger hook is driven through the tail, which is used to hoist the creature up through the chute. They moan and bellow for some time as the men get them onto the deck, then heft them into the scaffolding overhead. The ship adjusts its prow and returns to port in Dunwall, where the crew works on the great creature, slicing off the fattiest parts while it still lives.

Dishonored Notes

A Letter from Cecelia

By

Cecelia

Corvo,

I'm going to make a run for it. I think that if I hadn't met you, I wouldn't be brave enough to try. I'll try to find you again, someday when this is all over.

Cecelia.

A Letter From Emily

By

Emily Kaldwin

Corvo,

Remember before when I mentioned a special drawing I was working on for you? This is it. I don't know where you went, but I hope when you get back you see this and like it. I'd like to take it to Dunwall Tower with us.

Everyone's acting strange tonight. Samuel was whispering to Callista about a flare launcher that she was supposed to use to call him. He told her to lock the door to my old tower. I heard the Admiral tell the others we are leaving tonight for a place called The Lighthouse on Kingsparrow Island. I hope you get back before then.

—Emily

Alec's Note

By

Alec

Wait here and stay hidden until I come back, I have one last thing to do on the other side of the drawbridge. I need to deliver all these pearls we gathered to the boss tonight, so don't be messing around.

If something goes wrong with the guards or if anything else happens, use the sink next to the building and speak loud. The boys will come running to help.

—Alec

Allison's Letter

By

Allison

Dear Daniel,

I've been given a geologist position with the Horizon Trading Company in Serkonos. Soon we'll be undertaking our first survey just south of Karnaca. Don't wait too long to leave, because there are rumors of people being denied passage out of the city. Wait for me in Karnaca.

Love,

Allison

An Ancient Note

By

Unknown

I am sorry, but I won't be here for the next meeting. Or ever again, for that matter. What happened here was unnatural and makes me sick to recall. I left the result of our labors here for you to keep. But I expect that the rats will consume it before you return. Goodbye.

Anonymous Message

By

Unknown

Corvo,

Who we are is irrelevant right now. Just know that we have faith in you.

Here is the key to your cell. Once you're out, head for the prison's Interrogation Room. Take the explosive there and plant it on the outer door. When the bomb goes off, run. Make for the river and lose yourself in the sewers. You'll find some useful gear stashed there.

One of the prison guards will leave a weapon just outside your cell.

And good luck. We need you alive and well for what's to come.

- A friend.

Anonymous Note

By

Unknown

Whoever you are, I must thank you for sparing at least part of my family. We all have enemies, certainly we Boyle women. In a way, you've done me a favor, so you deserve a reward. I've passed this along from one of my servants through another who knows another, to one of yours. May we never cross paths again.

If Corvo Attano spares at least one of the remaining Boyle sisters during Lady Boyle's Last Party, this note will appear in his quarters in the Hound Pits Pubalong with a rune.

Apprenticeship

By

Humphrey

Bartholomew,

I'm sick of mopping your floors and dusting your shelves. All of this in hopes of receiving the crumbs of knowledge that you cast my way. If you think I'm going to wait around forever -

Dear High Artificer,

This is in regards to my being chosen for the position of your apprentice. If you don't mind, I would appreciate it if you looked at my record of service over the last several months. You will find that I have been -

High Artificer,

I was visited by Holger himself in my dreams last night! He told me I was to do great works for the Abbey, to cast out darkness where I find it, to help arm my brothers with weapons that reach beyond the physical and into the very heart of the Outsider! I think that I am ready for this task -

High Artificer Bartholomew,

I would appreciate it if you would consider promoting me to your apprentice, formally, so that I might work with you full-time.

Thank you,

Humphrey

Arthur's Note

By

Arthur

Dearest Gwen,

The city is going to burn. I've sold everything so there's nothing for me here now except you. I'll wait for you where Clavering Boulevard crumbles into the river. Where we used to meet. We'll take the money I've made and bribe our way onto a passing whale ship. I won't leave without you. And if you won't come, I'd rather be rat food.

Love,

Arthur

Be Warned

By

Unknown

Berthold,

I found one of our brothers attempting to put a package in the post boxes for the others to find. I believe it to be the evidence of your sister's involvement in witchcraft you spoke to me about. I attempted to stop him, but he insisted that I would burn for her crimes if I was attempting to cover her deeds. You should warn her. See if the two of you can flee the city before they reach her.

Your friend and brother.

Bootleg Still Instructions

By

Unknown

Operating instructions:

1. Attach an empty elixir vial to the spout before you turn the thing on.
2. Turn the valve on.
3. Collect the full vial.
4. Repeat until empty.

Do not break vials. Do not spill any elixir. No free swigs.

Bunting

By

Slackjaw

Bunting is a written note found in Dishonored.

This art dealer, Bunting, is a man of taste. If anyone left in Dunwall has something worth stealing, it's him. So whoever opens the safe gets double the normal cut.

—Slackjaw

Campbell's Curse

By

Thaddeus Campbell

Curse that fool Hiram Burrows! Lord Regent my lilly white bottom! We almost had it all. Now I wear the Heretic's Brand for the short remainder of my days. The Heretic's Brand, of all things! I should have banned the ritual, but in truth I planned to use it against a few undesirables should the need arise, perhaps even Hiram. Now it's all lost. When I spy my own reflection in a puddle of filthy water, I see failure burned into my face. I am cast out.

And now the plague is upon me. Already, the fever grows and my thoughts are as slippery as hagfish. It won't be long before I'm drooling and moaning and bleeding from the eyes. Last week I was sipping fine Tyvian wines and enjoying the comforts rightfully afforded to my position within the Abbey. Today, I sleep in filth, lost in this bleak and destroyed district.

If my mind is going to rot away, then let these be my last words, the final coherent thoughts of Thaddeus Campbell—a great man, a voracious lover of life in all its flavors and odors, and once High Overseer in the great capital city of Dunwall itself.

From the blackness of the Void, I fling curses upon the head of Corvo Attano. It was he who cost me everything I held dear.

May flies nest in your eyes, Corvo, and may all your desires come to ruin as you have ruined mine.

-Thaddeus Campbell

Cards Scoreboard

By

Unknown

Game 1: (bet is 5 coins each)

Cleaning Instructions

By

Dr. Galvani

Dear Ms. Benton,

When cleaning my study, I ask that you constrain your efforts strictly to the floors. Please, at all costs refrain from attempting to clean or arrange my bookshelf. In fact, it would be best to keep away from it altogether. Otherwise, I'll have to reconsider the terms of your employment.

Regards,

Dr. Galvani

P.S. Since I'll be out of the city for a few days, I've left next week's pay as well. The bank was closed, so I'm afraid it's short by half. You can count on me for the remainder next week of course.

Combination Update

By

Brandon

Wyman,

I've updated the combination on the bunkhouse safe again. It's 2 0 3. As treasurer, it's up to you to make sure it stays secret this time. Don't leave this letter lying around.

Brandon

Concerning The Crossbows

By

High Artificer Bartholomew

Campbell,

We initially thought it a great find when we came across some of the crossbows that the assassins had been using to harry our patrols. The models we found, however, have proven lacking. Daud's men have greater accuracy and range, and I swear theirs reload faster. I'm recommending that we stick with pistols and sabers and count this as a lesson in where our strengths lie.

Sincerely,

High Artificer Bartholomew

Concerns About the Royal Interrogator

By

First Commander Gregory

General Tobias, I have to press you again, sir. The torturer has been coming into the barracks at night.

Last night Corporal Huso woke up to find the freak leering at him in the dark. Other men have reported that personal items have gone missing, with odd things left in their place. Sanders said he found a bunch of teeth wrapped up in his handkerchief. Teeth. And Bilson found three painted rat-heads on a string in his shaving kit.

Whatever this is, it has to stop. The men are rattled and I don't know how long I can keep them from going into that bastard's room and beating him to death in his sleep. I don't care what you call him, executioner, torturer, Royal Interrogator or bat-faced troll, he's got to stay out of the barracks.

—First Commander Gregory

Confiscated Rune

By

Unknown

Corporal Meadows,

We found this strange rune on the woman who used to sell pastries up the street. Not sure how she died, but since the thing looks superstitious we set it aside for the Overseers. After your shift is over, take it to them for disposal or whatever they do with them. Don't forget.

Contractor's Note

By

C.S.

It's getting harder to find healthy workers who are willing to lay down conduit in the Flooded District. So what we're going to do is pick out any strong-looking males who show signs of the sickness, and offer them work in exchange for us to look the other way. They get these floodlights hooked up, then you do what you want with them.

- C.S.

Corvo Signs Registry at Boyle Party

By

Captain Galloway

Lord Regent,

It's undoubtedly not worth your time and I hesitate to even mention it, but apparently on the night of the Boyle Party someone signed the guestbook as "Corvo Attano". It must be a perverse joke, surely. However, you asked to be notified of all such matters, and in truth we never located the Royal Protector's body, so I thought best to bring it to your attention. Sorry for troubling you with this matter. I know Lady Boyle was dear to you.

Captain Galloway

If Corvo both chooses the lethal elimination and signs the guestbook in Lady Boyle's Last Party, this note will appear on the desk in the Lord Regent's quarters in Return to the Tower.

An alternate note will appear if Corvo chooses the nonlethal elimination and signs the guestbook.

Corvo's Bounty Note

By

Rulfio

Daud,

Finding Corvo in possession of that mask could have been an elaborate frame job, but now the newly minted Lord Regent Havelock is announcing to all the city that he has proof linking Corvo to the Masked Felon.

The bounty is 30,000 coins, but if Corvo truly is the Masked Felon and is responsible for all the things the wanted posters accuse him of, I expect the bounty to double. Because we have him alive, we should be able to barter even more.

Regarding Slackjaw, we watched him for a week, and when we were ready to make our move, he suddenly disappeared. Maybe he left the city.

- Rulfio

Dead Drop

By

Daud

Lord Spymaster,

We had a specific agreement and I planned around it. The Royal Protector wasn't part of that agreement. You assured me that she and the girl would be alone. So the price of the job just went up. Send the coin to the alternate dead drop or you can be sure we'll come calling.

- Daud

Dead Hermit's Note

By

Unknown

It is here by the Wrenhaven, I will make my last home. It stinks to the Void, but my grand mum's hagfish stew'll drive the odor away.

I remember sailing out on this river to the great Ocean, that vast blinding light and blue water. I was a tender fifteen and our nets were always full to bursting. The old days, before everything went to shit.

Any way it goes, it's either the boots of the Watch against my skull, the teeth of the rats on my bones, or the tremble of the plague all over my skin. Don't matter none to me.

Dearie

By

Granny Rags

Oh dearie, dearie. Down in the cellar, so dreary. Why won't you come out to see me? When you were here, we made them scream, didn't we? Come back to visit and I'll give you another present, carved and shiny. You aren't much in the way of proper conversation, mind you, but I do love to watch you work. Come back and I'll tell you stories, such stories.

Your dear Granny

Do Not Use This Lever

By

Hound Master Warton

It is of utmost importance that you do not open this cage without my approval. Voracious is ill and quite temperamental. Should his cage be opened, he might attack and endanger anyone patrolling the kennel.

Signed,

Hound Master Warton

We have some problem on creating the Chinese version Wikia, and I believe, with native English speakers' help, our work will be much 'smoother'

Thanks!

Duty Officer's Report

By

Unknown

Duty Officer's Report, Corvo's Interrogation

Corvo Attano, formerly the Royal Protector, will be brought in for interrogation. This is of utmost importance. The Lord Regent and High Overseer Campbell will conduct the questioning themselves. Follow their orders without hesitation, and keep the torturer under control. If Corvo dies in his hands, instead of getting the public execution the Lord Regent wants, it'll be your head that rolls next.

Elixir Delivery

By

Craxton

This is the weeks' supply of elixir. Tell your ladies to drink up, but the boss says we got to have coin in payment. No more trades.

—Craxton

Emily's Letter

By

Emily Kaldwin

Corvo,

I am very sad. They say that you're dead like Mother, but I'm going to put this note in a bottle and throw it into the river because I do not believe them. Living here is very strange. I do not like it, so please come for me if you can.

Emily's Rendering of Corvo

By

Emily Kaldwin

Corvo,

This is a drawing I made of you without your scary mask.

Empress to Corvo

By

Jessamine Kaldwin

Corvo, I have missed you while you've been away. If I could trust anyone else with these matters, I would gladly send them so you could remain close. But there is no one else. The plague has taken so many. The Spymaster was right to insist that I send you. When you are away, every day seems a heavy burden. Even simple tasks seem worrisome. Emily is difficult to manage. And the great troubles of the City, the conflict and the plague, all seem insurmountable. But when you are near, it is different. My heart is at peace.

Exploding Hounds

By

Hound Master Warton

Bartholomew,

I've seen the harnesses you've been devising in that workshop of yours. If you plan to strap explosives to my precious hounds and make living bombs out of them, you can count me out of your plan. I'm the master of the hounds here, and without my training they'll never do as you request.

Signed,

Hound Master Warton

Fallen Letter

By

Unknown

YOU CANNOT SAVE HER YOU CANNOT SAVE HER YOU CANNOT
SAVE HER YOU CANNOT SAVE HER YOU CANNOT SAVE HER YOU
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Feeding Log

By

Dr. Galvani

4th Day, Mo. of Wind - Assorted human remains. Strong appetite.

10th Day, Mo. of Wind - 1 bag Tyvian pears (bruised, rotted). Rats uninterested.

11th Day, Mo. of Wind - 1 tin, potted whale meat. Eaten.

13th Day, Mo. of Wind - Human torso. No trouble finding corpse parts.

17th Day, Mo. of Wind - No feeding. Aggression increased. Incident of cannibalism.

20th Day, Mo. of Wind - Incident with previous maidservant. Will withhold feeding until 1st Day, Month of Darkness.

Final Warning

By

Thaddeus Campbell

Edmund,

It has come to my attention that you know where my sanctum is. If I catch you loitering by the statue of Holger again, hoping to run into and perhaps liaise with one of my guests, I'll have you branded a heretic and cast out of the city.

Regards,

High Overseer Campbell

Galvani Academy Notice

By

Artemis Moore

Galvani,

The latest case should arrive within a week, containing all the components you need. Be careful with the white phosphorus. Can't have you getting phossy jaw like tanners at the edge of the city, poor bastards.

Sorry you have to practice in secret. The vivisectionist should be celebrated! Revered even! Cutting up rats should be done in the town square with a crowd of eager students taking notes, not in some dirty little secret room hidden behind a wall of books.

Anyway, lucky for you to have an old friend who never left the Academy. Let me know what else you need, but remember it might be a month before I can put together another shipment.

Yours in knowledge,

Artemis Moore

Procurement Clerk and Provisioner

Academy of Natural Philosophy, South Wing

P.S. Next time you're nearby, come in for an afternoon. We've stayed fairly insulated from the plague, since so few come and go here, and we've got quite the stock of Tyvian brandy.

General Notice

By

Farley Havelock

Be on watch for members of the conspiracy. Some are still at large. If discovered, they are to be killed on sight. Move the bodies into the kennel, but they are not to be otherwise tampered with.

Piero Joplin - Missing - Interrogate, then execute

Anton Sokolov - Missing - Interrogate, then execute

Lydia Brooklaine - Found Dead

Wallace Higgins - Found Dead

Corvo Attano - Believed dead, assume missing - Kill on sight

Samuel Beechworth - Missing - Kill on sight

The woman in the tower is Callista Curnow and a victim of circumstance, merely in the wrong place at the wrong time. Do not disturb her, but do not allow her to leave the premises. She is under my protection.

-Lord Regent Havelock

Be on watch for members of the conspiracy. Some are still at large. If discovered, they are to be killed on sight. Move the bodies into the kennel, but they are not to be otherwise tampered with.

Piero Joplin - Missing - Interrogate, then execute

Anton Sokolov - Missing - Interrogate, then execute

Lydia Brooklaine - Found Dead

Wallace Higgins - Found Dead

Callista Curnow - Found Dead

Samuel Beechworth - Missing - Kill on sight

Put the corpses in bags and keep them in the back yard. Do not disturb or search the bodies in any other way.

-Lord Regent Havelock

Golden Cat Master Key

By

Madame Prudence

I know we're running low on beds, but I must have a room for the child. She's more important than you can guess, and recently she almost got away, using the VIP entrance. That's why I decided to keep the master key in my possession. This girl must be cared for, even if she's a brat, and I want her kept in a room to herself.

—Madame Prudence

Golden Cat Reopening

By

Madame Prudence

Mister Bunting,

I know you've been waiting for the Golden Cat to re-open. You've probably been suffering, you poor dear. So let me offer you a warm welcome to our lavish reopening tomorrow. I assure you that everything has been cleaned up, top to bottom, after that touch of plague. We're ready to take care of you.

Everyone here loves you and half the girls consider you a friend.

—Madame Prudence

Griff's Last Words

By

Griff

This is it, by the Outsider's eyes. I've been fighting the fever for a few nights now, since those damn Bottle Street hooligans kept me pinned down and I couldn't get to my elixir stash. All I wanted to do was lay low, run my little shop and ride out the plague. Dunwall was a good place before all this mess with death of the Empress, the plague, and the Lord Regent's new laws. If you find this, maybe you'll have better luck than I did. And if Slackjaw or any of you Bottle Street idiots are reading this, I hope the City Watch guts you all.

- Griff

Havelock's Orders to the Guard

By

Farley Havelock

Captain Manning, we've tracked the conspiracy to the Hound Pits Pub. Search the premises for the natural philosophers Piero Joplin and Anton Sokolov. Do what you must to secure all materials related to the enhanced arc pylon they have been constructing. Question them thoroughly, and once you are certain you have everything they know of the pylon, execute them both. Bring the pylon to me, along with his papers and recordings.

They may be two of the greatest minds of our age, but they're also traitors who conspired with Corvo to bring down this Empire.

I'm keeping Empress Emily Kaldwin with me at the Lighthouse on Kingsparrow Island until we're certain that Corvo and his fellow conspirators have been properly dealt with.

- Lord Regent Havelock

Hiding Place

By

Unknown

Day 15, Month of Timber

I managed to steal away one of the charms they were smashing in Warehouse A. Smashing them! Such beautiful and powerful things and my brothers have no idea. They'll never find me back here though. Nobody ever comes back here. I can brick up the door and they'll never find me. It's all mine.

Ideas for the Timsh Statue

By

Unknown

So Barrister Arnold Timsh feels compelled to commission a statue in his own likeness. Highly convinced of his own importance, it seems. Will I ever know the limits of a man's vanity? Perhaps I will render the good barrister lost in thought as he regards himself in a looking glass. In any case, his coin will further my research.

Influences of the Outsider

By

Teague Martin

Brother,

With an anxious heart, I respond to your letter. If your suspicion is true, I have grave misgivings about those presiding over Dunwall Tower. I have only recently resolved my disagreements with the Abbey, and it has come upon me as a surprise that some are lobbying for me to take up the mantle of High Overseer, but despite all that is going on, I hope to advise you personally in this matter.

Last time you wrote, you speculated that the mute who serves as torturer within Dunwall Tower might be a follower of the Outsider. He has an odd countenance, his tongue is twisted and he cannot speak, and a wolfhound follows him about. Add to this the incomprehensible groaning and the litany of repeated whispers you hear coming from his chamber at night, and it seems certain.

At first I found it hard to believe. How could one I admire so, such as the Lord Regent, allow this to go unchecked within his house? Surely he must respect the Seven Strictures? But now I see the pieces arranged before me. I must tell you, it aligns with a vision experienced by one of our sisters from the Oracular Sect. Coming to me in the night, she spoke, "Silence inflicts pain, and a hound's shadow follows the puppet of the Outsider."

Your position at the Tower has been of great use to our order, and there is no shame in reporting back to me. You are an Overseer, first and foremost, and it is your sole duty to protect the world of men from the malevolent influences of the Outsider. Tell no others of this, and await my instructions. I must wonder how high up into Dunwall Tower this corruption has spread.

—Martin

Instructions from Daud

By

Daud

The sleep toxin is only to be used on abductee targets and on bounties which we need alive. Don't waste them trying to avoid collateral casualties.

Jelly's Next Task

By

Unknown

Jelly,

You daft choffer, here's another one for you.

“That old witchGranny Rags told me that you'll lose your taste for whiskey in the month of Wind. Then your eyes will go dim in the month of Seeds. And you'll draw your last breath in the month of Ice.”

If you want your share you know what to do.

Jelly's Share

By

Unknown

Jelly,

In case you're too daft to remember, look to your whiskey for the answer.
Whiskey. Got it?

If you want your share, you'll sort it out. If not, I'll come back for it next month.

Journal Entry Part One

By

Mad Survivor

Journal Entry Part One

19th Day, Month of Seeds

What will I do? She left and took her things. Back to her family, as if that will help. The plague will get us all.

3rd Day, Month of Nets

I've been offered work on one of the whaling boats. I'll be leaving this place at last. Later, I will find a place in Tyvia, to the north. The winters are cold there. No rats, no plague.

28th Day, Month of Nets

Last day of the month, my fortunes have turned. I found something. Shiny, shiny, and old. Looks like whale bone, which is supposed to be lucky.

Journal Entry Part Three

By

Mad Survivor

Journal Entry Part Three

18th Day, Month of Rain

My cousin came, but we fought over it. When I came into the room, he was holding it. I screamed at him and we fought. Now I am filled with remorse.

26th Day, Month of Rain

He's still sitting in the corner, across from the candles. He was a thief.

2nd Day, Month of Wind

I wonder how he knew about it. Coming to dinner was a trick.

Maybe he told others.

7th Day, Month of Wind

Barricades in the halls outside. It is safe now.

11th Day, Month of Wind

The Watch came, taking people away. The neighbors. Someone in the building has the rat plague. Gone now. It promises to protect me. Each night it promises.

Journal Entry Part Two

By

Mad Survivor

Journal Entry Part Two

6th Day, Month of Rain

My cousin Emil is coming soon, bringing a bird to roast. I'm going to see if any of the shops are still open. Maybe I can buy apples or some potatoes.

10th Day, Month of Rain

I put my whale bone carving on a shelf, but I could not see it from some parts of the room. So I made a little pedestal for it. It looks nice in the candle light.

15th Day, Month of Rain

Sometimes I dream about it. In the dreams, it makes sound like wind, through a broken window. One some nights, the wind sounds like a voice. I was supposed to go to the docks, to ship out, but I remembered too late. It was days ago.

Lady Boyle Missing

By

Captain Galloway

Lord Regent,

Our search for the missing Lady Boyle continues with limited results. No one seems to know what happened to her, though there was a rumor circulating that she left the party by boat. It seems unlikely, but in any case the witness in question saw nothing more, so even that lead went cold.

Also, it's undoubtedly not worth your time and I hesitate to even mention it, but apparently on the night of the Boyle Party someone signed the guestbook as "Corvo Attano". It must be a perverse joke, surely. However, you asked to be notified of all such matters, and in truth we never located the Royal Protector's body, so I thought best to bring it to your attention. Sorry for troubling you with this matter.

I know Lady Boyle is dear to you. Rest assured we will redouble our efforts to locate her.

Captain Galloway

If Corvo both chooses the non-lethal elimination and signs the guestbook in Lady Boyle's Last Party, this note will appear on the desk in the Lord Regent's quarters in Return to the Tower. If he does not sign the guestbook, the paragraph referring to this action will not appear.

An alternate note will appear if Corvo chooses the lethal elimination and signs the guestbook.

Last Night

By

Darion

Windham,

Last night was wonderful. I am right at this moment imagining your arms around me, and your breath on my neck. I feared for our lives when your fellow Overseers found us, but you proved resourceful as always. And no, I won't take your slurs and threats personally, for I know you were merely trying to throw off any suspicions they might have had of us. I hope to see you again soon, perhaps in two nights when you have leave once more.

- Darion

Letter to Alfa

By

Unknown

Dear Alfa,

We don't care if you're sick. Please come home. We'll take care of you. I'm not afraid. Your sister tells me that you're planning on hiding in the Flooded district, and that you want to die alone there. Please don't do that to us. Please.

I love you.

Letter to Burney

By

Tusky

Burney,

I think I have what you're looking for. A rail car containing blueprints for an advanced ammo type was lost in the flooded district. The fools who designed it thought it so valuable that they sent the only copy along the elevated lines running through that abandoned place. It never reached its destination. I suggest you start your search at Rudshore Central Rail Station.

Be bloody careful - rumor has it that the Whaler Gang has their territory somewhere in that area. If you see any sign of them, run like mad.

- Tusky

Letter to Callista

By

Samuel Beechworth

Callista, fret not. I believe there is still hope for Emily and Dunwall. I don't believe Corvo is gone. I'll be searching the river for him, but if you catch wind of him, shoot up a flare using the launcher I placed in Emily's tower and I'll make my way back as quickly as I can. Keep this tower locked and take care of yourself. Emily is gonna need you when this is over.

- Samuel

Letter to Daud

By

Hiram Burrows

Daud,

I am satisfied. Corvo would have been very useful to me, but your improvisation was exemplary. Him taking the fall for the crime simplifies matters greatly. I hope you are equally satisfied with the payment.

I shall contact you shortly for additional assignments.

—H.B.

Letter to Ferg

By

Craggy

A word of advice on your greedy little treasure hunting trips to the Flooded District. If you find yourself stranded and the only way out is through Rudshore Gate, this rewire tool will come in handy. If you can get through the doors, the circuitry panel for the wall of light is just on the other side.

Better yet, let me come with you. I'll handle the complicated things.

- Craggy

Letter to Heather

By

Amelia

Dear Heather,

Hasn't Harold gone on and on to you about this treasure he's got hidden away? I thought he'd talk my ear off! He claims that it proves that he's got Imperial heritage, but if you ask me it just means that our wonderful rulers are buying favors from anyone these days! It's a scandal, that's what it is!

Anyway, you should go and see him. When he goes to show you the statue he's going to ask you to guess his safe code. (Goodness, he's such a bore.) So give him a sly wink and tell him it's 428. I only wish I could be there to see the look on his face when you get it right.

You know he fancies you, and he's got money. He may be small and dreary in conversation, no fun at all at dinner parties if you ask me, but he's got money. He has an apartment down by the Chamber of Commerce. Dreadful little hole; only door in is through the back courtyard, and it's smaller than my loft over by the waterfront, but anyone who can afford a place of any size in that part of town has to be doing well for himself.

- Amelia

Letter to Overseer Franklin

By

Daud

Overseer Franklin, wasn't it?

When we speak next I hope you will tell me two things.

First, what do the Strictures tell you about being imprisoned in a cell you could easily escape, were your legs not shattered?

Secondly, how your kind knew the location of our base, and what exactly you hoped to accomplish there by marching a hopelessly outnumbered band of fools through chest-high water?

- Daud

Letter to Stew

By

Mitch

Hey Stew, here's the deal.

The old Greaves Refinery still has vats filled with processed whale oil that no one's touched. We just need to collect a bunch of empty tanks, and use the pumps they have at the front station to fill them back up. With the water level so high we'd be able to just pull a boat in and out, no problem. Just don't go alone. There's river krusts everywhere. Those critters are rough.

- Mitch

Letter to the Director

By

Percival Cox

So that's it? We're closing down? After all these years? After we just unveiled the new statue of Jessamine Kaldwin? A broken wall and some rising water, and we're just going to abandon the building and split up our offices in the lesser districts?

Are you insane? Has your brain turned to plague rats? Have you been drinking the outsider's piss? Any of these explanations I would accept sooner than the relocation assignments we all found on our desks this morning. If this is truly how you plan to operate as our director, then no, I will not accept my relocation orders.

Consider this my resignation.

- Percival Cox, former Deputy Chairman, Rudshore Chamber of Commerce

Lieutenant Niles' Report

By

Lieutenant Christopher Niles

As requested, this is a sample of the black market elixir we believe to be coming from one of the abandoned distilleries. No doubt it's inferior to your formula, or even Piero's Remedy, but people are desperate. We have not been able to identify the additional ingredients. Perhaps you'll have better luck.

One thing of note: Some of the men of the Watch claim, when pressed, to have purchased and used this stuff from time to time since it's cheaper than either of the popular brands. None of them report any illness or complication. So while it may not protect from the plague as well, it doesn't seem harmful.

Lieutenant Christopher Niles

Second Dispensary Detail

Dunwall City Watch

Lookout's Orders

By

Slackjaw

Plant your ass on the roof and watch the street. See who comes to the almshouse. And see if that old lady knows anything. She's blind but maybe she heard something.

—Slackjaw

Loot Cache

By

Burke

Oliver,

I've taken the loot we've gathered and stashed it in the incinerator room. It's under the dead hounds so nobody will dig around and find it.

Look to your strictures to figure out the door code: Lying Tongue, Wandering Gaze, Errant Mind. I trust you're devout and clever enough to figure it out.

Oh, and be mindful of rats. More and more have been gathering since Old Finn keeps forgetting to burn the hound corpses.

Burke

Lord Pendleton's Reward

By

Lord Pendleton

Corvo,

This matter with my brothers has not been pleasant at all so I don't wish to discuss it further. However, I really must thank you. I've heard that you found some other means of neutralizing them, without taking their lives. Ingenious. Wherever they are, even if they are miserable, they are alive at least. So perhaps some day I will see them again.

—Lord Treavor Pendleton

Losing Support

By

General Tobias

Lord Regent,

Since we've lost the financial support of the Boyle family, things are dire and we've had to make major cuts. The patrol boats stationed in the Wrenhaven around the Tower have been redeployed to Northbank, to protect the few food shipments still trickling in from the farmlands outside Dunwall.

Sir, I'm warning you now, this means that the approach to the Tower from through Water Lock is now exposed. It's unlikely that an attack would come from the river, but I know how you worry.

Ironically, there's one thing working on our favor: Since the Water Lock malfunctioned last month, that idiot who maintains the moat flow controls hasn't been able to repair it, and with Sokolov missing, no one else is sure how to get the blasted thing working again. So anyone conducting an assault from the river would have to climb up the pipes in the Water Lock, which is hard to imagine.

- General Tobias

More Tools

By

Edgar

Trevor,

We're going to need another shipment of tools to destroy these accursed bone charms. Though we managed to break down over a dozen last month there are more coming in from all over Gristol, and the things are remarkably resilient.

- Edgar

Music Box

By

High Artificer Bartholomew

Overseer Humphrey,

I left you a copy of The Ancient Music so you might familiarize yourself with the principles I'm employing in this latest variation of Holger's Device, or the "music box" as the men call it. As you should know, it produces harmonies that render heretical energies or "magic" inert through counterbalancing mathematical principles. Read the book and then make yourself useful by finding us some subject to test it on. This city is choked with corruption and superstition, so I trust you won't have to look far.

Signed,

High Artificer Bartholomew

My Girls

By

Madame Prudence

Campbell,

I'm not sure how my predecessor operated, but from now on if one of my girls tries to blackmail you, you send her back to me at the Golden Cat instead of concocting some plan on your own. I've had to replace three girls in as many months, and you can imagine the business of carnal pleasure isn't booming in this plague stricken hole you call a city.

Madam Prudence

Note From A Friend

By

Farley Havelock

A Friend Who Will Meet You Soon

I know it's more logical, but we don't have concrete proofs to affirm it. Or at least I think...

Note from Courier

By

Unknown

Masked man, this note is for you. Your actions have not gone unnoticed. There is a package next to your bed, and a note from the one who wanted you to have it.

Note From Granny

By

Granny Rags

Dearie,

You shouldn't fraternize with those bad boys from the distillery. That elixir hasn't improved their dispositions and they don't treat my birdies very nicely at all.

If you start keeping company with them or their so-called boss, you may fall out of favor with me. You wouldn't want that, would you?

Granny

Dearie,

You shouldn't fraternize with those bad boys from the distillery. That elixir hasn't improved their dispositions and they don't treat my birdies very nicely at all.

They're a bad influence and I'm trying to warn you. You've started falling out of favor with me, I have to say. You don't want to keep going down that road, do you?

Granny

Note from Piero

By

Piero Joplin

Corvo, thank you for getting me a live weeper. This is going to be invaluable for my old friend at the Academy of Natural Philosophy, as living plague specimens are quite difficult to procure. Rest assured my colleague will handle this situation as humanely as possible.

—Piero

Note to Lydia/Esma/Waverly Boyle

By

Hiram Burrows

[Lydia/Esma/Waverly] Darling,

- H.B.

Note to Sergeant Heyburn

By

Captain Geoff Curnow

Sergeant Heyburn,

All the Wall of Light components have been delivered to your station, and I expect it to be functional before midnight. You've also been provided with several spare whale oil tanks, should the need arise.

Last, it's come to my attention that various watchmen continue the adolescent practice known as "Rat Burning". Remember—whale oil is not cheap. Please keep your men under control.

—Captain Curnow

Note to Wallace

By

Lord Pendleton

My dear Wallace, we are departing for a safe and secure place where we can coordinate the transition of power to ourselves. Make certain that my audiograph and the best of the wines make it aboard the vessel before the sun sets. This evening the staff will be rewarded for their loyalty and service.

-Lord Pendleton

Notice from Daud

By

Daud

If you have an assignment that requires that you travel to Rudshore Gate, see me. I hold the key.

- Daud

....

...oh wait.

Off-Limits

By

Major Hocking

Captain Briarmont,

I must ask you to speak with one of your men. Corporal Keyes reports to you, I believe. According to the morning duty officer, Keyes has been making his way to the basement, meeting with the Royal Interrogator. I have no idea what they discuss, but it's been reported that Keyes has an interest in the occult. Either way, I'm not an Overseer, so I don't give a fig for how he spends his time when he's not on duty. But keep him away from the torturer. The basement is off-limits to our men.

- Major Hocking

Official Decree

By

Unknown

OFFICIAL DECREE

By Order of the Lord Regent

Effective immediately, all access to Dunwall Toweris hereby restricted to official traffic, via water lock only. The front gate is sealed, with no exception.

This order issued from the Office of General Tobias with the full authority of the Lord Regent.

Official Guard Report

By

Major Anders Josiah

To All Watch Personnel Assigned to Clavering Boulevard,

Given the recent attempt on Captain Geoff Curnow's life near Holger Square, a new Watchtower has been authorized to secure the area. Tensions remain high following the incident, which Curnow only survived by virtue of his training and quick thinking. Until the perpetrator has been identified, all squads are advised to question any suspicious persons entering the area.

Note: The Engineering Corps is to be commended for working fast to put the additional fortifications in place. Whale oil will be delivered nightly to provide power to the new Watchtower.

Major Anders Josiah

Defense Engineer Unit

To All Watch Personnel Assigned to Clavering Boulevard,

Given the recent death of Captain Geoff Curnow near Holger Square, a new Watchtower has been authorized to secure the area. Tensions remain high following the incident, which cost a good man his life. Until the perpetrator has been identified, all squads are advised to question any suspicious persons entering the area.

Note: The Engineering Corps is to be commended for working fast to put the additional fortifications in place. Whale oil will be delivered nightly to provide power to the new Watchtower.

Major Anders Josiah

Defense Engineer Unit

To All Watch Officers:

Be aware that Clavering Boulevard, leading to Holger Square, has been sealed until further notice. Following the murder of High Overseer Thaddeus Campbell, the highest religious figure in the land, all access to the Office of the High Overseer will be subject to my approval.

First Captain Nathan Mortimer

Abbey Liason

To All Watch Officers:

Be aware that Clavering Boulevard, leading to Holger Square, has been sealed until further notice. The Office of the High Overseer has entered a state of crisis and all interactions with the Overseers must be coordinated through me whether previously authorized or not.

Former High Overseer Thaddeus Campbell has been branded a heretic, a historic religious event that the Overseers enforce without exception or mercy. Campbell has been stripped of all authority and anyone offering him aid or shelter is subject to arrest. This includes members of the Watch.

First Captain Nathan Mortimer

Abbey Liason

Orders from High Overseer Campbell

By

Thaddeus Campbell

I bid you safety and courage on your expedition.

The assassin Daud and his cultist followers are commonly known as the Whalers, due to the oil worker masks they wear. Beware, for Daud may possess power and resistance beyond expectation. Tread with extreme caution; their infamy is well earned.

They are based inside the Chamber of Commerce building in the ruins of Central Rudshore. All roads to this area have been blocked, with the exception of the elevated rails. Find the rail station in the Rudshore Market.

March carefully, for the cultists undoubtedly employ spies to watch the route.

- High Overseer Campbell

Overseer Workshop Note

By

High Artificer Bartholomew

Overseer Bloom,

I have a replacement valve for the door finished at the workshop. Once we install it we can finally see what's been festering in this supply depot for the past year. Come see me when you want it.

Sincerely,

High Artificer Bartholomew

Overseer's Music Note

By

Unknown

Yesterday an Overseer passed in the street near me, playing the strange music from the Abbey. Beneath his mask, I could not see his face as he turned the crank on his music box, but I could hear his voice muttering verses from the sacred texts.

Fear overcame me, because it is forbidden to carry bone charms and similar such items for luck. The Overseers are completely unforgiving in this matter. Gripping mine in my pocket, feeling its warmth, I walked away with my head down.

He was heading toward the Royal Physician's home, that shaggy Sokolov, and something odd occurred. I could swear the charm in my hand reacted to the Overseer's music, growing cold. Some inner vibration seemed to go still.

I found a book that is perhaps related to this and will study it so that I might understand.

Overseer's Warning

By

Unknown

The assassins sprung their traps as we tried to cross the narrow bridge. At that choke point they were able to pick us off one by one. We thought we could draw them inside where our greater numbers could make more of a difference, but it didn't matter.

Now I'm the only one left alive, and I feel that slipping from me minute by minute.

Please, if a second group attempts to come through this way, beware of that bridge. They are listening for the sound of the door opening. Keep an eye on the rooftops. Even a small number of them is more than a match.

Pendleton's Family Crisis

By

Lord Pendleton

Cousin Anna,

Morgan and Custis continue to resist my efforts and are no longer responding to my letters.

The servants tell me they've been absent from the manor for some weeks. My brothers have always been arrogant, utterly convinced of their own certainty, and they don't really give two figs for anyone else in the world, unless they want something and can't take it outright. But this disagreement over the upcoming Parliamentary vote has reached a crisis point.

Up 'til now, the Lord Regent has been somewhat restrained in his authority at least where the holdings of the gentry have been concerned. If Morgan and Custis vote in his favor, the law will be changed and we will all be at risk, aristocracy or not.

I implore you, if you know where they are, to speak with them.

Lord Treavor Pendleton

Piero is Out

By

Piero Joplin

Corvo,

I'm upstairs, taking care of something important. Find me if you need anything.

Piero's Door To Nowhere

By

Piero Joplin

The “door to nowhere” has proven to be a safety hazard, but for me this project is an endless source of inspiration. With the proper application of energies, I believe I can transform the door frame into a window of sorts, one that will allow a traveler to cover the distance from my workshop to some distant, arbitrary point in a single step. Currently the step leads to a sheer drop, straight down into the courtyard, but in time it will bridge gaps that will boggle the mind. Such work is many years away, to be sure, but if I survive the plague I'm sure to succeed.

Piero's Request is Denied

By

Farley Havelock

Piero,

No. I will not sign off on these purchases. A bag of Powdered Crystal? Tyvian ore? What's wrong with the metals in Gristol? Kingsparrow Feathers? If you need feathers sacrifice your own pillow.

Maybe at the Academy everything you needed was paid for by tariff and handed out willy-nilly, but this is my bar, or what's left of it, and we're operating on a budget. We're running low on oil, food, elixir, building materials, and everything else, so you've got to slow down.

While I'm footing the bill, I will not approve your purchases unless they're absolutely required. No more copper wire or special herbs. If you need these things, go out and scavenge them. Half the city is in ruins, so no one is going to miss any of the odd crap you seem to need.

—Admiral Havelock

Pratchett's Reminder

By

Pratchett

Remember that the truth is in the paintings!

The way to the truth starts in the crowded streets.

Continue until you see an anchored whaling ship.

From there, find the slaughterhouse and the truth will be revealed to you.

Recipe for Craxton

By

Slackjaw

Craxton,

I'm coming tomorrow to check on the batch. Make sure you're wearing pants this time, and stick to the recipe:

1 part Sokolov's elixir

1 part beechgum paste

2 parts sugar water

That's it. The more of the real shit you cut in, the less there is to spread around and the less coin I make. This ain't a charity.

Slackjaw

Refinery Foreman's Note

By

Unknown

Tell your shift captain to assign a maintenance burk for every shift. The conduits keep shorting out up here.

At least authorize us to put a whale oil canister in the backup receptacle next to the bridge to keep the power flow steady. We're Greaves Company for crying out loud. You'd think we'd be able to afford an extra one of our own oil tanks.

Or if you need me to make it simple for you with no power, the bridge stays up. If the bridge stays up, we can't access the refinery pit. No pit access, we don't do our jobs. Plain and simple.

Refinery Safety Notice

By

Unknown

Remember to keep the stair in the “up” position at all times unless there’s a shift change or an emergency. Failure to do so may result in damage to equipment and/or loss of life.

In the event of the actual emergency, main power WILL be shut off. Use the backup receptacle to your right to restore power to this control panel.

Replacement Valve

By

High Artificer Bartholomew

Humphrey,

Would you see to it that this valve gets installed in that little supply depot by the loading docks? The men have been grumbling about this thing for what must be months now, as if there were anything of value on the other side of that door it's supposed to open. Keep quelling problems like this for me and you just might make apprentice.

Signed,

High Artificer Bartholomew

Report to Daud

By

Unknown

This is the musical device that the Overseer had strapped to his chest. While it was functioning, we were unable to perform transversals or tetherings. I suggest we all get a good look at it.

Resist Temptation

By

Unknown

Let this serve as a reminder of our cause. A token of the Outsider's power bound here before us. Let us not allow it to twist our hearts. Our gaze shall not wander toward it, nor will our hands reach out in restless greed to grasp it.

This note is transcribed onto a panel beneath the framed rune in the meeting room at the Office of the High Overseer during the missionHigh Overseer Campbell.

Secret Stash Tip

By

Unknown

Higgins, I recently got a tip about a stash, hidden at the North End of Kaldwin's Bridge. Another crazy bastard keeping all his shiny stuff in a secret room.

I was told you need to turn on the faucet in an old sink three times to open up some kind of secret door.

No information on the value of what's in this room, I only heard about a street speaker hanging over the road, just outside the door. Sorry about that, mate.

Don't forget my share if you find it.

Sick Hound

By

Hound Master Warton

Voracious has fallen ill. I have gone to fetch some medicine for the hound, but in the mean time DO NOT open his cage. He is prone to fits of violence, and this would endanger the other Overseers in the building.

Signed,

Hound Master Warton

Slackjaw's Shipment Note

By

Slackjaw

Here's the elixir you need to sell on Kaldwin's Bridge this week.

When you've moved everything, bring the money back to the distillery. I'll give you your cut and next week's shipment.

If you're too dumb and you get caught, throw the elixir in the river so that they can't give it to Sokolov. I don't want him figuring out what we're doing. Then throw yourself in the river, too.

—Slackjaw

Smoking Room

By

Madame Prudence

We welcome the Pendleton twins today and the window of the smoking room is still not repaired. Custis will take this room, so fix it!

—Madame Prudence

Sokolov's Note to Howlcreek

By

Anton Sokolov

Captain Howlcreek,

When you and your men arrive tomorrow, I'll be working in my greenhouse on the roof. I know the Lord Regent wants you to follow me at every moment, but please avoid disturbing me. The experiments I am conducting are quite sensitive and I must finish with haste.

- Sokolov

Steam Room

By

Madame Prudence

The pressure valve has stopped working properly. This is the second time. You will not get a third chance, do you understand? Repair it promptly or you're out, because I won't risk another accident. Our clients are among the most important men in the city.

—Madame Prudence

Tallboy Orders

By

Unknown

This generator will power the floodlights. At the moment only one is hooked up, but as soon as it turns on, the tallboys will break from their patrols and attack the tenement buildings. Anyone inside, weeper or not, is to be killed.

Good find, Essie!

The Brigmore Job

By

Daud

Rinaldo, do the job as you were told and do not question my planning again. Yes, the women who meet in the ruins of the Brigmore manor possess abilities like our own. And they use poisons, administered by dart. But just as you share my ability to blink across space through the transversal trick, you also inherit my resistance to some toxins. As I told you when you first joined us, it is another of my gifts that whoever serves me loyally shares in some of my power. This may or may not aid you against their poisons.

The leader of the Brigmore witches must pay for her betrayal. If you succeed, your share will be enough to build a fine home in Serkonas [sic] in your old age, assuming you live.

- Daud

The Brigmore Witches

By

Unknown

As a reminder to myself, four of these blocks of fine Tyvian marble are destined to decorate the Golden Cat. Madam Prudence has requested that I carve the stone into four of the women living together in the ruins of the old Brigmore Manor, at the edge of the city. Once they are completed and installed, I will have to visit the bathhouse in order to admire my work.

The Lighthouse Elevator Key

By

Unknown

Captain Pinchfield,

Remind your men that the lighthouse elevator is for use by Important Personnel only, and in the case of emergencies. This key is to stay where it's at.

If anyone in your unit has legitimate need for the elevator, talk to the on-duty officer. He has a copy of the key and can grant access if he deems it appropriate.

Those are the procedures. Thank you for following them.

The Pendleton Votes

By

Unknown

Havelock,

Bravo, sir. The Lord Regent is furious about losing the most recent vote at Parliament. He was counting on the support of the Pendleton family and expected limited resistance. Just as you said it would, losing the Pendleton voting block has really slowed him down.

And since the Lord Regent's defense budget failed as well, he's getting desperate financially. It seems that most of the coin he's using to keep the City Watch going is coming from a close ally. We suspect it's a powerful noble woman, who is perhaps his mistress.

I'll try to dig up more information. As we know, if the Watch doesn't get paid in coin and in elixir their loyalty will start to crumble.

—Your friend on the inside

To the Lord Protector

By

Unknown

Greetings, Corvo. Or should I say Lord Protector, as you were known before that title was wrongfully taken from you.

We are servants of the Empire and of the true Empress, a group of loyalists who want very much to meet you. Take these weapons, crafted for you from the finest materials in the Isles, and meet with our man, Samuel, near where these tunnels spill into Wrenhaven River.

All haste and luck. We share a common purpose.

We Miss You

By

Unknown

Dear Harold,

I don't generally do this, but I came across a letter your parents sent when you were first taken to Whitecliff. Remember that we have rules in place to spare you the decision of trying to make contact with them. We can no longer walk among those we seek to protect.

"...if you would at least read this letter to him. Though your motives may be just, we know he's probably scared right now and we are unable to be there for him.

Son, we miss you. We're so sorry we can't come to you now, and take you from wherever they've stolen you away. Be strong, son. We know you will see your way through. Please remember us and try to find us when you're free.

We love you,

Mama and Papa"

Weapon Courier's Message

By

Lacksley

Corwin,

Imagine the firepower of a tallboy but the speed and ease of concealment of a pistol. With this new technology any soldier with a steady gun-arm will be a force to be reckoned with. Make sure it gets to the Lord Regent without delay.

- Lacksley

Whale Oil Refilling Station

By

Piero Joplin

Sokolov no longer has the upper hand with regard to supplies of whale oil. The good Admiral has paid for the installation of my own system, which will enable me to work in this place.

The Oil Tank Dispenser, when activated, will produce an empty vessel for filling.

When the empty tank is near the Oil Tank Refill Pump, the magnetic attractor should take the tank and lock it in the correct configuration. Using the lever will begin the refilling process.

Once refilling is completed, the tank can be removed and placed in service. Extreme caution must be used in handling the full tanks. They are quite unstable.

The system is sound and well-engineered. It appears that the Greaves Oil Company has done something correctly, for once.

DLC - The Knife of Dunwall

The Knife of Dunwall Audiographs

Rothwild's Business

By

Bundry Rothwild

Fleet report for the Month of Nets. The Dauntless sailed north 10 days, to no result; word is, she restocked in Driscoll to pursue a large pod east of Morley. The Delilah's coming back fully loaded. No reports of lights or singing; another sign the Barrister's lost it. The Huntress is in dry-dock after a night-time ramming off Pandysia; engineers looked at the damage, they say wasn't a whale. Or if it was, it was a very odd-looking one.

Rothwild's Musings

By

Bundry Rothwild

What a sad song the old behemoth sings. It looks right at me when I sit here to have my nightcap. Yes, look at me. A fly next to you, but I am your master, ain't I? Killed a hundred of your kind, and I'll kill a thousand more before I'm done. Drain you then feed you to my butchers. The mournful cries of the whales don't touch that lot... no sir. They don't have hearts, I think. But by the Outsider I think I still have a small one, shriveled and blackened as it may be. Yes, sing me a lullaby while I have another drink. Sing...

Time Card Confiscation

By

Unknown

After this morning we're taking away time cards on sight. Nobody gets in or out without those things. Time to send a message.

Timsh's Daily Business

By

Arnold Timsh

Benedict, I need to know what you expect regarding the Danforth Holding Company. They're only a month late and they've been good for it in the past. Normally I wouldn't hesitate to invent a plague infection complaint against them and have all of their assets seized, but they have a link to the Boyles and they, as you know, are on the do-not-touch list. It's hitting a little too close to home. I am afraid you may have to settle your dispute with them by some other means.

Timsh's Message To His Mother

By

Arnold Timsh

Mother, this is Arnold. If you happen to awaken while no-one is present, I've prepared this for you to remind you of recent events to help clear your mind and put you at ease. The plague has ended. I have married and will become prime minister, just as you always wanted. My sister and brother are both here and doing well. Your last will and testament has been written and approved. We all love you, Mother. Now, go back to sleep. Rest. Everything is fine.

The Knife of Dunwall Books

A Poem by Delilah

By

Delilah Copperspoon

When Pretty Emily woke one day
She saw the world a different way
Her eyes now looked with a stranger's guile
Her dainty mouth smiled a stranger's smile
Her hands now worked the stranger's wrath
Her feet now walked a stranger's path
Emily fed, another grew stronger
The stranger's cravings drove her onward,
And no one who looked on Emily's face
Ever guessed who ruled in Emily's place.

Abandoned Journal

By

Unknown

I've managed to make a space for myself here. Thankfully, Rudshore is all but completely abandoned. Up in this room, I'm protected from the occasional scavenger and the flooding during heavy rain. I'd like to return to my office in the commerce building to see if I can find some of my old books, but I've yet to build up the courage. Eventually, I'll run out of canned meats and then I'll have no choice. No need for courage when desperation kicks in.

Anton Sokolov's Lab Journal

By

Anton Sokolov

Vivisection of the third live specimen is almost complete. Careful perforation of the lower diaphragm has brought me closer to observing the secretion of the oil, but the process retains its mystery.

This creature has weakened considerably since its capture, and its output is quite low. I've attached electrical stimulators to the beast. A mild current increases output by twenty percent, to the considerable complaint of the whale, I might add. Increasing the voltage will likely kill the creature, so further exploration will have to wait on a stronger specimen. For now, the music continues.

Boatchecks on the Wrenhaven

By

Pearl

[A letter excerpted from a book on members of the City Watch assigned to the Wrenhaven River]

Dearest Rutherford,

Your latest writing brought me a mix of sadness and delight.

I was sorry to hear of the passing of your friend Corkran, from Morley. He was undoubtedly a good man and a worthy ally in your work with the City Watch in Dunwall. I know that the River Patrol is a difficult assignment, especially during these times, but it is important work. So given all that you've told me, I can only assume Corkran was as brave as you are, my younger brother.

It saddens me that such a vile organization as the Dead Eels even exists outside the realm of those lurid gothic novels we read as schoolchildren. That you and your men should have to face them out on the waters of the Wrenhaven is just terrifying. Boats must be checked, I know, I know. But if you should be harmed while ensuring some Tyvian fur trader is carrying the correct tax papers, I will never forgive this new Lord Regent and his flurry of laws.

You talked of adventure when you signed on and danger seems to excite you, but you'll forgive me if I hope to see your patrol transferred further west, nearer to Kaldwin's Bridge where the military presence is stronger and the smuggling gangs fear to ply their wicked trade. I've gathered this much from the newspapers, but perhaps there's nowhere safe in Dunwall right now, certainly along the river.

It pains me to imagine the customs crew at the checkpoints near your patrol being so shorthanded. My mind reels at the thought of how anything else can take priority over my brother's life. I tell you, what I wouldn't give to be in charge of allocating the security details. You'd have a hundred men at your call. But I know that is impractical.

Please write again when you can. All of us look forward to your words, and I often share them after dinner with our friends and those visiting us here in Driscoll. May your next letter bring news of the eradication or imprisonment of Lizzy Stride and her cursed Dead Eels.

Stay safe and remember us always.

Your sister, Pearl

Bundry Rothwild, The Opportunist

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from an investigator's report]

Young Rothwild was never convicted of any of the killings. In all cases, the court ruled that he had acted in self-defense or in the defense of his property.

Not that his property was substantial. The Rothwilds were not a family of means and depended heavily on the charity of the Abby [sic] of the Everyman. The senior Rothwild went down with the whaling ship Huntress when Bundry was only ten years old. His mother Ruth was lost the following year to an industrial accident in the bottle-making factory where she worked.

Rothwild became the sole guardian for his younger brother and managed to support them both by hanging around the harbor, doing odd jobs for whalers who had known his father or others on the Huntress. By then, Bundry Rothwild was already familiar with the club and the knife, and was no stranger to odd occurrences.

Things went from bad to worse for Rothwild when, on his thirteenth birthday, his younger sibling was taken by the Overseers. Allegedly, the boy failed the successive trials and did not return home. Rothwild lacked the funds to pay an investigator and no subsequent hint of his brother's fate has ever been learned.

This latest tragedy to befall Bundry Rothwild instilled in him a view that the world itself was malevolent and hungry for life, especially innocent life. After a time of black mourning, he approached the whaling ship Cutter and began learning the trade from the crew.

Rothwild took to whaling with great success. At sea, he hunted the beasts with a single-minded purpose, and would take extraordinary risks in locating and harpooning his prey. Among the crew, those men he could not beat senseless, he outwitted. In short order, he petitioned the maritime Barrister Arnold Timsh to grant young Rothwild a whaling license, paying the significant fees himself rather than relying on a sponsor for the funds.

The rapid ascent of Bundy [sic] Rothwild had begun.

Daud's Journal: Billie Lurk

By

Daud

[Excerpt from Daud's personal journal]

Billie Lurk watches me closely, studying my decisions, each move I make. That's nothing new. Even as a kid, there was a quiet curiosity there, though curiosity is not quite the right word. But lately it seems more intense. I'll feel the hairs on my neck standing up, only realizing a moment later that Lurk is on a roof or balcony nearby. Some mornings, some of my papers seem to be moved, maybe poured over. When we're done and Billie's comfortable with the mask off, questions come from odd angles, unrelated to our mission or to a specific target. Questions about what I'm thinking. About my attitude towards the target. It's odd. Something to watch. Another puzzle.

Every one of my whalers is good, though my gifts seem stronger in some than in others, the Outsider's Mark is a mystery in this way. Not something I can control. Those who remain with me either gain in the use of my extraordinary abilities or they don't. Those who don't I just push toward the blade, the crossbow, or the study of poisons. Everyone among them serves in some way, and together we've spilled a sea of blood.

Lurk is a quicker study than most, but stays aloof from the others. It's no matter to me, as long as my orders get carried out.

Daud's Journal: Delilah Copperspoon

By

Daud

[Excerpt from Daud's personal journal]

Delilah Copperspoon. Who is she and why is everyone afraid of her? Strange that a painter should have so much influence, or that she should have any connection to my life and what I've done. My fate is my own. Always has been.

The problem is that I don't know enough. There are missing pieces. I can't imagine how or why Delilah is linked to the death of the Empress, but the Outsider wouldn't bother saying it unless it contained some grain of truth. Now it's driving me mad, like a puzzle I can't get out of my head. A riddle in pigment and blood. No doubt that black-eyed bastard takes delight in watching me twist into knots. He knows I can't abide a mystery.

Billie has little insight to offer. None of the usual vitriol when I bring up the name Delilah. Just a shrug. "Just tell me how you want this handled." It's odd behavior for Lurk.

If I find this Delilah and cut out her throat, maybe I can dodge what's coming, the consequences the Outsider spoke of. Or maybe ending her life will bring the entire city down on my head. When I face her, will I see the eyes of the Empress? Can I go through with it, even if it's the only way to save my own skin?

Somehow I suspect there's more to Delilah than portraits and sculptures. I'll find out more when I talk to the Timsh family.

Eminent Domain

By

Arnold Timsh

[Excerpt from a pamphlet on new government sanctioned practices - by Barrister Arnold Timsh]

It is an unfortunate reality that the plague has spread, unchecked, across the city of Dunwall. Of those who are afflicted, very few survive. Many times, when the plague strikes a family, it leaves none in its wake, ending husband, wife, child and elder alike. When this occurs, the homes and businesses of the deceased are left abandoned, a breeding ground for rats, or for illicit trade such as gambling, prostitution or gang activity. The City of Dunwall, with the full blessing of the Lord Regent himself, had no choice but to institute its current policy of seizure. Any property owned by those unlucky citizens brought down by the plague immediately becomes property of the state. The officers of the City Watch, led by the dead counters, ensure that these laws are enforced fairly and without corruption.

Factory Management In Our Times

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book covering the approaches and personalities behind Dunwall's dominant whaling houses]

Seemingly willing to risk any industrial secrets he possesses, Bundry Rothwild has granted none other than the infamous Anton Sokolov liberal access to the Rothwild Slaughterhouse.

Sokolov is, of course, well known on several fronts. As Royal Physician, he served the late Empress Jessamine Kaldwin. The man - originally Tyvian - is a fixture in the art world as well, and his portraits are all the rage among the aristocracy. But Sokolov is of interest to Rothwild because of his work as an inventor and because of his associated role as Head of the Academy of Natural Philosophy.

No doubt, Bundry Rothwild believes that if Sokolov spends enough time in the guts of his factories, the brilliant man will continually make invaluable adjustments to the machinery there. Who knows what industrial improvements Rothwild has enjoyed since Sokolov began haunting his slaughterhouse? And since the Rothwild process involves keeping the whales alive for sometimes days as a means for extracting more oil from the beasts, Sokolov is keenly interested in visiting so that he may perform his obscure vivisection experiments. In very few places would this be possible, so the benefit to both men is obvious.

For those who have had the pleasure of touring Rothwild's facilities, a number of lessons can be taken away. The man runs a tight ship as it were, with the lowliest workers scantily ever complaining about their role in the scheme of things. The men and wom(e)n given the most menial labor are

issued special cards, keyed to the mechanical locks granting access to the slaughterhouse. There is no other way in or out, and to lose the time card is to lose one's job.

Lording their position over the others at the top of the hierarchy are the Butchers. These men wield advanced cutting saws developed by Rothwild's top mechanists, working out the plans after hearing mere utterances made by Sokolov as he commented sourly on the lesser devices used in previous years. The Butchers enjoy a special relationship with Mister Rothwild because, according to the company gossip, many of them were with him in years past, when he ran a whaling crew that was notorious across the Empire.

The pressure valves leading directly from the slaughterhouse to the Greaves Refinery are a marvel of engineering, allowing the raw oil to travel in record time straight to a plant where it is processed.

As a note of interest or dare I say even humor, the local fishermen claim that the waters outside the Rothwild Slaughterhouse produce the largest and tastiest hagfish. This is most likely due to the gut sewer leading from beneath the whales inside and delivering their organs and offal to the dark waters of the Wrenhaven beyond the slaughterhouse.

Harvesting Whale Oil

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a manual on draining whales and refining the oil]

In earlier years, the methods used to reclaim whale oil from blubber were both inefficient and dangerous. The original technique required the raw blubber to be sealed in pressurized cookers which forced the volatile fluid out of the tissues and into collection tanks. The refined oil was then cooled rapidly while the pressure was reduced, and if the synchronization of these processes was not perfect, it was possible for the oil to release all of its energy in a devastating explosion. This is believed to be the cause of the historic Fullerton Whalehouse explosion that cost over 150 lives.

Modern industrial trends have reduced the dangers of collection while increasing the output from each creature. Greaves Refinery made the first steps in live collection, aided by research from the Academy of Natural Philosophy. In the wake of the plague, Greaves has suspended operations, and this process is now applied at the Rothwild Slaughterhouse. No longer is the whale blubber removed and harvested, but instead the very mechanism that creates the oil inside the whale is stimulated, and the resulting oil is drained away and stored. This results in a more stable raw oil that is easier to refine, with more tanks harvested from a single whale.

High on the Lamphouse

By

Unknown

[Lyrics to a song sung in Morley]

High on the Lamphouse

In my thick woolen night coat,

Your scarf draped over my throat,

I stand watch at the rail.

Watching the whale boats,

Rapt as your words float,

Your lovely palaver.

The happiest hermits,

Alone with our moments,

At the edge of town.

So warm our quarters,

Half-lit by the portholes,

Midway up from ground.

And oh, how we worried,

When the wind rose and flurried,
And shut the lamps down.
So fierce and wet,
It threatened to drown,
All the men on the decks,
Fighting to find firm ground.
We tried to lead them all the way round.
Back intooo the harbor.
The gulls below us,
Crying up to scold us,
With bread on the warm bricks.
We slept through the mornings,
Until bells sounded warning,
Then we rose and lit the wicks.
We laughed and chattered,
Our hearts all a'scatter,
Running spiral stairs.
You walking to Wynnedown,
Heading for downtown,
Returning for all we needed.

And oh, how we worried,
When the wind rose and flurried,
And shut the lamps down.
So fierce and wet,
It threatened to drown,
All the men on the decks,
Fighting to find firm ground.
We tried to lead them all the way round.
Back intooo the harbor.
But there in our high room,
We clutched each other's shoulders,
Your scarf rots and molders,
Made so long, long, ago.
But I won't let you slip away,
I stand alone at the railing.
And imagine you sailing.
Using my light to come home to me.
And then we're both high on the lamphouse,
We're high,
On the lamphouse.

We're high,

On the lamphouse.

We're hiiigh,

On the lamphouse.

Lizzy Stride and the Dead Eels

By

Officer Manly Hotchkins

[Excerpt from a City Watch river patrol report]

William Cotter, captain of the merchant vessel, The Windover, reports that on the 23rd day of the Month of Nets his vessel was waylaid by the Dead Eels, a gang of notorious criminals known for acts of river piracy, wanton destruction, and smuggling. Prior to the blockade, the Windover was bound for Dunwall bearing medicinal supplies, food, and material goods from the city of Driscoll, in northeast Gristol.

The captain claims that a quarter past midnight he heard the aft bell sound the alarm. As the weather was foggy, the captain's first thought was that of an imminent collision. But when he exited his quarters, he found a grisly scene: half his men already gutted on the boards, and the rest locked in a vicious struggle.

Captain Cotter surmised that Dead Eels had swum up to the boat and scaled the side of the ship with climbing hooks, but how they'd caught the ship or where they'd come from he couldn't fathom.

Realizing he had no chance and knowing that the Dead Eels took no prisoners, Captain Cotter immediately hid in a hollow of a false bottomed shipping crate.

I asked the captain why a legitimate trader should need secret compartments, but he couldn't remember where he'd gotten it and assured me that it had been empty.

Safely hidden from view while his crew was butchered, Cotter also witnessed

the appearance of the Dead Eels leader, a violent woman by the name of Lizzy Stride. He reports that her teeth were filed to sharp points and that she went about the deck of the ship barefoot. Cotter - clearly out of his mind with fear - even claims her feet were webbed. Adding to my suspicion, I'll note that Captain Cotter still had the stench of Brandy on his breath when the River Patrol fished him out of the water.

Lizzy Stride proceeded to question the first mate for several minutes before biting the man's tongue out of his own mouth and tossing him into the river.

Eventually the Dead Eels discovered the Captain's stash of King Street Brandy. Captain Cotter used this discovery and the ensuing celebration as an opportunity to slip overboard undetected.

I'm recommending a detailed patrol of the area in case the Dead Eels left any clues. They sank the ship, but some useful wreckage might be recovered. Also, I recommend that William Cotter's status as captain and his trading license be stripped at once. Further, the man should be investigated for charges of smuggling along the Wrenhaven.

Officer Manly Hotchkins, Wrenhaven Patrol

Meat, Death, Bones and Song

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a Butcher's journal]

Leona looks worried when I come home at night. She's looking for that spark; our love, the life we had just two years ago. All our ambitions.

But the more she pulls at me, the more I resent her. The more I bury all that.

When her father was killed at the carriage station, I gave up my studies at the Academy of Natural Philosophy. Somismanaged were theirfinances, with so many debts in arrears, that her mother and younger brothers would have been ruined had I not. My work feeds us all and keeps the rent paid to that shriveled old leech Wainwright.

I hate this work, but in the time of the plague, it takes all one's efforts to stay afloat of the desperation; the blood and the rats. There are bribes that must be paid to the Lord Regent's City Watch and Barrister Arnold Timsh's Dead Counters. Offend the wrong bureaucrat and your home is seized and you're off to the Flooded District. So it falls to me.

Every day, I drive my screaming saw into the beasts, eyes wide open.I studied them for years at the Academy and on my trips into the field. Now, working in the slaughterhouse, the wrongness is like a wound in my head. At first I worked in a numb state. Then my predominant mood was anger. Now the wound is scabbing over and on some days I feel a kind of power. My whole existence is meat. All there is in my mind is meat, death, bones and song. The terrifying songs, they come to me in my sleep now.

I look into the great eye as I take away life slowly. There's a kind of deep

connection, with the beast knowing I'll be coming back again and again,
removing pieces for hours, sometimes days.

They sing for us, a funeral lament that causes me to tremble.

Leona and I still share a bed, but the more she tries to make me feel
something, the more I recede. The person I was is dead now.

Meeting Daud

By

Unknown

Another stinking mouth, that's what my mother said. A mouth that'd need feeding for years on, then would sass her every time it would open. First words I can remember, her saying that. When she'd drunk for so long that her eyes stopped working for good - drunk an ocean, it seemed to me - I left the patched up shack we called home. But before heading out, I reminded her of all the times she'd put her hands on me or thrown something at my head. The night she'd rushed me like an ox and sent me down the back stair. All the times she'd told me I was just another stinking mouth. Last thing I heard was her cursing me from her bed, cursing the blind dark.

Running with my pals, we had to stay sharp to make enough coin to keep from starving. Same story, across the Isles. Not the biggest kids, but sometimes the smartest and meanest when we needed to be. The only way to stay off the back-alley mattresses. Not desperate enough to go out on the drain-flats with the mudlarks. So it was the knife for us, trying to catch the eye of the Hatters or the boys from Bottle Street so they'd take us on.

But when a dandy from Serkonos stepped down from his polished coach and cracked my dear Deirdre's pretty head and left her twitching and dying in the muck, I snapped off one of the wooden gazelles on top of the coach and drove the splintered end into his eye as deep as it would go. Last I saw of Deirdre she was still, eyes wide to the gray sky. But now I like to remember her with a smile, laughing from the Void at the one-eyed dandy with the gazelle coming out of his head.

No one would take me after that. The City Watch made a full sweep once a week for months, trying to catch me. Even the Grand Guard came in from

Karnaca, down in Serkonos. It seems the dandy's daddy was the Duke of Serkonos. I was too much trouble for my friends from the old neighborhood. Anyone who saw me tried to drive me away. Threw rocks to get me to leave, or tried to get a bag over my head, hungry for the reward. Even the gangs cursed me on sight. Billie's bad luck, they'd say. Hexed. She'll make it bad for all of us.

You may think you know what loneliness is, but I can tell you, you don't. By late in the Month of Harvest I had a hate inside of me that would've choked most.

Then I met Daud.

It was early in the dark morning, the only time I could go out. Walking the streets of the Legal District, I saw them up ahead, three who looked like boys from the City Watch, but dressed out of uniform. They were out for blood and coin, running some kind of murder racket, waiting on a drunk barrister to stagger out of the bar at just the right time.

I didn't see him at first, but in the flicker of an eyelid he was on them, out of the cold night air. He used a single blade, nothing else, and it only touched each of them once, at the left side of the throat. Their blood splattered and steamed on the cobbles. Quick movements, an occasional grunt. Dark hair and the glimpse of a long scar down his face.

When it was over, he made for the rooftops. I'd never seen the like of it, so I followed. I could've stayed and looted the poor bastards he left bleeding. Could have eaten for a month, most likely. But this seemed bigger. So I tried to stay up with him. Tried to stay hidden, without losing sight of him.

All across Dunwall, into the wrecked and ruined parts. He crossed into what I could tell was his territory. Hidden sentries in odd masks. I thought I'd seen everything in the city, all the gangs, but this was something else. Clinging to the rooftiles and watching from behind chimneys, I watched, then followed him into an old building.

Inside was all gloom. Rotted carpets and desks full of rat-eaten papers. Paintings ruined by the wet. There were weapons and practice dummies. Men

lived here in secret, training with knives and crossbows.

I lost track of him and continued to explore, but I was a fool. He'd known I was following and came up from behind. When I saw him, I froze, waiting for him to speak.

"You followed me, found this place, and now you're not begging or running for your life."

"There's nowhere to run," I said "And I'm not very attached to it to tell the truth."

He came close and looked me right in the eyes, trying to see some light inside that would tell him my story. "You think you're already dead inside, but I'll give you something to live for. You'll fight for me and kill people like the ones who've hurt you."

I just nodded, feeling relief for the first time in months.

Memoires

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a captain's deathbed memoires]

I tell you, the very sight of the animal is uplifting. Its size rivals the largest boats, and its songs resound across the Ocean. The great fins are as long as two men. A single fin is as black as the rocks at the bottom of the darkest waters, but the remainder of the animal is as white as Tyvian snow. Even the tentacles hanging beneath its face are the palest white, twisting and dragging in the cold depths. When the great whale breaks, everything else is lost from focus, distant and diminished, as if you were transported to a lost, lonely place that does not - cannot - exist.

My entire life, I ran after this dream, burned into my mind when I was but ten years old. Since my first year at sea, the apparition never left me. I have hunted its trace, following half-told rumors or the thinnest of clues: Part of a song, played by musicians in a Morley pub, at the edge of a town north of Caulkenny; once from a sketch, found among the belongings of a dead sailor. On rare occasion, I was guided by more substantial evidence: An evening's meal and conversation with a captain who had sighted the great whale a season past.

At 13, I was already well familiar with whaler foam, and by 16 years, I was second captain, sailing uncharted stretches of sea. When I got my own rickety boat at 20, I was already known as the bloodiest whale hunter in all the Isles, the most consumed; the maddest with frustration.

Hunting and killing hundreds of whales, I never saw it again. I drove my ship and my men like hounds in the worst winter. Over a lifetime, I carried my hopes of seeing it, touching the cool dead flesh once it was hoisted over the

deck. I needed to hear its song again, to understand the effect it had over me, to immerse myself in its final moments of life.

Now, racing against my age and infirmity, my growing madness is killing this vision, this childhood dream, so that I wonder if it was ever real to begin with. My life seems already written and I have failed. I realize now that it was crazy, this dream. Did it really exist in this world? In mine, yes.

Operating a Butcher's Saw

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a company pamphlet]

First, a reminder: All equipment within the Rothwild Slaughterhouse is the sole property of Mister Bundry Rothwild himself leased to an individual worker on a per-shift basis. A Butcher's Saw is not to be equipped and used without proper training and authorization. Misuse of the equipment could result in disfigurement or death.

The saw itself is composed of three systems: power supply, cutting blade, and chip ejector. The reciprocating blade is cast of hardened steel and, when properly maintained, provides severe sharpness. It is crafted to slice flesh, but will cut bones with ease. The mechanism for powering the blade is a harness supporting custom-sized tanks for whale oil, capable of driving the saw for an entire shift before refueling is required. Care must be take(n) not to strike, heat or electrify these tanks. The ejector is a new modification, casting out a stream of flat blade fragments. Since the girth of a whale often exceeds a Butcher's reach, the ejector allows for blasting away unwanted offal or breaking down dense bone at a distance.

Pump System Report

By

Unknown

Log Entry: Standing water, not more than ankle deep. Something must be blocking the drainage.

Log Entry: Drainage was cleared and the standing water isn't an issue any longer. Note: Pump system may be insufficient for high-volume situations.

Log Entry: Waist-high water, drainage problems again. The accountants are going to have to swim to work if something isn't done about the pump system.

Log: Last day in Rudshore: my new post starts tomorrow. I've restated my concerns about the pumps. I suggest my replacement check the valve pressures and system mechanical integrity immediately.

Roland's Journal

By

Wiles Roland

So, Timsh thinks he's invincible because he carries a letter from the Lord Regent giving him legal immunity from the state seizing his goods in case of plague. He carries it everywhere, like a talisman. But he's also drafted the instrument of his own destruction. The document he uses for evictions is a generic form drafted by the office of the Lord Regent. It was trivial to acquire a blank one. Acquiring a forgery of the Lord Regent's signature was less easy, but thankfully some of my old connections are still loyal. Now, all I need to do is swap the two documents. Getting close enough to Timsh to do it won't be easy... I may need help from a professional.

Once that's done, the fool just needs a push to go down, and that's the second part.

Inside Timsh's basement there's a device that circulates air in the building. If some - material - happened to find its way into the device, the building would reek like a weeper's den. I had to be particular about the actual material, as I do not wish to infect the guard(s) or servants with plague and cause needless suffering. The unsavory gentlewoman living in Unit 10 has offered to provide the odorous item, and a study [sic] sack to contain it. She craves my rune in exchange, so I will be forced to part with it. She has given me a key to her unit so I can go and get the sack when I am ready to make my move.

Slackjaw's Bottlestreet Gang

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a report on thuggish gang activities]

Clavering Boulevard, leading to the Office of the High Overseer, is still under tight control. The City Watch is stretched thin, but they have dedicated checkpoints on Clavering, with associated patrols. Additionally, there's been talk of erecting some of the new Sokolov security systems to protect the street, which is home to several persons of note, in addition to leading to several vital businesses.

The adjacent streets are another matter. Bottle Street in particular, and the Old Dunwall Whiskey distillery, are currently controlled by Slackjaw and his Bottle Street Gang. Not much is known about Slackjaw, except that he has been particularly active during the plague crisis. As part of his illegal business revolves around the distribution of anti-plague elixir, the Watch has been slow in cracking down on the operation.

Slaughterhouse Row

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book on Dunwall city districts]

For more than two decades, a small number of slaughterhouses sat along the Wrenhaven, out away from the finer quarters of Dunwall due to the blood, rats and stench associated with processing meat. Independent whaling ships brought in the occasional leviathan and barges delivered herds of blood oxen. An individual slaughterhouse might fold due to mismanagement, but the number stayed roughly the same, producing the meat, leather, and grease byproducts needed across the capital city.

Only when the Rosebury [sic - see below] processing treatment was discovered did the whaling trade begin to rise in prominence, driven by the many new uses for the much more volatile refined whale oil, including military and security uses. Early into Empress Jessamine Kaldwin's brief reign, the well-known inventor and natural philosopher Anton Sokolov introduced a series of devices that would begin to see deployment across Dunwall, directed by the Royal Spymaster, Hiram Burrows.

With this lucrative turn of events, the number of slaughterhouses quadrupled, and the demand for fresh whales increased proportionately. Many districts immediately adjacent to what was suddenly known as Slaughterhouse Row began to change as families moved away to avoid the industrial fumes and offal runoff produced by the processing plants. Crime grew overnight, forcing the City Watch to redouble its efforts against Dunwall's gangs.

Sokolov Technology and the New Age

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a recent book detailing Sokolov's machines]

One of the advantages of the Sokolov's technologies is that they share the same magnetic socket for the tanks of processed whale oil they use as fuel. When a tank is exhausted, another can be plugged into place with ease, and the process is simple enough that any common workman or even the lower guardsmen of the City Watch can handle the task. This applies to the Arc Pylon and Wall of Light security systems, as well as the rail cars used for transport by those few who are wealthy enough to afford them. The only obvious downside of Sokolov's designs is the volatility of the oil itself. A few incidents have occurred, resulting in damage to property or bodily harm whenever one of the tanks has exploded.

Spirit of the Deep

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a longer work of fiction.]

Spirit of the Deep, Siren of the Dreams.

I walked for hours along the coast, leaving Dunwall behind me until the lament of the waves drowned all other feeling. I wept, knowing you would not come to me, my love.

You rule my dreams, where I behold with senses I do not possess in waking life the dark splendor of your home in the deep. There the ocean rests on your back like a sleeping child on his father's shoulders.

In these sleepless nights of despair, you appear to me not as the mighty leviathan, but as a young man, with eyes as black as the Void.

Strange Smelling Manuscript

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a untitled manuscript, written in a scrawling hand]

Stronger than scrimshaw? A skull full of guile. Whale bile. Bones in a pile.
White-scraped gleaming. Kindle fire and crackle fat. Big black gobs of spat.
Fume up. Fume up.

Feathers. Mad-eyed bird fell to ground.

Seeds. Nettle. Needly. Needles see.

Stir a bit.

Tales for Children

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a set of cautionary tales for children]

They say that Jimmy Whitcomb Riley
Was a brawler his mates called Smiley,
He ran around, up and down-town,
Pulling off every kind of crime-y.
On Bottle Street, he hung with boys,
Throwing bricks and glass and other toys,
They'd start a fight then run and hide,
Breaking, laughing, far and wide.
Smiley liked to eat and drink all day,
And smash and bash the night away,
Drunk and all alone, he drifted off a'sleeping,
Sitting on the bridge along John Clavering.
When he woke, something strange he found,
Stranger than a singing wolfhound,

He'd become a bluejawed hagfish most slimey,

And only remembered his name was Smiley.

They say that Jimmy Whitcomb Riley

Was never seen again for all of time-y,

But he swam around, up and down,

Drinking from the river, crying "Why me?"

The Arc Mine

By

Unknown

My experiments continue with what I've been calling the Arc Mine.

Initially, I began the work out of idle curiosity. Waking from a nap in the middle of the afternoon, during the Month of Clans, I wondered whether it might be possible to separate a flat disc filled with refined whale oil from an array of very short striking rods, until such time as sufficient weight be applied to the upper side of the device.

After turning to pragmatic situations, I imagined the arc mine might be used to incinerate some unfortunate member of enemy forces, approaching, say, a military encampment.

After early tests on livestock proved successful, I requested a live human subject, already scheduled for execution for crimes that were, I assure you, most dire. Burrows was more than happy to comply, assuming he could witness the demonstration. He brought a prisoner from Coldridge, someone named Vaughn, I believe, and we turned him loose in the test area blindfolded, stumbling about until triggering the device.

Burrows was most pleased, not only because of (the) arc mine's effectiveness as a lethal deterrent, but also because of its potential psychological impacts on enemy forces. Further, it left no gore or other mess, and Burrows is a strong supporter of anything clean and tidy.

"Lovely and terrifying, with nothing left to wipe up." Those were his exact words.

I've left notes to myself, assuming I pick up the project again, because there

may be a way to produce a version of the arc mine that is entirely harmless, simply rendering the subject unconscious. Much more testing is required.

The City Barrister

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a series of profiles about Dunwall's key figures]

While the keen-minded barristers of the Legal District have always played a vital role in the health of the capital city of Dunwall and the Empire of the Isles at large, the dreaded Rat Plague has elevated the desperate need for their services. With so many disputes related to abandoned estates, or entire industrial companies left leaderless after the deaths of everyone in the controlling family, shareholders and investors, and even workers themselves, are often in need of the postmortem legal advice and guidance than can only come from scholarly men such as Arnold Timsh. We are all in their debt.

Thus there is no surprise in the Lord Regent's recent appointment of Timsh to the newly created position of City Barrister. Among Timsh's responsibilities is serving as liaison to the Dead Counters of the City Watch. Once the plague has been found in a home or once it has devastated a business, it falls on Timsh to divvy the assets left behind, awarding them to the state if no one survives with legal claim to the funds or property. This is, of course, not a light matter. Therefore it falls to one above moral question, and that man is Barrister Arnold Timsh.

With regard to more personal matters, it is true that Timsh is not a great socialite, as some have noted. However, in recent seasons his niece Thalia has made headway toward correcting this, throwing lavish parties and earning the favor of some of Dunwall's great families, including the Boyles. To date, young lady Thalia is unwed, and though several times there have been rumors of impending marriage, all of these thus far have been proven to be mere social gossip.

Also unsubstantiated are the absolutely-false whispers of conflict between uncle and niece, no doubt spread by those ill-tempered and ill-bred louts who are jealous of the rising Timsh name.

The Deep Watchers

By

First Researcher Douglas Church

[Excerpt from a natural philosopher's journal]

Before the cable snapped, there was nothing to see. Nothing to report. My lantern revealed only an endless depth below and my mission felt like a bitter failure. I would have returned to the surface, but now, at the cost of my life, I have made a profound discovery. So I write these words with the hope that someday my companions will recover this diving bell (which has become my tomb) and find this journal. I want others to know what I have seen here; what extraordinary events have transpired.

Frost is gathering on the inside of the thick portals and my breath is misty. It has been six hours since this ill-fated adventure began and my calculations make it clear that there is no more than an hour of good air remaining within the sphere.

What brought me here? Curiosity? A desire for glory? Financial gain? In all the months I spent designing this submersible, my mind had been fixated on the minute details. Tempering the glass portals. The air flow from the surface to this sphere. The ingenious switch that would allow communication via bells with the ship above. I poured [sic] over every element in the design and construction of this apparatus. Why had I never considered that the creatures here might resent my intrusion? That they would lash out at the iron monstrosity plunging deep into the unfathomable darkness?

It happened in an instant. Out of the inky depths, the great fluke of a whale slid past my lantern, casting wide shadows into nothing. A second later, what had been a steady, controlled descent became a gut-churning tumble. The metal around me groaned and I felt certain that the sphere would soon

implode from the pressure. The spinning dizzied me, such that I could scarcely keep my feet. Then the savage collision whereupon my skull struck the deck and I blacked out.

A precious hour of my time was spent in that fitful sleep and when I awoke, the sickening realization came upon me. Cut off untethered, and completely removed from the world above, with no chance of returning.

I extinguished my lantern some time ago in order to conserve air, and only then did the ghostly radiance of the sea floor reach my eyes. Not the sea floor itself, but the tiny, tentacled creatures that swarm over it. They create a carpet of soft colors, twisting and moving in waves, as if they are singing with light.

It is in this dim luminosity that I can see them. The leviathans. The great whales. Here, in their domain, they move with grace and elegance. With purpose. They have approached the sphere repeatedly now, one almost touching the portal with her great eye. As I stare into the orb, it is clear to me that the thing is not mindlessly searching for prey, it is - observing me. It is curious. One by one they approach and peer in my window. There is an unnerving sense of intelligence in that gaze, devoid of malevolence. For a time, they examine me, my predicament, and allow themselves to drift off to trace the broken cables along the sea floor.

I dream that one will take the cables in its great jaws and haul me back to the surface, but it is only a rapturous fantasy of the thinning atmosphere. I find myself gasping now, while the creatures move away and watch from a distance. Their song is different here. I've heard it for years on the surface, but here it is soulful and moving. The natural philosopher in me is beginning to suspect that the song has notes we cannot even detect. But here in the depths they can be felt. I believe they are trying to comfort me while I die.

First Researcher Douglas Church

ESS Keeper, Forward Exploratory Vessel

Academy of Natural Philosophy

The Hatters

By

Scholar Joella Burgess

[Excerpt from The Hatters, Well-Dressed Kings of the Low Streets]

The following is reconstructed from a discourse with a street-person I encountered in a disreputable whiskey house while incognito:

The Hatters used to run all the rackets 'round Dunwall. Whiskey, weapons, hound fights. Whatever the game, the Hatters had a big stake in it. Then the plague came and tore the whole damn city apart. All that chaos led to new bosses cropping up.

Most were shitheels that didn't last a week. But there were some hard cases like Lizzy Stride, Jim Dundermoore, and Black Sally. And Slackjaw. His Bottle Street Boys took the whiskey distillery from the Hatters and started pumping out bootleg elixir. That kicked off a gang war that made all the alleys red with blood.

Problem was we - I mean the Hatters - were gettin' it from all sides.

The Dead Eels were pinching all the river smuggling deals. The Butchers were driving us out of Slaughterhouse Row. We were bleeding from dozen different cuts, losing some of our best guys [sic]. So we pulled back. Just for a while. As always, anyone who counts the Hatters out is two trumps short of a full deck of Nancy. The boss is a real devious son of a bitch. Been around since before the Kaldwins.

But I ain't talkin' about him. Hatters don't talk about the Geezer. Even ex-Hatters.

Note: Despite my lavish bribery the man refused to speak further on the subject. In fact, it became obvious I had aroused his suspicions by that point, so I was forced to make my escape from the establishment.

Scholar Joella Burgess

Academy of Natural Philosophy, Historical Annex

The Sewers Beneath Dunwall

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a light historical overview of the architecture of Dunwall]

Across the generations, the aqueducts and tunnels beneath the City of Dunwall have served a variety of purposes.

In the earliest days of the city's history, several primary canals were used to channel river overflow during times of flooding. And for a time it was fashionable for wealthy aristocrats to commission underground water passages, giving them access to their estates from the Wrenhaven River and its minor tributaries. Over the years, these tunnels began to interconnect, sometimes by design and sometimes by accident.

The history of the tunnel system is rich. As every school child is taught, rebels used the sewers extensively during the Morley Insurrection. As discussed in popular bar songs, lovers often find privacy in some of the cleaner entry points, with fresh air brought in on the winds from the river itself. On a darker note, in addition to seeing traffic from gangs and smugglers, it is rumored that the current Royal Spymaster himself, Hiram Burrows, has a network of informants who know the twists and turns of the sewer system by heart.

Until recent times, the older tunnels suffered from repeated collapse, creating sinkholes that occasionally consumed entire street corners. The current system rarely suffers from such calamity, since the sewers were reinforced and expanded by the City Planning Department during the rule of Emperor Euhorn Kaldwin the First.

The Third Stricture

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a work detailing one of the Seven Strictures]

Restrict the Restless Hands, which quickly become the workmates of the Outsider. Unfettered by honest labor, they rush to sordid gain, vain pursuits, and deeds of violence. Of what value are the hands that steal and kill and destroy? Instead, put your hands to the plow, the fork, and the spade. For even the lowliest labor that is rigorous squeezes the muscles as a sponge, rinsing impurities from the mind and body.

The Thirteen Months

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book on the calendar and proper duration of the year]

As was laid down long ago, there are thirteen months, each 28 days in length. In the last hours of the year, the High Overseer will sound the Fugue Feast.

Calendar

The Month of Earth

The Month of Seeds

The Month of Nets

The Month of Rain

The Month of Winds

The Month of Darkness

The Month of High Cold

The Month of Ice

The Month of Hearths

The Month of Harvest

The Month of Timber

The Month of Clans

The Month of Songs

The Tower of Dunwall

By

Unknown

[Excerpt on a historical examination of Dunwall Tower]

For over a century, Dunwall Tower has been the capital of the Isle of Gristol, and the seat of power across all the Isles of the Empire.

Rulers have come and gone, each adding something to the structure. Gardens, observatories, new walls, pools and specialized interior chambers to suit their needs and whims. Dunwall Tower has withstood numerous wars, several large-scale fires and the collapse and rebuilding of the northern wing.

With Tyvia and Serkonos joining the Empire first, it was Morley that resisted longest. Some of the conflicts that arise also necessitate the further fortification of the Tower. Repeated assassination attempts, near the end of the conflict with Morley, resulted in the creation of the Royal Protector position, with each ruler choosing his or her own Royal Protector after careful consideration.

The Trials of Aptitude

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book on the esoteric practices of the Abbey]

Once a child shows the proper inclination, he is marked. Overseers are assigned to study the subject, surreptitiously, in order to determine whether this inclination is supported by cosmological conditions and other signs, ongoing throughout the year.

At the end of the cycle, those befitting further testing are removed from their homes some hours before dawn, and must begin the march to an outpost outside the city.

There, the children undergo ritual preparation and evaluation until the last night of the Month of Rain, when they make a pilgrimage to Whitecliff. During an elaborate ceremony, it is determined which of the children will become Overseers and which must be put down.

The Whalers

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a journalist's report on organized criminal activity]

One gentleman of advanced age swore that his brother had been taken by “the Whalers,” a notorious gang associated with the man called Daud.

According to Pieter Mansfeld, his brother Rodof was proud of working with the Royal Spymaster's Responsible Citizens Group, feeling no shame in reporting on what he perceived as shady dealings by his rivals at the fish markets. But this might have been the source of his trouble.

On the sixth evening of the Month of Hearths, Rodof came storming into Pieter's home, white-faced and panic-stricken, claiming to have been chased by a group of ruffians wearing the leather suits and vapor masks used by the men working in the whale oil factories. Pieter gave him supper and drink, sending him on his way later in the night. After which, Rodof was never again seen.

The Young Prince of Tyvia

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a theatre play]

Lord Nathan Bayle (shaking with outrage): How dare you, sir, clothed so in my very home?! I should hand you over to the Watch, depraved Tyvian!

Prince Kallisarr (moving closer): That's a harsh welcome for royalty, m'lord. Your daughter treated me with much more hospitality. Alas, she has gone out for the evening, leaving me all alone.

Lord Nathan Bayle (stammering, studying the younger man before him): What are you doing? Leave this house! Go back to your frozen wasteland, pale rascal!

Prince Kallisarr (smiling coyly, reaching out): No need for anger between us, Lord Bayle. Is it so wrong for me to be here? As I've proven, I've developed an affinity for you and your family.

Lord Nathan Bayle (gasping): Oh, my, Kallisarr, your skin is so warm, it burns.

Waverly Boyle's Diary

By

Waverly Boyle

Esma's set aside more than enough spirits for the party tonight, I shouldn't wonder. If she didn't have a drink in her hand she'd positively lose her balance. Count on me to stay sober, especially in these critical times. Would that I could escape Dunwall entirely for I have a terrible feeling that someone might be after me.

- Waverly

Whale Vivisection

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from the notes of a natural philosopher aboard a whaling ship]

Remarkably, each specimen I had the pleasure of studying during the voyage possessed some minor variance in physiology. On the second leg of the trip, east of Tyvia, the crew hauled aboard a female, some 42' in length. I estimate she weighed 35 tons and the ship sat low, rocking side to side through the night with her thrashing.

By candlelight, I took her apart, sketching and taking notes. Against her bellowing, I cut into the mass of tentacles around her mouth. Within I found row upon row of teeth and a baleen running along the upper jaw. Through this broom-like structure, I assumed she filtered food from the water that was too small to be chewed.

Whelping and Training Hounds

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a hound trainer's guide]

From each litter, there's usually somewhere shy of four good pups, but we always drown the runt.

Them that remain spend three or so months sucklin' from their mothers before we start 'em up with the training. It's simple at first, returning sticks and sitting still on command. Only pissin' outside and the like. But by the eighth month, we got 'em hunting for scented sack-dolls hidden in a scrub forest, killin' wild pigs on command, and taking a man in padden armor down by hangin' onto his forearm.

At the end of the first year, we graduate the ones that've learned and shoot the ones that haven't. The Overseers take them after that and we never see them again.

Except once. Walking down Clavering Boulevard, an Overseer passed me, preachin' about the Litany on the White Cliff and the evils of witchery, and sure enough his hound started whimpering and waggin' its tail. That's how I knew it was one of mine, whelped up from a pup.

The Knife of Dunwall Notes

A Letter from Roland

By

Wiles Roland

Dear Arnold,

Thank you for inviting my wife and me over for dinner last week. We both had a splendid time. I also appreciate you being so patient with her episode. Not many people are as understanding, and you showed considerable grace. I am also happy I was able to confide in you with my business arrangements. I am sure you will be able to keep them strictly confidential, but it was a relief to finally be able to vent about the frustrations I much endure daily to a colleague who understands these sorts of things. I hope that you will allow me to return the favor and play host to you for an evening.

Sincerely

- Wiles Roland

A Note From Timsh

By

Arnold Timsh

Melissa, I know that it's common practice for maids to bind their hair, but I really think it does you a disservice. I am sure there wouldn't be a problem if you left yours free, and I would enjoy the sight.

If you have any other concerns about your dress code, please speak with me. I am certain that we could find some leeway. I want to make sure you're comfortable while you work.

- Arnold

A Repair Notice

By

Unknown

Staff,

Barrister Timsh was complaining about squeaking in these doors, so they've been removed until the repair order comes in. Please don't throw anything down the shaft or do anything childish.

- Management

Ames Negotiations

By

Unknown

Mr. Rothwild,

My research on Abigail Ames has turned up nothing. She has no close kin that we can leverage. Looks like the plague took her sister and mother. Her father died on a whaling ship of your predecessor about ten years ago. As far as blackmail goes, she's got no secrets I could uncover. Devout as an Overseer, it seems. Not surprising, since she's rejected every blackmail offer to come her way. I don't think she's making a power play; she seems to legitimately have the best interest of the laborers in mind.

As I interview the workers, it seems she really has them in thrall. They'll do whatever she says, and their belief in her is absolute. If something happens to her (as in, like an accident or something) I expect they'll riot. I'll keep searching for an angle on her, but in the meantime I advise leaving her intact. It might be worth even considering some of her reforms. I know that doesn't suit you, but at least it would buy some time and get the workers back in here. The Butchers lack the finer skills to keep this place operational.

Your servant,

- G

Arc Mine Shipment

By

Anton Sokolov

Mr. Rothwild,

I have great appreciation for the use of your space and your whales in the advance of my studies. All of Dunwall will be in your debt for your contribution to my work. In light of your recent difficulties I have prepared for you a gift of my latest defensive technology, the Arc Mine. It is based on my Arc Pylon, and will provide superb protection against intruders and those who would interfere with our efforts. I am certain the device will serve you well.

Anton Sokolov

Cultist Scribblings

By

Unknown

This one liked to carve wood. Once he carved a small whale. He spoke to it and kept it in his pocket. Its grains knew all of his secrets. Just as I do.

This one was born to a wealthy family. He stayed out in the countryside, because it was the only place he could see the stars at night. He was never educated so he did not know what they were. He used to pray to them.

This one was a teacher. She used to teach the children about the black-eyed one she saw in her dreams. No one knew. But then one of the children went into a trance and began to cry her name. Then the Overseers came.

This one worked so hard, he broke both of his hands. When he was of no more use, they threw him out. His mother cared for him until she died. After which he turned to begging. Then he died.

This one was a father. He sired six, of three mothers. He drowned one of them, but it was not his fault. One day, the child's grandfather discovered what happened, but the old man did not agree with that assessment.

Depleted Tanks

By

Cainin

Frank, I told you to have this thing replenished with a full tank at all times! We have a shipment coming in soon and this crane better be working by the time it arrives or someone will be demoted to sewer cleanup.

Cainin

Detain Jack

By

Watch Officer Dosset

That laborer who does maintenance around here Jack changed the safe combination this morning and forgot to update the officer on duty. If anyone spots him, detain him immediately. I'm afraid with the way things are between Rothwild's Butchers and the labor crews, Jack might not be long for the world. And then we'll have to get one of those dumb chaffers with a saw up here.

-Watch Officer Dosset

Dumbwaiter Directions

By

Unknown

Place the items you wish to deliver on the tray. Use the dial to select the floor, with (1) as the law offices and lobby, (2) as the smoking lounge and library, (3) Timsh's office, and (4) as the dining hall and bedroom. Pull the lever and the platform will go up. When it reaches that floor a bell will sound to notify the staff on that floor. Once the load has been removed from the platform, the machine will automatically lower it back down. If you activate the dumbwaiter without selecting a floor, it will default to (1).

Electrocuting a Whale

By

Anton Sokolov

I've set up this device to stimulate the whale's nervous system, with the intention that doing so will prolong oil secretions and squeeze more of the precious fluid from each catch. Unfortunately, this device can lead to the instant death of the beast if too much power is used. Filling both tanks and activating the device extinguishes all life function in an instant. A painless and quick experience for the whale, but at the loss of the additional revenue that can be generated by sustaining it as long as possible.

- Anton Sokolov

Evictions List

By

Arnold Timsh

Forrestal Crows Court

Estimated Liquid Assets: 2,500 coin

Property Value: 16,500 coin

Dracos Fenster Way

Estimated Liquid Assets: 1,200 coin

Property Value: 22,700 coin

Cartwright Vessler Close

Assets and Property negligible

Blanken Agroosh Way

Arnold, have you forgotten that Rudshore is flooded? I can't appraise this.

Beddler Thyme Street

Estimated Liquid Assets: 4,600 coin

Property Value: 51,500 coin

Explosive Solution

By

Unknown

Luka, we grabbed these from some 'sleeping' Overseers. Next whale carcass that needs carving, try planting these deep in it first. They ought to tenderize things real nice. Even if they don't, it'll be fun. Mind that you don't blow yourself up, though.

Fallen Letter

By

Unknown

YOU KILLED HER YOU KILLED HER YOU KILLED HER YOU
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Granny's Recipe

By

Granny Rags

[A page torn from an old manuscript, written in scrawling hand]

The port side eye of whale, newly dead

Plop it in the pot, grisly and red

Weeper, Weeper, weeps no more

Laid to rest on blood-etched floor

Do this for me dearie and I'll give you a birthday treat.

- Granny

[A page torn from an old manuscript, written in scrawling hand]

Cruel Nancy! Take the World from her greedy hands.

Lay it before the black-eyed groom

Cut sharp, cut deep. Red drip, drop.

Last and least. Burn it in the hearth of a lawless man.

Do this for me dearie and I'll give you a birthday treat.

- Granny

Hagfish Feast

By

Bundry Rothwild

Jack,

We had an appointment. I know you must have had a good reason. You're not so thick as to be taken in by all that Abigail rot, right Jack? My patience is not like the ocean. So this is [the] last time I'll ask you up to my office. Oh, and to give you a little 'work incentive', you better get here before my Butchers find you. If they find you first - well, the hagfish will have themselves a proper feast before the day's out. And don't think because you've been chumming with some of the Watch you're safe.

BR

Hagfish Warning

By

Dock Patrol

The Hagfish are extremely dangerous this time of year. Please put up signs warning people to stay out of the water and be extra cautious not to fall in.

We confiscated a boat that was sitting out there the last few days. Had a week's worth of rations. It was put into storage.

Dock Patrol

Heretical Artifact

By

Overseer Marcus

Please log this superstitious artifact. It was found on one of Daud's men in a training area within the commerce building. There should be a crate in the temporary headquarters for items of this nature. Deposit it there after you create a log entry for it.

Overseer Marcus

Injury Report Code

By

Unknown

5 injuries have been reported over the span of 1 week resulting in 2 fatalities.

Interrogation

By

Butcher Foreman

Rothwild,

The interrogation chair is set up in the meat locker and fully powered. We have run some test runs on a few of the most problematic laborers. They spill all of their secrets very quickly. They seem to die easily after about 4 treatments. She is ready for you whenever you need her.

Granville

Butcher Foreman

Letter from a Doctor

By

Doctor Partridge

Barrister Timsh,

I am afraid I cannot in good conscience remain your mother's physician. The way you repeatedly deny her access to practices which could potentially restore her lucidity is nothing short of a death sentence, and I wish no part of it. Good day to you, sir.

- Doctor Partridge

Letter from the Overseers

By

Overseer Mallow

Mister Timsh,

We cannot currently spare an Overseer equipped with a musical device to become a member of your house guard. All of our ranks are currently very busy with other, weightier matters. If you fear an impending assault by a perpetrator of the heretical arts, I suggest you come immediately to Holger Square for counsel and protection.

- Overseer Mallow, Office of the High Overseer

Missing Key Note

By

Pete

Cap,

Looks like the Hatters broke in and took the key to the Legal District. I'm going to go knock some heads.

- Pete

Mysterious Object

By

Bundry Rothwild

Anton,

This thing was found in the belly of catch number 184 when we were processing it. I've seen plenty of weird things in a whale's gut, but never one of these. Must have consumed it in the deep, and I think it's been in there quite a while. Don't ask me how I can tell. If you have any ideas on what this may be, please inform me.

One of these was recovered back in the Month of Wind, but I haven't seen it, or the man that found it, since then.

-BR

Note from a Lawyer

By

Unknown

S,

I suggest you do some research into cases concerning similar acts of arson. I don't think your client has a case, but if you confuse the issue enough with terror tales the jury might just vote with their hearts rather than their heads. It's what Timsh would do, I trust.

- J

A, when are we going to get a secretary? I can never find any of the documents filed by J, and S doesn't seem to file anything. This place is turning into a vortex of disorganization so big you could ride a whale into it.

Note from Captain Blossom

By

Captain Scott Blossom

Kitchen,

The tomatoes in yesterday's dinner were overcooked. You know how much I hate overcooked tomatoes. I like them crisp, without that mushy consistency. Am I clear? Please don't ruin my dinner again.

- Captain Scott Blossom

Note from Timsh

By

Arnold Timsh

Scott, do we really need that alarm device in my office? It's ugly, the colors clash, and the cable is marking up the woodwork. I am positively certain that the way it's been attached to the floor will cost a few thousand in coin to mend.

- Arnold

Note on Chamber Pots

By

Captain Scott Blossom

All of the chamber pots are currently out for cleaning. Please refrain from peeing all over the bare wood. Go pee in the back alley if you can't hold it. If the staff complains to me again, I'm giving each of you a bathroom to clean using only your socks, understand?

- Captain Scott Blossom

Note to Gerwin

By

Arnold Timsh

I understand your concern about security, but I trust in the security of a key hanging from my own belt, not a combination lock. A combination lock can be guessed, cracked, or bribed. But with a simple lock and key, the contents of my archives remain safe.

As for lockpicks? A fable. I've never known such a thing to truly exist. Have you?

-Timsh

Notice

By

Unknown

Cap took the key.

If you need it, good luck. He's down the street at the Almshouse.

Rat Poison

By

Captain Galloway

We need to rid the sewer of the rat infestation. Make sure you set this crate of potted meat aside so we can lace it with rat poison. After it is poisoned, take it down to the docks so we can get it into the sewers below.

Captain Galloway

Reconnaissance Notes

By

Unknown

Timsh is vigorous for a man of his age. He's known to keep himself armed with a sword and pistol, even when in his own home. He's been observed to be generally restless and mobile, pacing throughout the building, from his bedroom on the top floor, to the lobby of the law offices on the ground floor.

- Timsh keeps his mother's will in a chest in [variable].
- Front door leads into law offices lobby. Space is two stories high with balconies overlooking the lobby floor.
- The second balcony on the facade (glass doors) leads directly to Timsh's office.
- Top floor balconies on the right and left of the building. Easy access.
- A back door leads into a basement. It's kept locked, but a key was easy to find.
- A dumbwaiter accessible in the basement connects all the floors, but it's a one way trip. Once you get out, the panel shuts and the platform returns to the basement.
- Timsh carries a key with him. Any important chests or cabinets are locked with it.
- An apartment near Timsh's Estate has rooftop access to the Waterfront District.

Shipment Manifest

By

Willamina Boward

All of the cargo destined for Samara, Tyvia has been approved. Please delay loading until just before departure. There is a special delivery that was to be prepared by foreman Ames, but she has been detained at the moment, so that particular shipment is suspended for now. If the 'special package' has not been prepared by sundown, you may depart on schedule and other arrangements will be made.

Remember, only our approved list of crewmen are allowed to handle this delicate cargo.

- Marine Clerk Willamina Boward

Sokolov Complains About the Cold

By

Anton Sokolov

Mr. Rothwild,

I understand your need to maintain smooth operations, and I do appreciate that you have donated a space for me to carry out the Academy's research on these beasts, but I must protest that my annex is located in a freezing meat locker. While the Tyvian nature of this room reminds me of my home, it also makes my research all the more challenging, and I can assure you that the potential in my work far outstrips the importance of all the whale meat and oil you can harvest. I beseech you for a kinder space, closer to the whale, where I may continue my march toward the future with a focused mind.

- Anton Sokolov

To Do List

By

Unknown

- Loot that one place
- Get even with Craxton
- Chauncy took that key we nicked from the watch as he's trying to loot some lawyer types [sic] houses. He went cat burgling round the balconies and ain't come down yet. Better see what happened and get that key back.
- Brush my teeth this week
- Loot that one place
- Get even with Craxton
- That key we nicked from the Watch can get us inside the Legal District. We'll get some nice pawnables from the lawyer types tonight. I put the key upstairs for now.
- Brush my teeth this week

Victory Letter

By

Overseer Leonard Hume

Overseer Pike,

I have taken the commerce building. A temporary headquarters has been set up in a nearby structure. My men are dealing with a number of captives that should prove to be very informative. We have achieved a total victory here, catching the enemy by surprise. The plans for a larger coordinated assault were obviously unnecessary. I am confident that Daud will show himself and will be in our custody shortly.

- Overseer Leonard Hume

Worker Signatures

By

Unknown

I, (the undersigned), agree to renounce any association with any employee union, to abstain from discussing such matters at any time, and to promptly report any coworkers that encourage union views. I agree that all grievances will be taken up with Bundry Rothwild and his staff in an open and fair manner.

- Gerald Harper
- Richard Moser
- J.A. Manderly
- Sylvia Proctor
- Lawrence Spinner
- Maddie Cranston

Written In Blood

By

Unknown

You are safe now. No one can find you here. No one. No one can reach you here. I almost died trying, and I am a better climber than any of them. But you gave me claws for the climb! You want me as much as I want you. We will stay here until they have forgotten about us. We will stay here for as long as it takes. I feel like sleeping. Don't leave while I sleep, because I need you. I will stay as long as I can. Forever.

DLC - The Brigmore Witches

The Brigmore Witches

Witch Interrogation

By

Unknown

Is she strapped in right? Good. Doesn't look like much, does she?

Comfortable? All right, we'll get this done. Let's start with how you go into Dunwall Tower in the first place. Was it one of the servants that let you in? One of the guards?

Nothing? All right. Corporal, use the hammer. That's right, the smaller one.

(Victim screams)

Hmm. Can't really tell if she felt that. Don't want to break anything.

Let's try again. How did you - wait, do you hear a kind of ringing in your ears? What's happening to her face, is she going to - ? Oh, no. Oh no! Shoot her! Shoot her! Shoot -

(rushing sound, screams, gunfire, chaos. Then silence)

The Brigmore Witches Books

A History of Lizzy Stride

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a list of known underworld elements]

Little is known of Elizabeth's [sic] Stride's origins, except that she hailed from Morley, rumored to be the daughter of a seamstress and a traveling cloth merchant. Stride was forced to flee Morley in her early years after strangling an abusive schoolmaster. She smuggled herself out of the city disguised as a boy and became a powder monkey on a navy ship. The ruse worked for a time, allowing her to see wonders and horrors that women in her society had always been denied. Her high spirit, charisma and fierceness propelled her to the top of the pecking order in the small ship-bound community of children, and they grew loyal to her.

Inevitably her deception was discovered by the ship's surgeon when she was injured during a storm. Before the doctor could report her, she rallied her powder monkeys to toss the man overboard. A bloody fight ensued, but their brief mutiny was crushed and many of her followers were put down. In the chaos, Lizzy and a handful of loyal boys managed to abandon ship in a skiff.

Afterward they found employment for a few seasons with a cartographer working along the coasts of the Pandysian Continent to map estuaries. There the crew of children grew into experienced and savage fighters. With the conclusion of the mapping expedition the crew sailed back to Gristol.

Once in Dunwall, Lizzy and her hardened friends carved a space for themselves in the street culture of the city. Their nautical experience had them at home on the Wrenhaven River, a territory previously unclaimed by any gang. They recruited former sailors, pirates and defectors from other gangs. She took an unlikely lover, a naval aristocrat that arranged for her to

carry merchant marine papers, giving them legitimacy in the eyes of the government and allowing her to sail through territory normally restricted to merchants.

Some of those same powder monkeys from the early years still follow her, helping pilot their cargo boat the Undine up and down the Wrenhaven on smuggling missions.

As the leader of the Dead Eels, Lizzy has an almost mythic reputation for ferocity. She files her teeth to points and is even rumored to have webbed toes. Her enemies fear her unpredictable violence as much as they despise her.

Cobbled Bits of Bone

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a journal covering various occult artifacts]

They say my mother was a witch, but the truth - as is so often the case - depends on perspective and your place in the world. She relied on poisons made from exotic herbs and the blowfish that live in the reef-waters near Pandyssia. Her power originated in hallucinogens delivered through guile or by force to those who crossed her. There was an unusual intensity in her gaze for certain, but it came from within, not from the Outsider. It's what happens to anyone pushed to the absolute edge of sanity and survival, who stays there for years then returns to walk among the sheep in so-called civilized society. My mother was crafty, but if it was anything more than powders, hidden knives, and guile, I never saw it.

Like they tell children, some of those truly touched by the Black-eyed Bastard can move through the space between rooftops like a sparrow. Others command armies of rats or poisonous flies as easy as they wriggle their fingers and toes. The Overseers are right to fear us, to warn the common folk to stay near their homes at night and keep their families close.

But there are other ways His influence manifests itself. Those who serve me share in some of what I can do, and I suspect it's the same for Delilah Copperspoon's coven. Then there are those who can craft runes and charms. The old woman across town - they call her Granny Rags - she carves and polishes the bones of whales, stringing them together and opening them to the Void until they moan like fever-sick on a cold night. I've found a few of her talismans, and with each one I touched, a tiny piece of me departed and settled in with her. What does she gain? A longer life? Some other kind of

power I don't understand? The making of things is beyond me.

I've known four people in my time who carried the Mark of the Outsider, but I've known dozens more who wanted it, who stood at night in stagnant ponds or begged with the dust blowing through graveyards. People who gutted farm animals or burned the flesh of men, thinking it would call forth the Void. I met a dying man once who had collected runes and charms for years. He crushed them all into powder, made a paste and ate them, thinking he could gain whatever magic was in the things. His death was long and painful. I also knew a woman from Karnaca who would trade for charms and other bits of whalebone. She cracked them apart and fused them back together, then sold them. I bought one of these corrupted charms that she swore would cause sharp metal to break on my skin, and it worked. But each time it did, one of my teeth turned black and fell out. After the third time, I gave it to one of my men. Now when he smiles, it's all bleeding gums, and I wonder what parts inside him are turning black.

Sometimes I ask myself, without these gifts, would I be a man to fear? Would I be called the Knife of Dunwall, with my name whispered through the markets and the alleyways, the high towers and drawing rooms? I'd like to think so, but it really doesn't matter. As long as I bear this Mark, I'll use whatever craft I have to force my will on the world. The harder trick is undoing what I've done.

Corrupted Charms

By

Unknown

[Excerpt on an Overseer's report on black market occult artifacts]

The following note was found at the site of a ritual murder, attached to the victim's face by nine fishhooks, arranged in a suspicious pattern. We inferred that the two parties were involved in a conflict over the construction and sale of a superstitious charm, using pieces from older (possibly damaged) heretical artifacts. Full investigation recommended, focused on the person named Lilika from Serkonos.

....

Lilika, you cheat. For months I poured coin into your pockets, paying for all the things you requested: food and lodging at the outskirts of town, livestock with birth defects whose purpose I cannot imagine, toxic plants and alchemical materials. The baboon blood and cartilage of deep dwelling fish were not cheap, I assure you! But even more costly was the scrimshaw I painstakingly acquired from sailors during the past year. Carved from the bones of whales and said to hum with powers from beyond the world, these cost me half my savings.

And you swore to me - swore! - that you could provide me with the charm I wanted. I was quite clear. I had your word that I would be able to visit Abrielle in my dreams, that I could woo her while sleeping. You promised that she would love me. Instead you delivered me this lump of old bones, scratched and hacked at. Wired together as if made by a child. For two weeks I kept it close to my heart. And at night when I slept I did see Abrielle, oh yes. I saw her lying with everyone I've ever hated, rivals and enemies who've bested me in business or in sport. Men who have bullied or insulted me,

including my infernal older brother. I wake each morning clenching my teeth in shame and rage. Such terrible nose bleeds, I suffered, and my hair began to fall out in clumps. I threw the cursed thing in the lake just to be rid of it.

You told me you were a sorcerer. A simple charlatan, more like. Be that as it may, I want you to know the day I decided to ruin your life. I will punish you for thinking me an idiot and taking my money. I could send an anonymous message, delivered to the nearest Overseer outposts, but what I've got in mind is more fitting. There is a gang that operates in Karnaca - assassins. I want you to know that all my remaining funds will be spent putting a contract on your pretty head.

You will never see me again, Lilika, but when the butcher's blade falls on your neck, or when the poison in your milk takes hold, I want you to remember that this is how I repay those who cheat me.

Delilah's Journal

By

Delilah Copperspoon

Now that the painting is finished, I will sit in young lady Emily's skin and wear her face like a mummer's mask. Havelock and his lickspittles will put the child on the throne, but it is ME they will be crowning. Delilah. The kitchen girl from Dunwall Tower. They called me Sokolov's apprentice, but whose paintings reach through to the spirit? Mine. They will never know their blunder, but I will be sure to whisper it into their ears at their executions.

My followers will bear the lantern to the gallery in order to open the way to the Void. There, I will use the painting to complete the ritual. My walk into Emily's flesh must be undisturbed.

The ritual has other uses, which I will explore over time. Any image made by my hand could serve as the focal point for the spell. I imagine one of my enemies as a still life, imprisoned in a bowl of fruit without amusement.

Interrogation Log 425

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from interrogation logs at Coldridge Prison Month of Nets]

Prisoner 354A-9123Goal: Location of collaborator in theft of goodsMethod: Heated metal bolts, applied to feetOutcome: Promising response at first, but the subject lost consciousness due to shock.

Prisoner 657C-7619Goal: Confession to vandalismMethod: Sleep deprivationOutcome: Disorientation. Subject falsely confessed to crime as well as other unrelated acts.

Prisoner 874A-1713Goal: Location of a weapon cache tied to attacks on River Patrol checkpointsMethod: Water tankOutcome: Tank mechanism malfunction. Subject drowned.

Prisoner 4112B-7835Goal: Name of conspiracy organizerMethod: Engagement with phobia - spidersOutcome: Subject divulged the information before the hatch to the spider basket was even opened.

Machinery Repurposing Guide

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from Machinery Manual]

7. Rejigger Mounting and Unmounting: Remove the cover over the primary gear and set it aside. Remove the primary gear and replace it with the secondary gear from the alternate drive system. Manufacture and place dual counterbalance weights along the alternate drive system axle and unlink the damping coils at both ends. Remove and set aside the slide arm from the rejigger support. Open the slide arm piston shaft and remove the pistons. Reshape the slide arm pistons to the shorter specifications and reapply lubricant before closing the housing. Install the elongated slide arm into the rejigger support. Adjust the reverse spacer bolt at the junction between the alternate drive system axle and the new elongated slide arm until the interval suits the new application.

Modern Incarceration Technology

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a presentation at the onset of the Plague]

Once again I have been called to solve the problems of the dismal past. And once again I have delivered the solutions required by our present situation. As with all my work, it is simply that a mind capable of understanding their potential is required.

For the benefit of the Lord Regent, and to the detriment of those incarcerated in Coldridge Prison with an aptitude for escape, I have recently adapted one of my inventions for deployment in that dank and depressing place.

The potential function of these devices at the prison should now be clear to all, following the latest round of testing. With the associated power complications resolved, I have therefore recommended a stage two implementation, starting at once.

The first stage involves a recent device, simple to deploy, designed to stun the escaping prisoner. The second is a more powerful deterrent, the lethal and increasingly popular Arc Pylon. In combination, properly applied, these devices will make Coldridge Prison inescapable.

Painting Ritual

By

Unknown

The Painting of the possession target must be positioned above the altar. After preparing the ritual, the performer must lay on the altar.

If the ritual has been prepared correctly, the performer will then enter into the body of the subject of the painting.

Warning: The subject of the painting must be the possession target. Any other painting may trap the performer of the ritual.

Petals and Thorns

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a children's book]

In the verdant green, kneeling quietly, Rosalind and her basket attended a gathering of Crown Roses.

Rosalind bent, caressing one of the roses, And she brought the shears from behind her back, Where they were hidden, as if they might spook the flowers. It was but a small thing to take a life for her mother.

As she brought the shears around, she pulled at a stem, Readying it for the blades, But the flower did not comply, And rewarded her trust with a thorn, buried in her thumb.

A single drop of crimson welled up from the wound. Before Rosalind could bring her thumb to her lips, a hand closed around her wrist. Her mother was standing nearby, witness to all that had transpired.

“The rose demands its price, my love. Do not deny the flower its toll.” Rosalind winced as her mother forced her hand out of the flower bed, And gently squeezed her thumb. Three drops spattered onto the dry soil.

As her mother walked away, Rosalind blinked away tears, And gripped tight her shears.

She left the garden with her basket brimming. Three crimson drops and one crimson flower, All that remained of the once proud garden.

Ports of Call

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a guide to port cities across the Empire of the Isles]

Potterstead, Gristol: A small town, but the locals are charming and the ale is unmatched. Be certain to visit during the Month of Winds for their Pennant Festival.

Dunwall, Gristol: Notes on the capital city could fill a dozen such volumes. All delights exist in Dunwall if you've got the coin, and all miseries if you're broke. Unless you're well connected through someone in Dunwall Tower, one of the key families, the City Watch or River Patrol, make sure your permits are in order. Otherwise, you're likely to have your cargo seized by the port authorities for any reason they care to concoct.

Caulkenny, Morley: While the harbormaster here is particular about the kinds of goods you're carrying, the rest of the town is more lax. Be sure to visit the Inn on the Rock for the best mutton stew in all the Isles.

Yaro, Tyvia: The cold here will snatch the breath from your lungs, but it is met in equal strength by the civility of its well-mannered citizens. The cozy taverns are kept warm by their famously crafted iron stoves, though the northern food takes some adjustment. Bejeweled aristocrats laugh and drink side by side with weathered, leathery-skinned farmers, clapping one another on the back until the dim hours. It is hard to make a friend here, or to truly understand the worldview of the native-born, but once you do, you'll have a friend for life.

Cullero, Serkonos: This city is crowded in the warmer months, and for a good reason. You'll find yourself shoulder to shoulder with scantily clad locals and

foreigners on holiday, pale skin burned pink by the sun, which somehow seems larger and brighter in Serkonos. The food in Cullero is a shining example of Serkonan cuisine, and there is always music, always dancing. Hand-rolled on the steps of tobacco shops, the cigars are of course fresher than the ones you've had shipped to other parts of the Empire.

Karnaca, Serkonos: The Jewel of the South at the Edge of the World. The city is bustling with industry, after a wave of settlers from Morley, and an influx of wealthy trading companies from Dunwall. Everywhere you go in Karnaca, there are new ideas: hybrid forms of music, groundbreaking theories of natural philosophy, and even extravagant delicacies made by mixing ingredients from all the known cultures. The locals work tirelessly for their coin, welcoming the elite from across the Isles.

Prisons of the Isles

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a report commissioned by the Royal Spymaster]

The most striking characteristic one will notice when comparing incarceration facilities across the Isles is the outer walls themselves, or in some cases the lack thereof.

A well-known (and well-feared) prison such as Coldridge, with its long history as the principle prison for the capital city of Dunwall, has a number of physical barriers to keep prisoners from escaping or even attempting escape. Coldridge is housed in a single formidable structure, many stories tall, with tightly guarded gates and tiny individual cells that keep the prisoners separate, minimizing collusion. The prison is dominated by its high, gray walls, and as of late new technologies have been tested for deployment there, further adding to security. The height of modern incarceration, it's virtually unthinkable that one could escape from such a place.

Contrast this with the prisons of Tyvia located in the tundra at the center of that nation-state. At some of the labor camps in Tyvia, there are literally no walls. A prisoner exhausted from hard labor and without tools is unlikely to survive the harsh climate or the hungry packs of hounds that rove the frozen wastes. In fact, Tyvian prison authorities make it known that any prisoner is free to leave at any time. In all of recorded history, no one has made the remote walk across the snow and ice to the nearest city. Interestingly, those who leave are not pursued; they are considered free people, having effectively served their sentences.

Later installments in this series will cover the mines of Serkonos, where prisoners must work in order to survive, and the coastal island jails of

Morley, surrounded by bitterly cold waters that are filled with ravenous hagfish.

Procedures Following the Escape of Corvo Attano

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a case study intended for prison wardens]

Following the escape of Corvo Attano, the council appointed by the Lord Regent has decided it is of the utmost importance to increase security measures at Coldridge Prison. The recommendations made by this report include structural measures such as increasing the heights of walls, sealing ventilation shafts, and ensuring sewer entrances of inaccessible. Additionally, staff at the site must be increased to thoroughly cover all exits and maintain observation of all major corridors.

Special Addendum:

In addition to the new measures outlined herein, the council has consulted both the Abbey of the Everyman and the Royal Physician Anton Sokolov (who is also Head of the Academy of Natural Philosophy), asking for guidance and equipment in the handling of those cases which are more exotic in nature. While we have dismissed reports of the supernatural in the past as old wives' tales and lunatic hearsay, recent months have convinced us that there are matters afoot that we do not fully understand. As such, prison executive personnel are encouraged to welcome the presence of both the Overseers and anyone working under Sokolov's technical guidance.

Regency and Emergency Powers

By

Unknown

In a time of political upheaval, there are provisions in place for a staged transfer of power, designed with three goals in mind.

The first is the minimization of incentive for coup. There is no predetermined person or position within the government that is scheduled to take on the mantle of Regency during a time of crisis. Instead, a Regent is chosen by Parliamentary accord. This serves to avoid promoting a path of derelict ascendancy, and to discourage those who would scheme for such a turn of events. It is the assumption of our governing documents that such a legislative body will always have the wisdom to see through would-be usurpers.

The second is the assurance of stability for the commons during and after the transitional phase. During an interregnum while a Regent rules the land, there are categories of laws and decrees that cannot be altered without a majority vote from Parliament. Thus daily life for the people will not change dramatically when during the time of Regency, or shift drastically once a proper heir takes up the throne.

Third, and perhaps most important, is that a worthy successor is found. In order to rule out hasty action and to maximize stability, there will be no term limit or duration applied to the period of Regency. Historically, rash decisions have been greatly contested, resulting in extended political turmoil or outright conflict. When the proper heir is found and the position is filled by someone worthy of the role, all others will fall in and provide their support.

Rhyme of the Rosewater Hag

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from an almanac on folk tales and superstitions of Gristol]

So far in this almanac we have cataloged many trite and ignorant, if somewhat harmless tales, but we must now turn to that special class of folk customs that can only be called wicked and pernicious. The worst of these is perhaps the Rhyme of the Rosewater Hag. Variants of this accursed poem seem to predate even the founding of Dunwall, though its ultimate origins are lost to us. As to its meaning, some consider it a tale of revenge by a mother against her own daughter. Others see it as a supplication meant to solicit the attention of some ancient spirit from the Void. In any case, the ritual surrounding the poem is profusely morbid, and in many regions is used as a primitive means of settling the matter between two parties where one has accused the other of falsehood. It is performed as follows:

First, whoever is to be tested must find a fountain of standing water and cover the surface with fallen rose petals. Once there are sufficient petals as to completely obscure the water, you must close your eyes firmly, and place both hands within the fountain so that they are submerged beneath the blanket of rose petals. Then you are to recite the following verses:

THE ROSEWATER HAG

Petals, petals on the water
Tell me, tell me, where's your daughter?

Has she drowned beneath the mark?
Has she vanished in the dark?

Petals, petals on the water
Tell me, tell me, where's your daughter?

Has she trysted by the well? Has she secrets left to tell?

Petals, petals on the water Tell me, tell me, am I your daughter?

After this you must lean into the fountain, lowering your head fully into the water and under the rose petals, face first with both eyes still squeezed tight. Count to three and then open your eyes. At that moment, it is said that the Rosewater Hag will arrive. If you are without fault you will see nothing, except that you will feel her gentle caress on the back of your neck. But if there is a falsehood or wickedness in your heart you will see the terrible face of the Rosewater Hag, a creature of indescribable horror. The hag will drown you in the fountain with a cord made of thorny vines.

Obviously, while the Abbey takes things very seriously, most authorities classify this tale as superstitious nonsense. However, it must be noted that every year there are at least half a dozen reports from the countryside, of young women found dead and blue-faced, with their necks nicked and scratched as if by a collar of thorns.

The Art of the Enchanting Garden

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book on landscaping]

Effective garden design must entice the casual observer by drawing them through the garden gates with a promise of the idyllic. Yet once inside it must continue to captivate the senses, compelling visitors to linger among lush greenery and well-positioned decor. The tranquility of a solitary pool, the perfume of jasmine flowers, the drape of an ancient, woody clematis - across the estates of Dunwall, all these must serve to soothe and beguile those who adventure into the well-tended garden of our gentry.

Whether one chooses manicured symmetry or the illusion of wild growth, certain fundamentals must always apply:

Variations of shape and size to excite the vision, cohesive themes to calm the spirit, and complementary scents and colors.

As noted in the high-walled gardens of Lord and Lady Mortigan Pluff, place marble sculpture throughout as a means of transporting the visitor to a world of imagination. In keeping with the influential vision set forth by the beloved Borregand Sisters, daughters of the late Jonathan and Olivia Sutter, coo to those visiting your manor garden with coordinated sounds - the soft splash of the fountain, the trickling of a stone-walled stream, and the rustle of Serkonan sheath oaks from high above.

Remember, a magical meeting place can be as simple as [a] periwinkle-draped bower over a crunching gravel pathway, or a pedestal bench nestled under the boughs of a crown willow.

The Blight of the Cobblestone

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from street pamphlet, drafted by anonymous intellectuals]

Action is necessary if the Empire is to stand against the juggernaut of what is commonly called industrial process. The momentum of this hungry beast requires equal vigor simply to halt its destructive advance. No action against the industrialization of our nation-states can be deemed too extreme when we understand what is at stake.

The advancement of industry infects every aspect of our lives, and hazardous conditions assault the citizens of Dunwall daily. Workers are treated as disposable cogs in the machine, sacrificing their lives in the name of faster construction, mass assembly and greater profits. Should those of us in opposition to these trends not sacrifice themselves in the fight against our unfeeling oppressor?

Will we be satisfied when our children ask what a pasture is, and the best we can do is to point to a cobblestone street, black with the filth of mechanical production? Will we struggle in the coming years to recall a time when we actually made our pies by hand, or baked bread in the ways of our grandmothers?

What is at stake today are our very cultures, from the cold north of Tyvia down through Morley and Gristol, all the way to the warm south of Serkonos. All men and women with a love for our ways must stand against these changes.

The Effects of Whale Oil on the Gastric Humors, Vol 1

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a natural philosopher's notes on the effects of whale oil on gastrointestinal function]

One benefit of this plague is the abundance of unclaimed bodies readily available to the inquisitive medical mind. I have been able to stimulate gastric function in addition to other organ activity through infusions of whale oil and the application of electrical impulses. I believe that such treatments could be applied to the living, and that it might prolong life indefinitely.

When my process is applied to the stomach and intestinal systems, digestion does in fact still occur, though the end product must be evacuated through the stomach through tubing and processed by my machinery before being recirculated to the appropriate organs. This was a tricky solution to come across, and my first inclination was to break the food down myself and bypass the natural processes altogether.

My subject has indicated that he no longer has a sense of taste, but that might be a mercy given what I'm feeding him these days.

The Effects of Whale Oil on the Gastric Humors, Vol 2

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a natural philosopher's notes on the effects of whale oil on gastrointestinal function]

My primary patient is no longer mobile. A loss of bone density coupled with the amount of organ maintenance that I have to perform on a daily basis means that he will be bound to a chair or bed for the foreseeable future.

While this greatly agitated the subject at first, he quickly grew too fatigued to offer further protest. I cleared a room close to my lab, but with access to the mill so he could continue to give orders.

Update: After 3 weeks of regression, the yellowish sores have reappeared around implantation site C. I was holding out hope for full recovery, as the highest concentration of whale oil was pumped into this site in particular.

The Fugue Feast

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book on the celebrations and holidays]

At the end of every year, after the last day of the Month of Songs, we begin the Fugue Feast.

The new year has not started and thus the time that follows is 'outside' the calendar. A period of celebration and feasting begins, during which the people abandon the very practices that keep them whole and healthy over the year.

Many leave their homes, euphoric with spirits or potent herbs. Some paint their faces or wear masks to conceal themselves as they pursue their passions without reservation.

When the right cosmological signs are observed and it is time for the calendar to begin anew, the sitting High Overseer calls for the hymn of atonement and the Fugue Feast ends.

Families return to their homes, wives to their husbands. Enemies put down their weapons and fires are extinguished. No complaint is given for those who have wronged others, deviated from ancient codes, or discarded oaths; for this time during the astrological alignment does not exist, and is not recorded.

The following day starts the new year, marked on the first day of the Month of Earth, as it has always been.

The History of Drapers Ward

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from the Districts of Dunwall, a recent book]

This chapter will focus on the once lavish Drapers Ward. Before the reign of the Kaldwin dynasty, the locale held none of the prestige that it has so recently enjoyed. Drapers Ward was once a simple manufacturing hub for fabrics and textiles, exporting raw weaves to all corners of the Empire. Water driven mills turned day and night to meet the needs of the rapidly expanding cloth industries. For decades, Drapers Ward supported a modest trade, until key manufacturers began relocating factories to Serkonos and Morley. The price of labor in these places was much lower, and the limited availability of Dunwall riverfront property, which was required to turn the mills, made expansion of operations impossible.

At the end of this period, declining production and abandoned factories created an opportunity for a new generation of skilled and ambitious industrialists. A loose confederation of clothing merchants, included [sic] such luminaries as Percy Oliver, Agatha Chesney and Mortimer Hat, established a new model of business: high end clothing that was designed to appeal to Dunwall's elite, sold at a substantial markup.

The best sartorial designers from across the Empire were lured to the boutiques of Drapers Ward, where they found themselves free from the need to solicit patrons. In fact they were elevated to high society, courted and pampered. The powerful and influential began to frequent the new Drapers Ward, paying any cost to be seen in the latest styles. The district was wildly successful; extravagant wealth and luxury among the proprietors and designers became the norm.

But not all was glamor and fun. Reinventing Drapers Ward was an expensive project, and investigations into the sources of capital funding the revitalization often led to dead ends. It was commonly whispered that Mortimer Hat had been a ruthless gang leader in his early years, and it was a very poor secret among the City Watch that he still commanded a private army of hardened men that would protect his interests.

A terrible truth emerged over time. While the designers and merchants held court in exclusive boutiques, the mills and factories that produced the clothing were houses of suffering and abuse. Despite the coin generated by their business, the workers who stitched the garments never took part in the flow of wealth. Instead, Hat's men enforced brutal working conditions on them. As this corruption intensified, with violence occasionally spilling out into the open streets, the well-to-do declined further invitations to shop at the boutiques. Business fell precipitously and now with rumors of a plague looming on the horizon, the golden age of Drapers Ward may soon be at an end.

The Howl From Beyond

By

P.J. Stokeworth

[Excerpt from a work of fiction by P.J. Stokeworth]

As Gregory and Aliya crouched in the dark of the upper hall, they could hear the thing drawing close. It had followed them from the forest, through the garden, and into the house. Now as they leaned against the wall, exhausted and terrified, they could hear it coming up the stair. Moving slowly, it scraped along, exposed bone dragging across wood and carpet. A ragged panting foretold its passage as dead air was pushed through a throat eaten away with rot.

Reaching a grim conclusion, Aliya swallowed. Her face went slack and she gave Gregory a final glance before plunging through the window glass, into the moonlight and night air. At the sound of her delicate body smashing against the cobblestone below, Gregory let out a keening moan. As he did, his voice was matched by an unearthly howl from the stairwell, and the rapid scratching of clawed feet, rushing up toward him.

The Knife of Dunwall, A Survivor's Tale

By

Unknown

[From a street pamphlet containing a sensationalized sighting of the assassin Daud]

Gentle reader, be assured that your coin is well spent today. What you read here may one day preserve your life, and your sanity. No one has seen the Knife of Dunwall and lived to tell of it. Until now.

[The sun was setting, a bloody stain against the sky, silhouetting the charred ribcage of the slaughterhouse. The stench of burned meat - the flesh of men and whales - soured the air. Daud erupted from the ashes and timbers, his body wreathed in flame and rent with injuries that no mortal man could have survived.] [The sun was setting, a bloody stain against the sky, silhouetting the noble contours of Rothwild's Slaughterhouse. The stench of blood - the flesh of men and whales - soured the air. Daud slithered from the sewers, his body slick with gore and crawling with vermin that no mortal man could have tolerated.] His shadow stretched out before him on the ground, and it revealed his true nature - a horned thing warped by heresy. A shape too terrible to put into words, my gentle readers. A sorcerer from the Void, without question. I could hear the moans of the dying workers he left in his wake, but he did not even pause to acknowledge their plight, for his heart is colder than Tyvian ice.

Instead, he let out a guttural howl of victory, the shock of which snuffed out the life of those poor dying workers, and then he bounded away, moving from roof to roof back toward the streets. And this was where I thought this

chapter would end until I heard the music. The grinding metal music of the Overseers echoed from the nearby alleyways, and I knew there would soon be a fight. With only my sense of duty to the fallen citizens of Dunwall to keep my fear from overtaking me, I inched closer to the mouth of the alley for a better vantage.

A brave contingent of Overseers had captured one of Daud's lieutenants lurking in the alley. He or she - for I could not tell beneath the thick leather of the industrial whaler suit - was prone and tied with sturdy ropes, surrounded (by) Overseers. But their fixation was ultimately their undoing.

Daud fell from above, moving through the air as easily as a falcon, I swear it upon my spirit. Without sound, he glided down among them, and the music maker was the first to die as Daud tore the man's head from his shoulders. The wretched song faded in a discordant wail. Then I watched as the most notorious assassin of our time became a flurry of leather, metal and blood, deflecting bullets and sword blades with ease. The last Overseer, no doubt consumed with terror at seeing his brothers fall so easily, sank to his knees and begged for mercy. Daud spoke a single word that made my entrails squirm in my belly upon hearing it. The Overseer shrieked like a madman until his mask split in two, as though struck by some hammer and chisel, and a stream of blood gushed forth from the crack, bathing Daud's boots.

I closed my eyes at that point, too overwhelmed to witness any further atrocity. I could only hope that if that foul heretic discovered me next, my life would end swiftly. But when I opened my eyes, Daud was nowhere to be seen. That was the last I ever saw of the Knife of Dunwall.

So, heed my warning gentle reader. Should you or anyone you love witness some misshapen shadow fall across your path, or should you hear the slightest rumor of dark words whispered from rooftops, then flee. Flee with all haste.

The Rat Plague

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a natural philosopher's notes]

For over a year, I've studied this cursed plague, collecting and dissecting rats by the thousands. Given their rapid gestation and maturation cycle, it's been possible to breed them for numerous generations.

The rodents themselves seem immune to the plague, but they pass it readily between members of their own species, perhaps through mites.

The bloods of the rats tells its own story, allowing me to gauge the number of generations that a given group of rats have lived with the plague. As such, a nagging question remains. The rats collected in the poorest parts of town, in the slums, exhibit the oldest strains of the plague. While those found near the docks - where the foreign, plague-bearing rats would presumably have entered our city - exhibit a younger strain of plague.

Could this mean that the rats were transported to the slums in some way that is not obvious?

I will continue my research. If nothing else, I am living proof that Sokolov's Elixir and Piero's Remedy are very effective at protecting against the plague, if one consumes enough of the stuff.

The Reclamation of Dunwall

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a pamphlet, published in response to the plague]

Dunwall, the seat of power in the known civilized world, the Empire of the Isles. It is our great capital. And it has been brought low by vermin. The very thought galls.

We are faced with the reality that our once great city is in a state of shambles, and the few remaining domiciles in any habitable condition are the estates of those wealthy enough to ward themselves against that reality. A city cannot continue to thrive, populated by only the upper classes and their cloistered sycophants.

Even if the plague were gone tomorrow, in its present state Dunwall doesn't have enough hardy people of working age to return the city to everyday function. We must find a way to attract more residents, which requires removing the cloud of fear brought about by the current regime. The Lord Regent and his lackeys are bad for business, my friends.

So it falls on us - a plague and a tyrant must be overcome. And after that we must undertake a third miracle, turning the screws on the obscenely wealthy, forcing them to pay back into the place that has given them their privileged lives; it is the powerful and fortunate who must pay for the rebuilding of Dunwall, even if the poorest will bear the stones and timbers of reconstruction on their backs.

All this must happen for the dormant machine of commerce to restart. Without that, we are all forfeit, and the greatest city of our age will be lost.

Thomas' Journal

By

Thomas

Our troubles began with a name. Delilah. A mystery given to Daud by the face he sees in his dreams and whose voice he hears when kneeling at the shrines hidden in the lost parts of the city. None of us have ever heard this voice, but we know its power. It spoke to our master, telling him of his coming doom and saying that solving this riddle was the only way to escape.

We knew nothing of Delilah, except that we found a whaling ship by that name. A tenuous connection, but where the Outsider's word is concerned there are no coincidences. We discovered the ship was named after a woman who once walked the halls of Dunwall Tower with Jessamine Kaldwin. Later she became a painter an apprentice of Sokolov himself until she snared an aristocratic patron named Arnold Timsh.

We met with Timsh's niece, who offered us information on Delilah in exchange for eliminating her uncle. Removing aristocrats was our specialty, so our master agreed. With Barrister Arnold Timsh gone, his niece divulged everything she knew. Delilah was much more than a painter and she was hiding in the old Brigmore Manor outside the city.

But by then we were too late. Delilah anticipated our threat. For some time she had been working her corruptive influence on the best of us: the assassin Billie Lurk. Delilah turned Lurk against us and together they sold us out to the Overseers. When we returned to our hideout in the Flooded District we were swarmed by gold masks and hounds. But Daud is quick and wise in our trade. In the end, he kept us alive, though there were losses.

Now our resources are strained. Some of the men are grumbling. I see the strain on Daud's face. Killing the Empress, handing over her daughter those

are not easy burdens to bear. And Lurk's betrayal weighs on him heavily. His sleep is troubled by curses and shouts.

Now we make preparations to strike back at Delilah. She is planning something in Brigmore, something that affects everyone in the Isles. And she will be expecting us. Like our master, she shares her gifts from the Outsider with those who follow her. How many are they, I wonder?

I have no secrets from my master. My loyalty is without question. But I fear these may be the last days of the Whalers. Perhaps the last days of Daud.

Trimble's Coin

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book on noteworthy intellectual figures]

The Halls of the Academy of Natural Philosophy are thought to be spaces where thoughtful discourse and enlightened tolerance set the tone for debate and learning. It is believed that reason applies above all, and the passions of the greatest minds of the Empire are tempered by wisdom and custom. This is the commonly accepted vision of the place, and it is almost always accurate. Almost.

Sometimes a protracted debate or disagreement can explode into conflict. And very rarely, violence.

Such was the case years ago in the Month of Winds. A young apprentice named Piero Joplin ventured into strange new directions of research in the preservation of mortifying tissue, a field that brought him into frequent conflict with a student called Trimble. Joplin and Trimble often debated loudly long into the night, and the content of these arguments was well beyond the understanding of most people of the Empire, the author included.

The rivalry between the two natural philosophers raged for months, but it is the climax of those events that prompts this writing. The two had argued deep into the night, the debate sliding into bitter personal attacks. At last they reached a terrible accord: Their mutual hatred culminated in a duel to the death with pistols.

Under the gray sky of dawn, the greatest minds of the Empire of the Isles gathered in the courtyard in a fashion resembling schoolboys gathering to watch to [sic] bullies fight. A quiet fell as Joplin and Trimble accepted the

ceremonial pistols, marked off the paces, turned and fired.

Each combatant fired round after round, shattering windows, chipping masonry and splitting plaster. The closest shot to the mark was Joplin's, whose bullet ripped through the hem of Trimble's overcoat. It was clear that the dedicated study of the learned men had made for poor marksmanship. When all their ammunition was expended, both parties stood quivering with fear and rage, but unharmed. It was then agreed that the duel would be settled with a coin flip. A newly minted coin of the Empire was produced, bearing the face of Empress Jessamine Kaldwin. As it was sent spinning into the air, Trimble called heads. The coin landed tails.

Joplin was declared winner, and the feuding between the men ceased. By the terms of the dispute, Trimble was forced to leave the Academy, his studies left incomplete, where upon a dignified silence returned to the halls of the Academy of Natural Philosophy.

Warning on Corrupted Charms

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from an Overseer's report on black market occult artifacts]

Vice Overseer Mellios,

While traveling in Serkonos, which is of course in your purview, I came across a matter that demands your attention. My brothers and I were using the overland route from Cullero to Karnaca, escorting two of our sisters from the Oracular Order as you requested months ago. (My apologies for the delay. High Overseer Campbell is a busy man, as I'm sure you understand, and sometimes such deployments fall to the wayside as his mind is devoted to some immediate concern, of higher import in our struggle against the Outsider.)

Halfway to Karnaca, our caravan stopped in a lakeside town where we learned that a man had been recently murdered. Initially, this was no cause for our involvement, until we heard about some of the things found in his keeping: Red-wax candles that we suspect were mixed with ox blood, clippings of hair, and a painting that hung over his kitchen table, depicting a small girl carrying two dried leaves. I need not tell a man of your wisdom that these things were of concern, but other clues confiscated at the site were far more serious.

The victim's finely appointed rooms were located on the top floor, looking down over the lake. He was a merchant of some means and, from what we found, it's clear that he was trafficking in heresy, attempting to buy an occult charm constructed of whalebone. What makes this case different is that the man was not attempting to purchase some superstitious sailor's carving from bygone days; here we have a situation in which a private citizen - and a

functioning member of society - actually commissioned the creation of a new artifact aimed at a specific purpose.

Those offering this service from what we can tell, were attempting to craft a new charm from shards of older whalebone talismans. Vice Overseer, we believe that this new artifact was damaged in some way, creating the rift between buyer and seller which resulted in murder. From what we've gathered, the item possessed some occult power. It also seemed to come at a cost, however, afflicting the bearer in several unwanted ways as well. Whether the individual or cult responsible for the creation of the corrupted bone charm made it that way deliberately, or whether their capabilities proved somehow inferior, is not something we know at this time.

However, this occurrence matches other such stories from across the Isles. As a coddled generation has grown more accepting of heresy, even taking delight in the tales of witchcraft found in lurid adventure stories, this is the result: Now even those with no real connection to the Void are attempting to devise their own disgusting rituals and talismans. Such corrupted bone charms and fractured runes could be even more dangerous than the original artifacts, as impossible as that might seem.

As I must now journey to Dunwall to take up my next assignment, I leave any further investigation in your capable hands. However, I've left copies of this letter with several outposts along the way to Karnaca, and I've asked that any loyal to the Abbey who come across these words - if they have the time and means - copy them for our brethren and for those over whom they watch. The merchant is dead, but those who crafted this corrupted charm still walk the land (Roving Feet!). Our worries are not overzealous imaginings, as some would claim, but represent a very real danger. As you will agree, these matters should be of grave concern to any who wish to keep our lands free from the curses of the Void.

Overseer Angus Duncan,

Fraeport Outpost, Morley

The Brigmore Witches Notes

A Note From Abigail Ames

By

Abigail Ames

Daud,

Accept this as a small token of my appreciation for the work we did together in Rothwild's place. My sources say that this is the sort of thing you would go out of your way to find. May it protect you, or empower you, or whatever these things do. I hope we find ourselves on the same side of a cause in the future. You are a great ally.

-AA

A Note From Billie

By

Billie Lurk

No need to waste breath with apologies or excuses. You taught me that. All I can say is that as soon as I left Dunwall my head felt clear, maybe for the first time.

You told me once that people like us burn hot, then burn up. We don't get a chance to start over. No long days in the sun. But I know you, Daud. Despite all the blood on your hands, you've been stashing coin. No one does that if they're not holding on to something. You've got some kind of plan, some hope for a new life.

Maybe you knew, maybe you didn't, but that's what you gave me when you let me walk away. The one thing you said that wasn't possible. And I will never forget that. When the time comes - and it will - I hope you're watching close so you get that chance too.

I left a book for you. The world is big. Bigger than I knew. There are lots of places where an old man like you could disappear.

- Billie

A Note From Lady Boyle

By

Waverly Boyle

My Dearest Friend,

My costume ball will require three tailored outfits that are perfectly matching except for color. We are going to play a game with our guests, you see. I am saddened to hear of your deteriorating hands and the hard times on which you have fallen, as you were my first choice to craft these costumes. I will mention your physical difficulties to my doctor at the party. Perhaps he can be of some service to you.

Farewell,

Waverly Boyle

Antitoxin

By

William Trimble

The antitoxin formula needs the following:

Oxrush Flower (Buy more from Jerome in Drapers Ward.)

Bull Rat Fetus (one in the dry storage room)

Metallic Salts (some on the manufacturing floor)

Arc Pylon Instructions

By

William Trimble

Evans,

Be cautious with this equipment. It is very delicate and requires a skilled touch to operate. It is also quite lethal, so if you do not follow the proper procedures you will cease to exist in the wink of an eye. Acquiring this technology took a great deal of politicking and expense, so I repeat: do not be reckless with it. Once the system is set up and operational we will never see a Dead Eel darkening our doorway. The Mill will become an impregnable fortress. Report any technical issues to me.

- Nurse Trimble

Broken Fan

By

Unknown

Do not use the venting system until the fan motor is replaced. This thing nearly came off its drive shaft. I will let you know when it's back up and ready to go.

Butler's Note

By

Unknown

They are on to me.

The urn will have to stay here, Reggie, until we can return by boat and claim it. The master's key, however, will go with me and since you are nowhere to be seen I have little choice but to scale the rocks by the waterfall and make my escape cross country. Leave me out to dry on this one and I'll put a bullet hole in your skull.

-Y.

Cell Control Instructions

By

Unknown

Cell Control System Quick Reference

1. Set first tumbler to match cell section letter
2. Set second and third tumblers to cell number
3. Pull lever to confirm selection

Ensure that each cell opening request and selection are verbally confirmed.
Investigate and report any suspected malfunctions immediately.

Complaints From a Dead Eel Guard

By

Unknown

This post is awful. I almost broke my neck getting up here, and all day the Hatters keep taking shots at me like I'm some kind of carnival game. This morning I saw some lady up on the glass roof across the canal, and it kind of has me worried. I think she looked right at me. How'd she get up there? Are the Hatters recruiting ladies now? Anyway, since she's been up there, I can barely make out this thing she left behind. Can't tell what it is from here, but come nightfall I might just climb up there and have a look. Gotta be wary of that arc pylon they set up down there. If they have that kind of gear we're just outmatched. I wish Lizzy was back. She'd get us out of this.

Construction Report

By

Unknown

Additional security installations along the execution yard are complete.
Additional work on the main gate will continue throughout the coming days.
All workers must show identification for the duration of the construction.

Delilah's Musings

By

Delilah Copperspoon

I worked in my studio until late last night and completed the painting of Emily.

When Daud kidnapped her I was terrified that he might already know what I was planning. But it seems I overestimated him.

He turned her over to the conspirators. What a fool! Once young Emily assumes the throne I'll already be looking out of those lovely brown eyes.

Delilah's Notes

By

Delilah Copperspoon

Brunhilde came to me last night while I was in my studio in the west wing, finishing the ritual painting of young lady Emily. She informed me that one of our girls allowed herself to get caught and interrogated at Coldridge Prison.

Nevertheless, it seems Daud is oblivious to my plans.

Delilah's Orders

By

Delilah Copperspoon

I've ordered the lantern be placed in my studio in the west wing. Use it to enter the painting only if your situation is dire. I will be busy preparing for the ritual and cannot be disturbed. I trust you can handle Daud should he materialize.

- Delilah

Document Request

By

Unknown

Dear Officer Ashfield,

I would like to most humbly request access to documents concerning the new experimental “chokedust” which you may have recently found yourself in possession of. I understand this is a delicate subject matter, and I assure you every precaution will be taken with the documents to ensure they remain confidential. If access to these documents is agreeable to you, please have one of your men deliver them to my cell.

Respectfully,

Your friend in A25

Edgar Wakefield Log Entry

By

Edgar Wakefield

It's going to pieces! I was just getting things under control, but now I hear Lizzy busted out of Coldridge! How? The Dead Eels are all starting to swing my way, and I even think we'll wipe out those accursed Hatters soon. Mr. Hat humiliated me something awful with that raid to steal our engine coil, and payback was going to be me taking a piss in his stovepipe. But now that Lizzy is free again? I've got the crew on high alert; orders to kill anyone that ain't one of us. I'm starting to think I bit off more than I can chew.

Engine Room Combination

By

Unknown

Mr. Hat,

I've completed the final connections between the mill apparatus and the engine. The power generated should be far more than required to put the mill back into full operation, but I cannot vouch for the reliability of the engine itself. Therefore I am traveling into the sewers to find where the water has been diverted away from the district. It is infinitely preferable to have this water flow restored, which will power our mill in perpetuity.

Should the need arise to reach the engine during my absence, I have set the combination gate to [three digit number].

I will return soon.

Escape Plans

By

Unknown

When you hear the alarms in the courtyard tonight make a break for the front gate. Jump from the bridge and swim to the sewer entrance. You won't get another chance now that the Empress's assassin has escaped.

Watch out for the rats.

maybe Corvo

"You won't get another chance now that the Empress's assassin has escaped."

THE EMPRESS'S ASSASSIN IS CORVO.

Daud is the Empress's assassin, not Corvo. Everyone just thinks Corvo is. But still, you make a valid point.

So, yeah...:(

Ethical Experimentation

By

Unknown

I've managed to get my hands on an experimental formula being tested right here in Coldridge Prison. A mixture the prison guards call chokedust, which is normally capable of rendering prisoners vulnerable for a few moments. However, this new formula has the potential to make the victim forgetful as well. It's as if, once breathed in, the dust causes an acute temporary stupor.

Execution Notice

By

Unknown

Attention: Executions of personnel responsible for enabling the escape of the former Lord Protector will continue today. The execution yard remains off limits unless otherwise specified.

From Abigail Ames

By

Abigail Ames

Mr Daud,

When last we met I clearly did not impress upon you enough how connected and capable I can be. We had an opportunity to work together, but you saw fit to put me in that horrible chair and torment me instead. By the time you reach the end of this note the “gift” I left for you will explode, but I wanted you to know that it was me who had beaten you. Farewell Serkonan.

-Abigail Ames

Granny's Wedding Recreation

By

Granny Rags

[A page torn from an old manuscript, written in a scrawling hand]

Bring a man to represent my black-eyed groom

Fetch a woman to represent me in my youth

Lay them together in the eternal circle

A wedding band, to bind them, placed on the silver tray

Do this for me dearie and I'll give you a wedding gift

- Granny

Hatter Mechanic To-Do List

By

Pete

[A barely legible [sic] to-do list stained with blood and grease]

-Get a new spanner. River krust ate old one.

-Check Water Flow Control for Trimble. Hopefully, no rats.

-Look for Oxrush in the canal. Maggy likes red.

-Give Maggy my locker key in case she needs to stash her gear in my apartment this week.

Help On Your Assignment

By

Bertram

Here brother,

I've sent you one of the Strictures to guide you on your assignment to Brigrmore. My hope is that heeding the warnings of the Sixth Stricture will be the utmost of your troubles while dealing with those heretics.

Yours,

Bertram

Jerome's Search for Oxrush

By

Jerome

Hello Griff,

I hope your business is going well. If you are interested, I have a little business proposal for you. The canal here in Drapers Ward has been dry for some time now, enough time for the prized Oxrush to take bloom in the mud. None of the ruffians patrolling this area know how special the flower can be, so I have no competition in harvesting them, but none of the alchemists or natural philosophers that can use them frequent this district anymore. Perhaps I can send you some bunches of Oxrush to peddle (for a commission of course) and I can help you tap into an ammunition market here in Drapers Ward. The gangs have gone into full scale war, so demand is high.

Let me know your thoughts,

Jerome

Lever Whereabouts

By

Unknown

With Daud on his way, Delilah had me disable the grave switch and put it in the garden shed.

- S

Log Updates

By

Unknown

Remember to take extra care in logging transfers. Even temporary transfers of prisoners from one cell to another must be recorded in the log book. Ensure that the log book is available in the guard booth between sections C and D at all times.

Log Warning

By

Unknown

All log book entries must contain the prisoner name and the destination cell number. The log book is in the guard booth between sections C and D. Do not neglect to log every prisoner transfer. Failure to do so is a punishable offense.

Look Out For the Trained Rat

By

Baldwin

Hey Jasper

One of the Dead Eels apparently trained some white rats to come to this side of the canal and fetch shiny objects back to him. So far they've taken a few coins and a couple of bullets back over into Eel territory. Pike saw one carrying a coin and tried to shoot it, but his marksmanship is lacking, hah! Be wary of them, and crush the little things if you get the chance. If one swipes one of [the] tools or keys or something like that you'll be a laughingstock.

-Baldwin

Lookout Orders

By

Delilah Copperspoon

S.

Daud has left Drapers Ward on Lizzy Stride's boat and could arrive within hours. Disable the grave switch. Isabelle will lock the manor and wait for further instructions in the back yard.

D.

And just think of this, what do you think would happen if Duad would have just rushed through the front door?, thats right witches would most likely attack and we all know that eventhough Daud is turning over a new league he would still want to get the job done by any means. So mabey thats why she hinted about the lever instead of giveing him the key.

Missing Mechanic

By

William Trimble

I sent our head mechanic into the sewers to try and get the water flowing in the canals again but he hasn't been heard from since. We've lost other men trying to investigate what happened to him.

—Trimble

Moved Wrench

By

Unknown

Someone took the wrench to the water flow control valve. Please have someone find it and return it to the Water control Station.

Notes from a Hatter Spy

By

Oscar

Mr. Hat,

There has been interesting activity since our raid on the Dead Eels a few days ago. It looks like Wakefield has been rooting out Lizzy loyalists and chasing them off or making an example out of them with some gruesome killing. I don't think he's got much of a hold on this gang, and things are likely to fly apart before long.

Also, I swear I saw a woman lurking on some rooftops last night, spying on the Eels. She saw me looking at her and just... disappeared. Perhaps you'll know what to make of that.

- Oscar

Out of Business Notice

By

Mr. Mitchel

To my Loyal Customers,

I've done my best to provide a provisioning service to you even after all the decent citizens have abandoned Drapers Ward, but now it is clear that there is no livelihood for me here now and that association with you all will eventually cost me my life.

For those who have harassed me, stolen from me, and driven me from my home: I hope you suck on the barrel of a City Watch pistol someday. I'm sure you will all meet violent and unhappy endings.

Goodbye.

- Mr. Mitchel

Mitchel's Marketplace

Overseer Arrival

By

Unknown

Remember that an Overseer has been summoned to address the situation in the Interrogation Room. Until the Overseer arrives no one is to enter the Interrogation Room. The prisoner cells are off limits to Overseers and other visitors, no exceptions.

Overseer Interrogation

By

Unknown

I was unable to extract much from this one; he was well trained. Feeding him his former companion elicited mostly useless sounds and mess. I'll try again tomorrow unless he becomes violently deranged, in which case I'll have little choice but to put him down.

Overseer's Orders

By

Overseer Cranton

Brother Pradclif,

You are charged with surveillance of the Mutchervhaven District and surrounding estates. Travel there immediately and report all findings to the office of the High Overseer. If any signs of organized heresy are uncovered send for additional support; do not attempt to handle the situation alone. Remember the strictures and you will not fail.

Page From an Old Book

By

Granny Rags

[A page torn from an old manuscript, written in a scrawling hand]

Dreary waters, hissing daughters. Crack three green shells and steal their pearls. Turn the spigot and drink from the misery of a broken house. Gulp and swallow, follow, follow. Three wet marbles down the gullet.

Do this for me dearie and I'll give you a birthday gift.

-Granny

Section B Closed

By

Unknown

Section B will remain closed until the conclusion of the investigation into the escape of Corvo Attano. Prisoners have been moved into the cells on the other side of the prison.

Skeeves Is Gone

By

Unknown

It looks like Skeeves ain't coming back from his patrol, it's been six days now. Don't get me wrong, I ain't grieving 'cause Skeeves and me didn't see eye-to-eye on many things, but it makes me sad because he swore he was bringing back a tremendous stash of coins he knew about up in the dried out waterway. I figured I'd part him from all those coins in a few card games. But that ain't to be. Who knows, if that water ever comes on again it just may flush him on out. But I doubt it. When you get off duty tonight we need to drink a toast to ole Skeeves.

The Hatters

By

Unknown

Keep the Hatters away from the Eels. The one in section D, cell 11, tried to attack that former Dead Eel leader again. We can't afford any additional investigations or mistakes right now. So keep them apart.

Timer Calibration

By

William Trimble

The calibration of my experiment timer is slightly off. This should be fixed immediately. I like to check on my experiments immediately after the bell chimes. I have this all perfectly timed from the bell ring to the walk to my lab.

This should be a top priority after you return from restoring the water flow in the sewers.

Trimble

Timsh

By

Unknown

The good barrister, Timsh, has no money. They took all his stuff when they threw him in here. Don't bother listening to his bribes.

Transfer Orders

By

Ashfield

Lt Wright,

The Hatter we brought in was trying to stash his loot in the canal when we busted him. Looks like he's the one who hit Lord Brimon's carriage a few nights back. So far he has not named his accomplices, but he will once he gets his turn in the Interrogation Room. Document everything and then deliver it to the Lord Regent's office. And make sure none of it gets "lost" along the way or it's both our heads.

- Ashfield

Trimble Knows Door Combination

By

Pete

Gone to look into the water flow situation in the sewers. If you need access to the engine room while I'm away, talk to Nurse Trimble. He's the only other person with the door combination.

-Pete

1 6 5 / 2 3 8

3 8 7 / 4 0 8

5 7 2 / 6 6 9

7 7 4 / 8 3 7

8 7 3 / 9 8 4

Warning from an Anonymous Friend

By

Unknown

Hello friend,

As instructed by your Whalers, I have dredged this horrid thing up from the depths of the storm drains and placed it in the agreed upon location in hopes that you, and only you, recover it.

But be warned, poor fortune has followed me every step of the way since laying hands on this thing, and I am overjoyed at the prospect of leaving it here and being done with it. May it treat you better than it has me.

And if some unlucky local has stumbled upon this wicked bone, heed these two warnings: As I have said above, poor fortune will find you. But more importantly, this is intended for delivery to the most dangerous man in the Empire. If you are in possession of something he wants, you may count your remaining hours on one hand.

Water Control Station

By

Preston P.

Royer and a few others went up ahead to the water control station to see why the water flow stopped but they haven't returned. There have been reports of strange noises and a few of our new workers fled for the exit. If someone doesn't come to relieve me soon I'm leaving this place. I'm writing this so you have on record that I did not just abandon my station without just cause.

Preston P.

Weeper Warning

By

Unknown

Keep clear of this area. We've penned the weepers inside so they can't get out, but nobody is foolish enough to go in there and put 'em out of their misery. The plague will kill them off eventually. Until then, consider this area off limits.

Whale Oil Tank Replacement

By

William Trimble

Warning: When replacing the Whale Oil Tank that powers the Pulmonary Machine, you will have precious little time to do so. If you fail to be diligent, and Mr. Hat perishes, you will release a toxic gas that will end your life and that of your fellow Hatters. Have a care.

Trimble

Dishonored 2

Dishonored 2 Audiographs

A Dangerous Experiment

By

Unknown

I've come across some old writings that hint at a bizarre ritual, and I'm going to use it to prove to you for once and for all that all of this mystical stuff is just superstition. When I get back from my mission in the sewers we'll do this. But there's a trick; you'll need a bride. Hah! Near as I can tell she doesn't need to be willing. She doesn't even need to be awake. By the Outsider's Eyes, I don't even think she needs to be alive. So you go secure a bride if you can, and I'll officiate this mock wedding.

A Better Serkonos

By

Duke Luca Abele

When I first met with my inner circle, I saw nervous faces. Even the boldest were afraid, wondering if we'd live to see another Feast. Now Serkonos is ascendant.

But this is a story that began long years before. I knew Delilah when I was only a boy. And even after she was lost, dead, and gone from the world, her memory burned in my mind. Until finally I began to hear her whispering, calling to me from the Void. Telling her story of growing up in Dunwall Tower, and the half-sister who cheated her of her throne.

Then she told me there was a way to bring her home.

Delilah. Beautiful, immortal.

A Welcome and Warning

By

Kirin Jindosh

Welcome to my home, stranger. The door is open to those with the will to pass the threshold. If you're here by appointment, then proceed, and bide your time.

Otherwise, I'd be remiss if I didn't inform you about the defensive mechanisms employed here, which are quite formidable. Many have entered without invitation, for reasons as myriad as the fish in the Ocean. But of those who've dared to explore further, very few have found their way back out.

Aiding the Miners

By

Alexandria Hypatia

I spend less and less time here at my apartment, but my work at Addermire demands it. After the horrible failures of my first serum, I'm more determined than ever to help the miners.

It's not my say, how hard the Duke and his cronies drive the workers, but until he sees reason, I'll do what I can to make their lives better, and to provide comfort to their families.

It's my obsession, this work and the impact it'll have on the least privileged people in Karnaca. Studying the original plague elixirs, I'm close to something.

Anton Sokolov's Abduction

By

Anton Sokolov

Anton Sokolov

Dearest Emily, or must I say Your Imperial Majesty? I have something that you and Corvo must hear at the first opportunity. It concerns the murders happening across the empire, committed by this so-called Crown Killer.

When I left Gristol years ago, I swore I'd never again take part in any further political matters. I've done my share of bad things, and some good, before and after the Rat Plague. But here in Karnaca, I've uncovered a terrible conspiracy against you. Here, at the bottom of the empire, the cobblestones smell of death and corruption.

I'm staying with associate, Meagan Foster, aboard her vessel, the Dreadful Wale. We'll leave for Dunwall in the morning, as soon as the tides are willing.

I keep thinking of way sweet Jessamine was stolen from you and your father, and I fear it might be your turn to face such turmoil. I know Corvo would protect you with his life, but please do not trust anyone -

Crown Killer

There you are, old man. I was asked to pay you a visit.

Anton Sokolov

Wait! What's wrong with you?

Meagan!

Crown Killer

Off we go, Sokolov, to somewhere more private.

Ashworth Connected to the Occult?

By

Vice Overseer Liam Byrne

Breanna Ashworth, curator of the Royal Conservatory. For a while I've believed Ashworth has some connection to the occult in Karnaca.

Something is happening that I don't understand. The Overseers are the forward face of the Abbey, but equally important are our sisters from the Oracular Order.

To be direct, I suspect something is wrong within their sect.

Subtle changes to the types of proclamations they've been making; small but troubling deviations from tradition. But publicly saying anything along these lines will get me accused of heresy by my rivals in the Abbey.

Is it possible that Ashworth has infiltrated the Oracular Order?

Black Market Code

By

Unknown

This whole setup is a huge pain in the ass. Timing windows that ignore the tides, fake boat manifests, and private door codes. It might be easier just to play it straight, pick up and deliver the goods. Anyway, so I don't forget it, the code for the black market shop is Serkonan Wine is Better Than Tyvian Prisons. Idiots.

Bringing Back Delilah

By

Breanna Ashworth

After Delilah fell to the assassin Daud, her magic was lost and the Coven scattered.

I made a new life in Karnaca. Then I heard her whispering from the Void, leading me to the Duke, who heard those same whispers.

Together we worked to bring Delilah back into the world, changing the Empire from the home of Aramis Stilton, three years ago.

Across the Isles, all of us who'd been with her at Brigmore and before, we felt the magic return. Others joined; new faces, new blood.

Now Delilah is immortal, forever. She holds Dunwall, and we've turned to corrupting to Oracular Order. The Overseers take guidance from their prophetic sisters, and soon we'll influence their dreams and visions.

Conversation with Kirin Jindosh

By

Kirin Jindosh

Guard

Kirin, sir, we were confused by your most recent response. The Duke was - well, he was furious. He sent me to interview you about your progress.

Kirin Jindosh

One of the maids took me for a walk. We dug beetles in the park, with shiny green shells.

Guard

I don't - understand Mister Jindosh. Working with Anton Sokolov, were you successful at lowering the cost of Clockwork Soldiers production? The Duke is expecting a reduction of eighty to ninety percent, based on your one estimates.

Kirin Jindosh

She let me keep a few of them in a jar. I pulled off their legs.

Guard

Uh, that's interesting. Let me remind you, as Grand Inventor, you've been given everything you requested. But with that comes a responsibility for deadlines, an expectation of progress.

Kirin Jindosh

Wait! I remember the undertaking you're talking about now. Yes, yes.

Guard

Excellent. So what can I tell the Duke?

Kirin Jindosh

I had a visitor, I think. Or maybe they came for Sokolov. It's hard to recall the details. Anton wouldn't help, but I was close to finding a way to - the difference engines is inscribed in copper, along the concave surface of the inner head mechanism. But, wait. I - I can't. it slips away. The beetles we found today, I'm going to give them all names.

Guard

This is useless. What am I going to tell Duke Luca?

Daud on Delilah

By

Daud

No one will ever know exactly what it took to save Emily Kaldwin from a living death as Delilah's puppet.

No one except the Outsider, who watches everything, and thinks his own dark thoughts, and speaks to few in any generation.

I've learned that our choices always matter to someone, somewhere. And sooner or later, in ways we can't always fathom, the consequences come back to us.

I came from Serkonos to Dunwall as a boy. Made my living as a killer; one of the few who've heard the Outsider's voice. I murdered an Empress, but saved her daughter, who will one day rule the Empire. Those were my choices. I'm ready for what comes.

Decisions

By

Anton Sokolov

Empress Jessamine herself once offered me a suite at Dunwall Tower, complete with a laboratory and the finest apparatus in the Isles. I declined, of course. I'm not some conjurer from penny novels. Besides, I have a great fondness for my privacy, and my interests often find me coming and going in the odd hours of night.

It's hard not to consider what might have been different, had I plotted a different course through my early years. Was there something I might have said or done when Delilah was my apprentice that could have prevented all this? Or is character a fixed star we must all follow in darkness?

Dr. Hypatia's Farewell

By

Alexandria Hypatia

My mind is finally clearing. Now I can return to my work here, helping those who need it the most.

What can I say about what you've done for me? Saved me from my madness and - worse - from giving in to a life of sadistic brutality. How could I ever repay you for that?

Given who you are, and what you're in Karnaca to do, I can only say, good luck. The city... the country... the empire... everyone is counting on you.

I'll send something special for you, by way of courier. I hope it helps.

Hard Times

By

Corvo Attano

Emily, I know times are hard. You're the ruler of four nations, and I won't pretend to understand the pressure you're under. Only you, and your mother before you, could know what that's like.

Whoever's killing off your enemies is doing so far calculated effect, undermining us. I do know what it's like to be blamed for murders you didn't commit, but trust me, we'll find this "Crown Killer" and they'll pay.

Tomorrow is the anniversary of her death. A sad day, for sure. But I want you to remember all that's happened over the last fifteen years. You've held onto the throne and you've done what you thought was right for the people of the Empire. You drained the Flooded District, kept the gangs in check, and yesterday we lauched a magnificent ship bearing Jessamine's name.

You're becoming the sovereign your mother wanted you to be, and I'm proud of you.

As we both know, whoever's killing off my detractors is doing so for calculated effect, undermining me. The "Crown Killer" is being guided by someone, but who?

Tomorrow's the anniversary of mother's death. A sad day for us both. But I want you to remember all that's happened over the last fifteen years.

You've protected me, and taught me how to protect myself. You've helped me see what was right for the people of the Empire. We drained the Flooded District, fought back the gangs, and yesterday we lauched a beautiful ship in mother's name.

I'm trying to become the sovereign she wanted me to be, but, father, I wouldn't be here without you.

If Only I Could Do More

By

Alexandria Hypatia

The blackouts are worse, and my dreams have taken a turn toward the disturbing. Even rest eludes me.

Duke Abele seemed overprotective at first, but increasingly I'm a prisoner in my own lab. The soldiers stationed here leave me alone, but even then I feel like I'm being watched.

What really saddens me is the loss of my work. I've always thrived on my connection to the people who need me the most. The workers and their families.

Each time I hear there's been an outbreak of some fever, or new condition among the miners, it pains me that I am not with them, working to ease their suffering.

Letter to Emily from the Empress

By

Jessamine Kaldwin

Emily, my daughter, I know that one day you'll be grown up, and I wonder what you'll remember of these years. Will you recall your time as a child with fondness? Or were there too many caretakers, formal dinners and lessons about boring old history? Maybe the precious hours we spent together will shine brighter - time captured now and then with your mother and with Corvo, who was always close to my heart. I hope the season of rats and plague will be nothing more than a passing shadow on your early memories. A crisis come and passed, weathered by your mother and her advisors. You'll sit on the throne someday, and will do well I hope. It's a tricky life, full of responsibility and peril. It was not your choice to be the daughter of an Empress, but I believe you'll rise to the challenge. Stay good-hearted, Emily. Keep drawing and telling stories. And only share your power with those you truly trust.

Life on Sea

By

Anton Sokolov

I'm still aboard this creaking thing that Meagan calls a boat. Anton Sokolov, once the designer of mighty ships, thrown against the malevolent Ocean, and large enough to heave the great leviathans aboard, thrashing and spilling their life's blood across the decks. Majestic ships, swift, with luxurious cabins, fit for an Empress. Where are those vessels now? They are far too important to carry an old man like me. I've been abandoned by my own creations.

But maybe that's the way it should be. Haven't I been cruel? Selfish? Perhaps I should be forgotten; consigned to the junk heap. Maybe I should die, at last. And there's a chance I will - on this final escapade. To Dunwall then. We'll see what's left of me.

Losing Deidre...

By

Meagan Foster

Now we're going after the one who started it all, the Duke himself. I forgot the thrill of it, planning drop-off points and picking the approach, thinking about the best ways to kill somebody who lives behind high walls. But with the excitement there's a black echo that comes back to me for what I did at Dunwall Tower.

If anyone deserves killing though, it's Duke Luca Abele.

I've loved a number of women and even a couple of men, but I've never loved anyone like my Deirdre. After I left home, those first years on the streets, she's all that kept me from the bottom of the river. I could sleep on a pile of garbage under a leaky awning as long as she was with me, sharing a tin of potted meat or a bottle of brandy that we nicked during the day.

The Duke and his little brother came through Dunwall, and Deidre and I got in their way as they stepped out of their fancy coach. The Duke goaded his brother, calling us wharf roaches, and it was the brother who swung the stick that killed her, splitting her skull.

There were wooden gazelles on top of the coach and I snapped one off and drove it into his eye as deep as it would go. Deirdre was already gone, dead as a doornail, lying in the muck and staring up at the gray Dunwall sky.

On the run after that, I was hunted by the City Watch and even members of the Grand Guard, up from Serkonos. People looked up at me like I was cursed, spitting whenever I got close. Everyone knew I'd bring trouble, even the gangs.

The Duke's brother has been dead for a long time, but now's my chance to get back at Luca Abele for setting him off against pretty young Deirdre. Nothing was ever the same for me after they took her away.

Meeting Delilah

By

Breanna Ashworth

I meant nothing to my fine family beyond an advantageous marriage and years of childbearing.

They promised me to a man three times my age, who wheezed on about our wedding night. But a curious thing happened on the way to the altar.

Delilah.

From the first time I slipped out of the manor in the dead of night, there was no returning to my cage. Looking at the stars and drinking wine on a rooftop, I was free.

Instead of seeing the Overseers for marriage, I visited my father's banker, and raced away from my old life, toward Delilah. Those were the coven's glory days.

Miner Recruitment

By

Unknown

Emanuel,

Halfway up, a cable broke and we lost eleven workers. They never even made it into the mine. Those cables weren't made to carry so many people. You pack enough of them in, even kids, and it adds up.

After that, a sickness spread through the crew bunkhouses. That woman from Addermire, Alexandria Hypatia; she used to treat the workers, but she doesn't come around any more.

So what all this means is that we need more workers.

There are always people coming to Serkonos, looking for a better life. We'll get them into the mines, if I have to club them over the head myself.

New Orders

By

Duke Luca Abele

You did well finding Anton Sokolov, my friend. The old man is with Kirin Jindosh, who is prying him apart, digging out all his secrets. Adding Sokolov's knowledge to his own, who knows what wonders of natural philosophy Jindosh will reveal in future days.

But it's time for you to come out once again. Time to play. We have need for your special talents. The good doctor's due for a trip to Dunwall because Ichabod Boyle is next on the list.

Make haste and make this one messy. Give the newspapers something to write about and give the people of the Empire fodder for their nightmares.

On Audiograph Recorders

By

Unknown

Jenny

Marykate, what's this then?

Marykate

Did you grow up in the country, dear? Out in the sticks? It's an audiograph machine.

Jenny

But what's it for?

Marykate

It enables important people to record their voices. A prince's order for war, a matron's business instructions, or a lover's hungry words dripping with honey. Even the final thoughts of one lost in despair before jumping off a bridge.

Jenny

So now my voice will live on, even after I'm dead and gone?

Persuading Sokolov

By

Kirin Jindosh

So many events in motion, each exerting subtle gravity. With Delilah, a new empire could be drawn, and all the old barriers broken. Much could be accomplished.

My Clockwork Soldiers have played their part, but each costs more coin than a wealthy man sees in a lifetime.

It could take me years to find a solution on my own. But if Sokolov can be tamed, together we might refine the process, making new clockworks at a fraction of the cost.

Whether I seduce my old teacher with the thrill of discovery, or whether I'm forced to apply the clamps to his flesh and turn on the voltage, no matter.

Robbed Apartment

By

Unknown

Kiella, sorry you missed us. I'll be taking the children to Dunwall earlier than expected, a few weeks before the upcoming anniversary of Empress Jessamine's death.

Things are about to get bad, and I'm not just talking about the Crown Killer. Besides, there's profit to be made bringing new silver miners down south, so arrangements must be made.

Tah for now.

Searching for Aramis Stilton

By

Meagan Foster

So the Royal Protector is headed into the Dust District. Corvo says he hasn't been back in a long time, and I can't blame him for that.

According to Sokolov, he'll be trying to get into Aramis Stilton's house. Not easy; I've tried.

Stilton was a friend. Even as a mine owner, he was a good man who came up from working people and never forgot it.

I went looking for him the night he disappeared, but the house was swarming with Grand Guard. I showed them what I was worth, but it cost me.

I'll live to see the score settled.

So our young friend is headed into the Dust District. Nobody lives there unless they have no choice. And people like Emily don't even visit.

According to Sokolov, she'll be trying to get into Aramis Stilton's house. Not easy; I've tried.

Stilton was a friend. Even as a mine owner, he was a good man who came up from working people and never forgot it.

I went looking for him the night he disappeared, but the house was swarming with Grand Guard. I showed them what I was worth, but it cost me.

I'll live to see the score settled.

Successful Prototype!

By

Delilah Copperspoon

It worked! I painted the Chapel, but added a tree to the painting. After arranging the runes around the chair, both pure and corrupted, I was able to transpose the chapel made of paint with the one made of stone. With more runes, I should be able to do the same to all the empire. This will be my greatest undertaking, transposing my painting - The World As It Should Be - with this wretched dung heap we're all born into. At last, all will be made proper and good.

Sweet Innocent Hypatia

By

The Crown Killer

I come and I go, putting Hypatia to sleep as I want. But even when she's awake, I'm with her, looking out through her eyes; my cold, dry sister. She saves her love for the sooted workers, suffocating deep down in the mines. For the children in hovels at the edge of the city, cursed with short, nasty lives. And for Vasco, her trusted assistant, missing now for months. Wherever did he go, dear sister? I long to take him apart, to roll in the mess. Rutting against his slippery skull, driving myself against his red femur. In time, good Vasco, in time.

The Counter-Serum

By

Bartholomeus Vasco

Vasco

I finally understand it. There's a part of Hypatia that she doesn't even know about. It's always there, riding along in her mind. Takes over, and forces her to use more of the original serum, with some regularity. The Duke keeps her here. And - if I'm right - sends her out on diabolical assignments. Hypatia is the one the newspapers are calling the the Crown Killer. She leaves, and comes back leaving bloody footprints. But there's a cure, a counter-serum. I'll try to administer it, once I get my notes from the safe in Disease Treatment.

Hello? Oh, Alexandria. I was just. No! It's you.

Crown Killer

Yes, Vasco, my love. You're found out. And now we have some experiments to conduct. Come, I'll make you comfortable.

Vasco

Noooo!

The Ritual

By

Aramis Stilton

Tonight, Duke Abele and the others will drink my expensive whiskey and scheme. Jindosh will watch me like a cat with a half-chewed mouse.

Ashworth will sneer about how conventional of the rest of us are. Missing the obvious, she'll flirt for a while then put me in my place.

I'll sit on my anger, remembering what Theodanis meant to me. I'll tell myself I worked for this honor. I swung a pick in the mines, and now the fine folk are guests in my house. If they want to hold a séance, who am I to say it's nonsense?

Whatever happens, I'll regret it. But afterward, Meagan's coming by. Talking with her always sets me right.

Welcoming Speech

By

Aramis Stilton

Lucia Pastor

I know you're all ready to begin. Our speaker tonight is none other than Aramis Stilton, who owns the mines where those you love toil beneath the ground. Mister Stilton is known for his fairness, and that reputation is not for show.

Welcome to the stage, a friend to the Miners' Family Committee, Aramis Stilton.

Aramis Stilton

Good workers, good people, thank you for having me. Our annual dinner is always a special time and I cherish the conversations and the toasts as we renew our bonds.

My closest friend in this world, whose name some of you will no doubt guess, is known for this saying: "we rise together with the same dawn. We feel that same wind on our faces. We fish the same Ocean." These are words worth remembering, spoken by a man who fills my heart with joy.

As you dine tonight, surrounded by your families and the other miners from your teams, let those words echo in your thoughts. And above all, please enjoy yourselves. You've all earned it.

Winning Anton Over

By

Kirin Jindosh

Kirin Jindosh

Anton Sokolov, once the Royal Physician and Head of the the Academy of Natural Philosophy. In your prime, the most sought-after painter in all the Empire. My hero in younger days, now my puppet.

Anton Sokolov

If you're going to use this inelegant-looking device against me, get on with it, Jindosh. Though I'm not sure what you hope to accomplish. I must admit to feeling a bit of professional curiosity as to the function of the apparatus.

Kirin Jindosh

Patience, friend, patience. The sequence of events is important. You'll come to understand my electroshock machine, but when? Before or after that light leaves your eyes? And where does it go when it disappears? Who will tell me that?

Anton Sokolov

Has anyone ever loved the sound of his own voice as much as you do, Kirin? Perhaps the device could tell us that?

Kirin Jindosh

No, sadly, it cannot. But when it can do is take from you the thing you love the most. Your precious intellect. If you won't agree to collaborate on the

next clockwork prototype, I'll use the device on that brain of yours, Sokolov.

Anton Sokolov

I refuse. If I'm to be a drooling idiot, at least I won't be bothered by any more of your rambling theories.

Dishonored 2 Books

A Lecture on Bloodfly Fever

By

Unknown

TRANSCRIPT OF A LECTURE GIVEN AT THE ACADEMY OF
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY BY DOCTOR ALEXANDRIA HYPATIA:

Direct Attention to Chart 7

Here you have the final stage of the bloodfly infection. This patient is 37 years of age, and was a school headmistress before her unfortunate encounter with a large nest in her deceased uncle's greenhouse. Note the lesions on her face and arms, and the larval swellings throughout the body.

But what the drawings cannot show you is her demeanor before death; the most striking symptom of progressed infection is the protective attitude demonstrated towards the nest. This tells us, even prior to autopsy, that larvae, or their byproducts, have infected the intention center of the victim's brain.

Direct Attention to Silvergraph Image 4

There is no cure once the condition has advanced this far, though you can make your patient less agitated with a generous dosing of opiates. The subject died three days after this silvergraph was taken.

Direct Attention to Chart 8

And here is the fully mature insect, after its post-bloodfly transformation. Now in beetle form, note it has dropped its wings. It is no longer aggressive, and has many beneficial qualities especially in the field of agriculture. Without these insects many crops across Serkonos would suffer, leading to

loss of yield and a marked reduction in profits.

A Reflection on My Journey to the Pandyssian Continent (1)

By

Anton Sokolov

By Anton Sokolov

Introduction

A colleague of mine owns a stunning map of the Known World. Adorned with curlicues and sea beasts, it has a cherished spot over her mantle. She paid handsomely for it, and was so bristled when I enumerated the various errors. Chief among them, of course, the size and placement of the Pandyssian Continent. Oh, how cartographers are loath to show how small and distant our Empire really is compared to that giant landmass! As if Pandyssia were but a few days' journey from Arran!

Every veteran ship captain knows that it takes months to reach those shores!

I had no doubt that Pandyssia was rich in resources. But a place must be understood if we ever hope to exploit its myriad treasures. These were my thoughts as I agreed to join the ill-fated expedition. And so it was, on the third day of the Month of Earth, under calm grey skies, the great sea vessel Antonia Aquillo set sail with captain, crew, researchers, and myself, (thirty-eight of us total) for what would be the most terrifying and spiritually draining experience of my life.

A Reflection on My Journey to the Pandyssian Continent (2)

By

Anton Sokolov

By Anton Sokolov

Chapter 14

We were only miles from the shore, but our approach was marred by numerous hidden reefs and jagged rocks. They lay shallow and we spied two vessels that had succumbed to them some time ago. The remaining crew was uncharacteristically silent as we edged by the weathered wrecks.

The first mate declared a particularly narrow channel to be un-passable. But the Captain dispatched ten crewmen onto the submerged coral with sledgehammers. Thereafter, each chest-deep in water, they pulled the Antonia Aquillo into the tiny channel with ropes. It provided a marvelous solution!

However, just as we were about to lower the rope ladders, tragedy struck, as the men were beset by a school of reef-dwelling eels. Apparently, their toxic bites were quite painful. From the railing, we could see them swarming the men, who begged us for aid before succumbing to the paralytic effects of the toxin. Within moments, all were still in the water.

We continue on, in silence, and by sunset we had cleared the bars and put anchor in a bay with a red rock beach and emerald overgrowth beyond.

I confess I was near giddy to put my feet on land again! The smell of ripening fruits and warm earth was so pleasing to me as a cherished vintage. We gathered wood and made fires, and indulged in some tinned meat and lemons

from our stores. How good it was to slumber on the beach with the cackle of embers nearby, having finally escaped the cramped and damp quarters of our vessel! We took turns with the watch and passed a quiet night - at last, we stood on Pandysian soil!

A Reflection on My Journey to the Pandyssian Continent (3)

By

Anton Sokolov

By Anton Sokolov

Chapter 15

At dawn, I set out with the group that foraged east and included two other natural philosophers and four crewmen. We used blades to clear the vegetation that grew thickly here, and slowly made our way away from the shore up a steep incline. Our purpose was to gather samples of the native plants for our research journals. I found myself pressing leaves and stems between pages and taking copious notes on several species of flora I surmised no human had ever set eyes on previously, when suddenly young Mr. Gravet from the Academy began hopping about and screaming wildly!

Chance had bade him pick an unfortunate place to step! Aggressive ant-like creatures swarmed him from below. So many in number were his tiny attackers that we quickly lost sight of him under their onslaught. We finally managed to pull Gravet from the insects - acquiring several painful welts where we had come to his aide [sic]. Mr. Gravet however was bitten (or stung, as I would eventually discover) so many times he was barely recognizable. Swollen unto deformity, over every inch of his person. Moaning like a sick bull, he expired before we could carry him back to the beach. Luckily, some of the creatures still clung to him, providing me with precious samples!

A Reflection on My Journey to the Pandyssian Continent (4)

By

Anton Sokolov

By Anton Sokolov

Chapter 16

Two dead on our first day on the Continent, but the new world was not sated and would have one more! None other than the captain himself! His group had found a cluster of small rodents, much like rabbits or prairie moles. The lure of fresh meat proved too much a temptation for our good captain, who had dined on scant fish and the same rations as the crew all these dreary months. He was able to grab one of the creatures with his bare hands! But the docile beasts were not so tame after all.

Having allowed the captain to pick it up, the creature had become enraged and delivered several stings from a gland hidden in its tail. The Captain complained of “heat and itching” where the stings had penetrated, but insisted they press on. He died of asphyxiation within a quarter hour.

It was suddenly obvious to me that at this rate of attrition we would not only fail to sufficiently research the continent, but we might soon lack enough crew to make the return voyage! Something had to be done to save the venture! And so I immediately declared myself Captain. On my orders the remaining crew kept to the relative safety of the beach for the duration of the week.

Though I sent two young Academy students armed with nets and cages to fetch a live sample of the “prairie mole” that had so swiftly killed the

Captain. As first and foremost, ours was a research expedition.

Abandoned Diary - 2nd Day, Month of Wind, 1851

By

Unknown

From my window, I see you once a week. You lean against the light blue wall and open a book. I've noticed you have two hats. One of straw, and the other fabric. Both light in color. You avoid the sun, a kindness to your pale skin. Though I've never seen you roll up your pants higher than your ankles. Modesty, I wonder?

I wish I could go outside again.

Deep in the silver mines by dawn, I rarely saw the light of day myself. The accident happened almost five years ago. The explosion threw me onto my belly, crushing most of the fellows from my crew along with my legs, calling down tons of black rock and earth. Their muffled groans of agony stay with me even now.

I am unfit for mining. or any other work. Most of my days are whiled away as I sit in this crooked chair, looking through my window. Slants of sunlight ease the pain in my legs for a couple of hours each day. My heart waits for the next sighting, for the next time you take your rest in the shadow of the cool blue wall.

Abandoned Notebook

By

Unknown

It was the Month of Earth three years ago. The sky over Karnaca was full of stars. I remember it all clearly because that was the day I lost my position at the Royal Conservatory. I spent the night on this very roof, drinking and staring up at those points of light so far away, looking for some kind of answer.

One constellation stood out. A whale, with a bright blue star for an eye. It was beautiful, comforting somehow, like it was watching over me. And the day after that, with my head still pounding from the drink, I found something in a puddle in the street. Made of whalebone, carved with odd markings. A good luck charm, I thought, and it worked for a long time. Everything got better.

But now my luck has left me, like everyone I cared about, and everything I owned. It's silly, but I came back up here hoping that if I could see that kindly, star-eyed whale in the sky again, maybe things would pick back up. I'll wait here, watching. When it comes back, I'll wave at it and hope for another blessing. I don't know what else to do.

Anton Sokolov Diary - The Gears of Time

By

Anton Sokolov

Hello again, neglected journal,

I smile as I write this. For I know others will read it. When I'm gone to the Void. Or perhaps as I languish in a prison cell somewhere.

Fine then. Read away! And laugh - if it is in your nature - at my foolishness and my aching joints. Does it please you to know that even walking is a chore? But I am too proud to use a cane! I can hear my bones protest with every step. A most unpleasant grinding noise that follows me wherever I go.

Is it amusing to know that my eyes can barely see this page? Or that my hand trembles as I hold the pen?

Then laugh! Yes, the once great Sokolov is now just a tired old bag of bones. My meals are brought to me! Soon someone will have to hold the spoon lest I starve!

I find it nearly impossible to paint and even more difficult to urinate. So laugh!

But then pause in your glee, and take a moment to realize this: The same fate awaits you, my friend, should you be smart enough and lucky enough, to live as long as I have!

Anton Sokolov's Diary - Started painting again

By

Anton Sokolov

My thoughts dart here and there. I am at the whim of my aging brain. I smell an orange and it triggers a memory! All at once I am a boy back in school, suffering under the cruelty of Professor Olliphant! Her horrible wigs and the smell of old wool. The wool reminds me that I was once a man of position. And then I am thinking of my own cruelties, terrible deeds, performed in the name of science, progress, or profit. And then I am flooded with regrets and guilt. Then just as suddenly I am hungry or thinking about my knees or a nap.

And if I could quiet my mind, and apply myself to a task - say painting - like today - it is of little use. I find it odd that a time when I thought I might enjoy some rest and expand on my paintings, that my eyes are not as sharp as they need be, and my hands quiver unexpectedly. The smell of the paints assaults my nose, and muddles my thoughts. Did they always smell so?

Still, I have begun work on a canvas. I have no name for it yet.

Anton Sokolov's Investigation Notes

By

Anton Sokolov

Why can't an old man enjoy his last years in a warmer climate, with good wines, and spicy foods, without stumbling into another nest of aristocratic vipers, eager to coil around the heart of the Empire.

As I've learned more, each week for months now, I've found my mind turning, turning over the moments beneath the surface here in Karnaca. Duke Luca Abele and some inner circle that even seems to include Captain Mortimer Ramsey of the Dunwall City Watch, a betrayal that boggles the mind. How many others are involved? They aim their venom at our dear Empress, young Emily, that much is certain, but when will they strike, and how?

Do I dare spend another month gathering stray bits of esoteric information, linking it together with what we already know? Can we even afford another week? Or should Meagan and I set out for Gristol tonight, taking this leaky tub up through the Canal?

Corvo will not hesitate. He will act as soon as I hand over what I know, and if I'm too hasty, it might be his undoing, coming home to his native Serkonos without some critical piece of knowledge about this affair.

And then there's the Crown Killer to worry about. If that fiend is part of Duke Abele's schemes, as I suspect, how long until the Dreadful Wale catches the Duke's eye?

Aramis Stilton's Diary

By

Aramis Stilton

12th, Nets

After spending a day inspecting Tunnel Twelve, I overheard Claire talking about my hands. "What sort of gentleman are we working for?" she asked. "All that black under his nails. Disgusting." That's exactly what she said, and the words continue ringing in my ears. I'll talk with Jaime to see if he has any advice.

14th, Nets

Jaime said "many fine gents" get their fingers manicured at the barber's. So tomorrow when I get a shave, I'll ask for this service as well.

15th, Nets

Though his shop is small, Miguel is the best barber in the Batista District. I've seen him for years, since before all this money and hubbub. I asked him for a manicure and he snorted, knowing it wasn't like me. Being new to all this, I simply said, "Give me what everyone else gets." I didn't realize the simple act of having my nails cleaned would involve the application of expensive, strong smelling lacquers! It does not suit me, so I must take steps to get this off my hands before tomorrow's mine inspection.

16th, Nets

The lacquer was quite hard. Thankfully, I found that it softened somewhat with turpentine, leaving it susceptible to a good scrubbing with gritted paper. Though now my hands look more abused than ever.

Beyond Black Spittle

By

Ungar Poltomy

A Complete Listing of Symptoms due to the Inhalation of Airborne Debris

Any of the following symptoms can be observed after sustained exposure to mining dust, alone or in combination:

Coughing, Sneezing, Neck Complaints, Necrosis of the Eye, Insidious Deficiency, Pleurisy, Lung Purge, Miners Ear, Black Spittle, Black Vomit, Confusion, Pneumonia, Lack of Appetite, Excessive Appetite, Tremors, Bartholomew's Rigor, Apoplexy, Death.

Should any of these be present, as a prescription I recommend a full Change of Air, followed by a month of leisure along the coast. Use suction to remove dusts and debris from the nose and ears. Apply boiled onions and flax to the chest. These remedies should bring some relief, especially when used in conjunction.

Blood of the Abele House

By

Unknown

Chapter Four, Introduction

This chapter will focus on Edithia Abele, steward of Cullero! With sword in hand, she swept the marshes of raiders, sacrificing her life for Serkonos. We will provide newly uncovered insights into the exploits of Rabinos Abele, who built the ornate wooden bridges of Saggunto.

Follow along as we map out the expansions occurring under the Abeles, through which trade routes to the other Isles were established, bringing riches to the nation-state. Even as waves of settlers continued to join Serkonos from Morley, the Abeles balanced growth against Serkonan culture.

In later chapters, we will detail the times of Theodanis Abele, true son of Serkonos. Brave and benevolent, he united the East and West as no other before him. Even the rowdy people of Bastillian swore loyalty to him. One Isle, one Serkonos, united under House Abele! Lastly, we will settle on Luca Abele, who rules today, partaking in feasts and merriments of all kinds, bringing joy to our fair Isle!

Bloodfly Experiment Notes

By

Unknown

Day One: My plans are underway sooner than expected. Yesterday evening, I stumbled upon the corpse of a hound in the street. The bloodflies had only found it a day or so earlier, I estimate, and I was able to extract intact bloodfly larva from it. I'm keeping them warm under a nice side of mutton.

Day Two: Success! Two of my samples hatched overnight, which was sooner than I could have anticipated. They're both active and get quite agitated when I draw near.

Day Seven: I didn't think it was possible, but they've almost quadrupled in size from when I found them.

Day Ten: Still no nest, which puts a fairly large dent in my hopes for blood amber extraction.

Book of Sermons

By

Unknown

SERMON FOR MID-HEARTH EVE

Pious Serkonans and my Righteous brothers from the Abbey, welcome all.

We are being tested in these times, tested by the Outsider. He searches daily for weakness, for fear. And what form, this test? Bloodflies. Biting vermin that are the very representation of our moral decay, or corrupted spirit! Minions of the Outsider, escaped from the Void! And all the while he laughs. Each infestation brings him ecstasy. Each death, a victory for him, a battle won in his endless war against our steadfastness.

But he needs an ally in our world. Where does the Outsider find these traitors? In those places most downtrodden! Crumbling buildings, stinking whorehouses, and filthy back alleys where fishmongers toss the innards of their catch! In the sewers where mudlarks collect dropped trinkets among putrid human waste! And in ale houses. Trust not these dark places and their denizens! The Mark of the Outsider is upon them.

Let us now contemplate the Strictures as we listen to the Hymn, "Corruption At My Heels, I Hasten Away."

Book of the Fallen

By

Unknown

Inscribed here are the names of the Abbey faithful who have fallen waging war against the heretic Paolo, in the contest for the heart and soul of this district.

Overseer Icharos Humphry

Overseer Terrence Rios

Overseer Tye Abstanso

Overseer William Mudd

Overseer Clauss Brigg

Overseer Hsu Chou

Overseer Esteban Apothos

Overseer Anthony Russell

Overseer Michael Russell

Overseer Benjamin Russell

Overseer Stephen Powers

Overseer Laurent Barbier

Overseer Mickael Rodriguez

Overseer Montgomery Martinez

Overseer John Blaine Marshall

Overseer Manuel Galvan

Overseer Daniel Riggins

Overseer Eugene Portnoy

Overseer Elan Moore

Overseer Thomas Lee Norton

Overseer Yulan Huang

Overseer Mikola Bivos

[Vice Overseer Liam Byrne]

Corvo Attano, The Royal Protector In Our Times, Part 01

By

Unknown

His parents were older at the time of his birth, and his father died in a lumber accident outside the city when Corvo was still young. Around that time, his only sibling, a first-born sister, moved away to Morley and the family subsequently lost all contact with her.

Only 16, Corvo dazzled the people of Karnaca when he entered and won the annual Blade Verbena. The spectators, from all over Serkonos, were thrilled to see someone so young and striking, from a working class family, advance through duel after duel, eventually taking the prize. This unexpected outcome secured Corvo a junior officer ranking in the Grand Serkonan Guard.

As a soldier, he was involved in a number of conflicts against organized criminal groups, rogue city states within Serkonos, and pirate bands along the chain of islands radiating east from Serkonos. Sent from his homeland at the age of 18 by the Duke of Serkonos (then Theodanis Abele, father of Luca Abele), Corvo was assigned to serve the Emperor in Dunwall as a diplomatic gift. His Serkonan heritage made him a bit of an outsider in Dunwall, but the capital city must have seemed exotic and full of old world mystery.

A few months after he moved to Dunwall, it is recorded that Corvo received word that his mother had passed away several weeks after his departure from Karnaca.

Corvo Attano, The Royal Protector In Our Times, Part 02

By

Unknown

In an act of rebellion, young Jessamine Kaldwin chose Corvo as her Royal Protector when Corvo was 19 and she was 12. He served her loyally as a bodyguard, courier and some say spy, before and after she was crowned Empress. Though it was scandalous gossip at the time, it is said they began a love affair around 1823, when Jessamine was 18 and Corvo 25.

The next chapter of Attano's life is like something out of a legend.

During the Time of the Rat Plague, when the Empress fell, Corvo was accused of regicide and sentenced to execution. He was thrown into Coldridge Prison and publicly reviled. He escaped, and as part of a small conspiracy dedicated to throwing down the tyrannical Lord Regent, Corvo struck back at the people who killed the Empress and who wronged him. As the Lord Regent fell, the Loyalist conspiracy turned on Corvo, poisoning him. Surviving through some inner resilience, he located the true assassin of the Empress and fought his way out of the Flooded District. Corvo eventually cornered the last of the Loyalists on Kingsparrow Island, at the Burrows Lighthouse, and rescued Emily Kaldwin, heir to the throne.

The romantic involvement between Corvo Attano and the Empress Jessamine Kaldwin was a terribly-kept court secret, and thus it is widely held that Emily Kaldwin is their daughter. Following the interregnum, Corvo watched over Emily as she began to rule the Empire of the Isles.

Counter-serum Notes

By

Bartholomeus Vasco

This time, it has to work. I'm certain the dosage is right. And I will only have one chance.

- Grind all the solid ingredients together, including the aluminum salts.

DONE

- Add some egg whites (they should have some in the kitchen, but I'll have to be discreet).

DONE

- Two weeks in my safe, away from daylight, should be enough for the serum base to activate.

- Add half a syringe of tainted blood taken from an infested human corpse. If Dr. Hypatia was in her right mind, she would probably object to this step. But since the Grand Guard put Addermire under lockdown, several men have died, killed by bloodflies. They might as well serve the greater good. All the previous blood samples seemed promising. I'll need to avoid being seen again by the janitor.

- Heat the final mixture.

- Inject as soon as possible.

Death in the Month of Songs

By

Anisa Mateo

[Excerpt from a longer work, translated from old Serkonan - By Anisa Mateo of Serkonos]

She was shy in the Month of Hearths

Hiding from my scented letters

A sun-dappled cure for my loneliness

She was smiling in the Month of Rain

Eating figs straight from the tree

A dream of sailing around the Isles

She was wed in the Month of Clans

To her sailor cousin from Cullero

A shrill bird, drilling at my chest

She was dying in the Month of Songs

Struck by a disease from the East

A terrible kiss on her distant lips

Delilah's Diary

By

Delilah Copperspoon

I have a strong desire to paint my niece Emily Kaldwin, bound to a burning pyre! I'd match the reds of the flame with her insufferable mouth. Her spoiled, sullen pout! Maybe I will begin sketches soon, or maybe I'll grow bored with the notion.

Luca continues to use Karnaca as his playground. I am pleased he is unrestrained by the petty restraints of society and so-called etiquette. I am only beginning to understand the ways I've changed. But my Duke is the same as he ever was, since he was a boy. Wonderful to be so carefree.

If I could, I would move on Dunwall today! But there is no better moment than the anniversary of Jessamine's death. Our approach will be masked by the other visitors from across my Empire. And there will be a certain symmetry, that historians will no doubt find most satisfying, between my sister's death and my own ascension.

These statues. Words cannot describe how I loathe them. But it was their own fault. They approached me without the proper respect! I could see what they were thinking. It was their eyes that gave them away. So now they are stone and I am the one who looks upon them with scorn!

They think I'm not as regal as Jessamine! Emily is nothing, we all know that. But they compare me to my half sister, and find me wanting. Is my manner not as refined as Jessamine's? I practiced diction right along with her! In secret anyway. Hidden in her closet. Tucked between the fabric of her suits. Clothes that should have been mine! I wish Jessamine were alive, to see that now I am the one donned in silks!

Silks! Have they served me well? One by one all my friends and allies have been eliminated. I rule over statues. Mute and cold. They disgust me. Nothing is how I imagined it would be.

There is still hope. Even now I work on a painting that has no equal. With it I create a perfect world where they were look on me with awe! They will love me without restraint or condition! The world as it should be.

Diary of a Witch

By

Unknown

Third Day

Found me a dead man on the beach today, draped in seaweed and jellies. His belly so swollen I feared it might burst if I poke it. Half a dozen crabbies scampered out his open maw. I were thinking I might try me some strong magic. The kind that needs a limb or two for full potency. So I carries one of his legs home. Pulled off easy.

Fifth Day

Foul luck! The angelica bloom was sharp as a sailor's tongue, but still the spell went bad. I don't fathom it, because the leg was big and full of juices.

Eight [sic] Day

Ah! Come to me in a dream what went wrong! That soggy leg I used weren't near enough fresh, and it spoilt the magic. Next time I'll make a deal with the undertaker, and get me a nice recent mort.

Diary of Paloma Attano

By

Paloma Attano

20th, Month of Wind, 1816

I cried again this morning, and can't bring myself to eat.

It's not that I'm not proud of my Corvo. I've always been proud of him. Always known he was special. So much quicker and stronger than the other boys. So serious. His eyes, keen, even when he was barely able to walk. I nearly burst with pride sometimes.

I knew when he went after the Blade Verbena he'd win it, even so young. I pretended to worry, to wring my hands and look away, and catch my breath, but it was an act. I knew he'd win.

I just never thought he'd be sent away, taken to Dunwall. I should be happy about his new position, bragging, not crying. Oh, my chest feels heavy just thinking of it. He didn't have a choice, did he? They've taken him from me. Set him on a new road. My poor boy.

First Beatrice, years ago. My wanderer daughter, setting off for who knows where, guided only by the stars. And now my Corvo, racing away into unknown weather.

Diary of Professor Bracamontes

By

Professor Bracamontes

13th

I was very much surprised Professor Lignon presented me with a gift. Our bitter rivalry has been most vexing lately. Perhaps it has vexed him well, hence this little peace offering. Yet as gifts go, it seems wanting - a bit of bone with scratches on it. Though I suppose, given his area of expertise, he believes it suitable. So for now I'll withdraw my complaints to the head office.

15th

I've become most fascinated by the bone trinket Lignon gave me. I see now those scratches are really letters of some kind. Quite exquisite actually! I have detected the slightest bit of warmth emanating from the thing, and am most intrigued. But the evening grows cold, so I'll continue my observations tomorrow.

20th

I've cancelled classes for the day, as I've taken on the most aggressive chill! How I shiver! My one comfort is Lignon's little gift. When I hold it in my hand I feel such warmth from it!

Tomorrow I'll go to Addermire Institute, maybe spend a week there. If my health permits it, I intend to write to Lignon to express my gratitude.

28th

Doctors are stumped of course. Fools. No I will not drink their foul tasting medicine! My little charm will protect me from this confound chill. Even now it seeks to warm me. Why it's almost too hot to hold! Lignon has been named Headmaster. I must write and congratulate him, and will do so as soon as my fingers feel thawed!

Doctor's Accounting Book

By

Unknown

Mr. Acosta

Symptoms: Acute shortness of breath, persistent rattle in the left lung, headache.

Remedy: Recommended inhalation of vaporated sorrel fluids to clear lung obstruction. Followed by a mixture of ice and salt, applied at both temples to relieve headache.

Payment: Coupons from Santiago Fisheries. Probably two weeks worth of fish.

Mrs. Gaspar

Symptoms: Insomnia, dry hands, cramping of the stomach.

Remedy: Recommended eating four small onions before retiring to bed, to fight insomnia. Daily calf packings soaked in vinegar and distilled leech serum.

Payment: She'll mend my shirts and pants. I can pick them up at the end of the week.

Mr. Viteri

Symptoms: Nosebleed, toothache, weak nerves.

Remedy: Symptoms possibly related to bloodfly stings. For bleeding at the

nose, tilt back the head and engage in vigorous motion of the jaws, as if in the act of mastication. Daily injections of purified River Krust ichor will strengthen the weak nerves.

Payment: Half mutton. Doesn't look fresh. I'll boil it when I can get to it, to eliminate infestation or parasites.

Dr. Galvani's Journal

By

Dr. Galvani

I've been invited to a soiree at the Boyle Estate. Of course, I won't attend. The 28th day of the 7th month, the Month of High Cold, is the day I met Anton Sokolov at the Academy. Why would I tarnish the anniversary of the most important day of my life by licking aristocratic boots? I have no time for fools. I will be solving the riddle of this plague.

Perhaps I'll raise a cup of Tyvian red.

2nd Day, Month of Earth, 1852

I've lived in Dunwall most of my life, surviving even the dreaded Rat Plague fifteen years ago. I remember people fighting and killing each other for a half empty elixir flask. I dealt with house-breakers repeatedly back then, and ultimately decided to sell my house at Clavering in favor of a more secure location.

Surely, I won't be disturbed anymore, living so close to Dunwall Tower itself. On some days, I've even seen the Empress riding by in a carriage. Once already, I thought I spied the Royal Protector on a nearby rooftop, watching a street altercation below. So I feel safer now. I have less space here, but should still be able to conduct my experiments without fearing the loss of any expensive lab equipment or the funding my work so dearly depends upon.

24th Day, Month of Earth, 1852

In the middle of the Coup against our fair Empress Emily, whom I've supported since her mother's time, I was robbed again! Some miscreant took

advantage of the chaos and broke into my new apartment. I give up, this city is cursed. I'm leaving forever. I've sold everything and I'm off to Tyvia.

If you come back again, you scoundrel, enjoy your visit to my home. There's nothing left to steal! Maybe you can roll yourself up in my carpets and lick the dust from the furniture, since you seem to have such an obsession with me!

Dr. Hypatia's Notebook

By

Alexandria Hypatia

- I must ask Captain Ramirez if the Grand Palace answered my letter. Improving the Addermire Solution formula is a priority, but I want to get back to my patients, who need me. Did I even give the captain my letter? Maybe I'll write another. It can't hurt.
 - If I find time, I'll prepare a dose of woodwort powder for Lieutenant Valiente, who came to me spouting some strange theory. I doubt he's slept in a week. Severe anxiety and paranoia. Might be a danger to himself or to others.
 - I've had new complaints about poor old Hamilton. Apparently, he spends his nights wandering in the Institute, mumbling about horrible things only he can see. He must miss the days when we were actually helping people here, as I do. In any case, our loyal janitor wouldn't hurt a fly.
- Everyone is on edge these days. I wish I could discuss all this with Vasco, but I haven't seen him in weeks. Is he avoiding me? I hope I didn't hurt his feelings when I told him I needed room to breathe.

Dreadful Wale Accounting

By

Unknown

6th, Songs

Out: 32 coins

Docking and Late Fee

M. Tallenger

8th, Songs

Out: 25 coins

Ferrying Cargo (night)

Piccolo and Tate

8th, Songs

Out: 50 coins

Krust Removal on Hull

Shipyard

9th, Songs

Out: 20 coins

New Sextant

Carrbury Est.

10th, Songs

Out: 5 coins

Gave out coins

Mudlarks

10th, Songs

Out: 25 coins

Chicken, Potatoes, Oil

Market

12th, Songs

Out: 10 coins

Anton's Seasick Pills

Apothecary on Swain

13th, Songs

Out: 25 coins

Matches, Length of rope

Traders Co.

16th, Songs

Out: 40 coins

Night Ferry of Cargo

Piccolo and Tate

17th, Songs

In: 6 coins

Sold Rockfish

Fishmonger Raul

19th, Songs

Out: 12 coins

Barrels of Oil, Slime Removal

Shipyard

21st, Songs

Out: 20 coins

Mutton, Carrots, Potatoes

Market

Empress Jessamine Kaldwin

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a book on the late Empress]

Many of those who lived through her reign will weep until the ends of their lives over the pale beauty with the piercing eyes, and the foul end she met at the hands of her own twisted servant and protector.

In her father's day, the Kaldwins were thrust in the limelight despite their distance to the throne, when the former dynasty provided no heirs. A prosperous age followed the Emperor, but his daughter would have different luck. During her short life, political intrigue and minor conflicts created cracks in the Empire, undermining unity across the Isles.

The Rat Plague, however, was a terror for which neither Empress Kaldwin nor any other living being was prepared.

[Excerpt from a book on the late Empress]

Perhaps in retrospect other historians will see how easy it was for us to fall into the traps set by the schemers who managed the assassination of Empress Jessamine Kaldwin. By allowing them to write history, it was for years thought that her trusted protector Corvo Attano was also her murderer. A concept we now know to be utterly false. Yet even after the tricksters themselves were put down, banished or imprisoned, it remained "common knowledge" that the royal protector was also Jessamine's murderer.

How nicely they arranged history for us, and how readily we devoured their stories, hungry for each perfectly cooked morsel. But it is well past the time for us to set aside this plate of lies. The schemers were not to be trusted with

the Empire, or with Jessamine's life, and they are certainly not to be trusted with the writing down of accurate histories!

Everyman's Face

By

Unknown

ON MAKING THE MASKS:

Heat the metal to pouring temperature, then speak the words of John Claverling. "Behold the face of Holger, who fell in battle this day. It is the picture of outrage at the conditions of this loathsome world."

And so pour into the mold, derived from the original drawing in black ink on calfskin parchment, the face which kept its beauty, even in death.

Pour the metal with care. With full awareness of what you bring into these lands. If the metal splatters, or if it is improperly measured, then be assured the Outsider is present and all must be purified, and the process started anew.

Let the masks come to a cool temperature, then remove them from the molds, and speak thusly from the Tome of Objects: "Holger the Pure, whose face is preserved herein for us across the ages, strike fear into our enemies, and dread into all sinners. So may it be!"

Set aside any in which a Brother misspeak, or in which even if seeming an accident, a mask is dropped, or any imperfection is detected. Melt these down and repurify the liquid metal.

All such masks must be perfect in form, imbued with the conviction of the Abbey.

Funny Stories from Serkonos

By

Unknown

Early one morning, near dawn, Marcollo's wife hears a knock at the door. It's one of Marcollo's friends.

"Where's my husband?" She asks. "He was supposed to be with you, picking up a case of Orbon Rum."

"I'm sorry," says Marcollo's friend, "but something horrible happened at the distillery. Marcollo toppled head-first into a barrel of rum and drowned."

So the wife starts blubbering, "Oh, my love! He's gone. At least tell me it was a quick death."

"I can't lie," says Marcollo's friend, "He got out three times to piss!"

Gathering of the Regenters

By

Unknown

2nd Day, Month of Timber, 1851

All members present.

Primary Agenda: Possible actions for the upcoming Anniversary of the Death of Empress Jessamine Kaldwin.

Proposal by Correy Brockburn: Letter to the Karnaca Gazette, explaining that while her murder was reprehensible, the end results may have been positive for the Empire.

Action: Motion approved unanimously.

Proposal by Janice Tines: Members wear Lord Regent's crest armbands on the Anniversary.

Objection by Correy Brockburn: Lovely idea, but it may hurt business for members who need to deal with many clients on that day. Clients may find it in poor taste.

Action: 4 votes against, 3 votes in favor. Motion rejected.

Counter-proposal by Janice Tines: Armbands could be worn on the 15th anniversary of the Lord Regent's (unlawful) arrest.

Action: Motion approved unanimously.

Proposal by Teodoro Benitez: Campaign demanding wider deployment of the

Wall of Light, brought back into use inKarnacaby DukeLuca Abele. “The Boldest Measures Are the Safest.”

Action: Vote delayed until word comes fromGrand Guardleadership, collecting facts on reductions of crime across Karnaca. Proposal added to agenda for next gathering.

Cocktails and spirits served.

Get the Clankers Off Karnaca's Streets!

By

Unknown

Beware a strange sound, like the clanking of a factory machine. You might be seconds from an encounter with the latest work of our Grand Inventor, Kirin Jindosh.

And what should we think of these new marvels of industry, coveted by the wealthiest members of Karnacan society and standing vigil over their estates?

I will tell you! These Clockwork Soldiers are a danger to us all, taking lives with all the morality of a shopkeeper's adding machine! They fight for days without rest, as long as the whale oil tanks hidden in their backs don't run dry.

Tyranny awaits unless we act now and re-establish the lawful society established by the former Duke of Serkonos, twice the leader his indolent, irresponsible son has proven to be. Citizens of Karnaca, fight to get these clankers off our streets!

Goodbye, Karnaca - A Musician's Farewell

By

Unknown

12th

Well, it was pure luck, but I managed to get myself passage to Morley aboard a decent ship. The Dreadful Wale, it's called. Is that a mistake? Shouldn't it be the Dreadful Whale, like the sea beast? I didn't want to risk pointing something like that out to the captain, that Foster lady. She looks like the sort to dump a disagreeable passenger overboard without a second thought.

14th

Goodbye, Karnaca. I won't miss you. Times are getting bad there. I don't know what's more unbearable, breathing mine dust all day long or hearing the constant ramblings of Duke Luca Abele over the street speakers. Every bar I played in, some drunk asked me to sing a song either making the Duke sound like a hero of the people, or the opposite, the worst villain in a generation. I got sick of it, pretty fast.

It will take a few weeks to get to Morley, give or take some days, depending on the currents and winds. But I appreciate the company of Captain Foster and the other passenger, a Tyvian scholar, I think. I try to help out around the boat as much as I can, cooking, cleaning, and repairing stuff. Playing the guitar for them at night. I hope they don't throw me to the sharks when they find out I'm dirt broke. I won't be able to pay my fare when we reach Morley.

19th

Morleyan food seems to suit Captain Foster. She likes the way I use lots of sugar and toss a shot of whiskey into all my recipes. Even if she grouched at the end of the week for how many of the supplies I'd gone through.

24th

Spent the night on the deck with Meagan and Anton, though he slept in a chair nearby, wrapped in a goat-hair blanket that looks like it hasn't been washed since it was on the goat's back. I played the guitar, while Meagan and I drank rum and whiskey, singing sad old Serkonan ballads, and giving silly names to the stars. She even hummed along with me when she got drunk enough, but mostly preferred just to listen. Said I have the same voice as someone she knew once, a long while back. Off and on, I hear her playing the same old audiograph in her cabin, making me wonder if that's who she was talking about. Maybe I'm feeling jealous.

28th

What a fool I am, trying to kiss Meagan down in the engine room. She didn't even yell, just smiled a sad smile, like you would at a child who still believes in night-spirits.

Tomorrow we'll reach Morley, and I'll disappear as quietly as I can. I've decided to leave her my Serkonan guitar, as a souvenir, and the only payment I can afford. I hope she'll forgive me. And that she'll find whoever she's looking for.

Hamilton's Diary

By

Joe Hamilton

This time I'm sure, I saw it. I saw, well, I don't know what or who it was, but there was someone, some hooded creature. Dragging some bloody thing along the corridor. I'm not sure whether its prey was another dog or one of the guards. Not sure which I'd prefer. Those bastards have been mocking me for months now, saying that I lost it and that Dr. Hypatia should lock me up. Captain Ramirez said it's all in my head and that I'd better stop spreading rumors

Dr. Hypatia didn't say much when I first mentioned the half-devoured dog, found in Recuperation. Is she protecting someone? Dr. Vasco looks most suspicious to me. He hasn't even left Recuperation for weeks now. And last time I saw him, he was drawing some rotten blood from the body of the guard who got stung to death by bloodflies. I'm no doctor, but I know that this is not part of the Addermire Solution recipe that Dr. Hypatia invented.

Anyway, if nobody will listen to me, I'll have to track the monster down myself. I'll set up some traps and keep watch every night, until I find out what is going on here.

Handbook For New Miners

By

Unknown

The Handbook For New Miners - An Essential Guide for Safely Navigating Your Work in the Mines

You are about to embark on a journey deep underground. The work is hard, but for the people who dig deep, there is long-standing tradition behind the labor, behind the culture itself. You will explore and excavate vast caverns in search of precious silver and other valuable ores. Your eyes may be the first to take in the grandeur of some of these underground grottos and seemingly endless shafts. However, as you must know, mining is one of the most dangerous jobs in the Empire of the Isles. Before you begin it is essential you understand these basic safety rules.

Always bring a full days' ration of food and water with you. Two if you can carry the extra weight.

Be aware that canaries and sparrows are susceptible to invisible vapors, and will swoon when harmful gasses are present. Exit the mine immediately if this should happen to caged birds near you.

Always wear the protective goggles and breathing apparatus provided by the Foreman's Office.

Stay with your group at all times. Do not venture alone into unmarked caverns and tunnels.

Watch those working around you for sign of exhaustion or dizziness. Keep one another safe.

Demand for silver is at an all time high. So work hard, stay safe, and keep the precious metal coming!

Courtesy of the Miner's Union, paid for by Aramis Stilton.

Journal - Corporal Valadez

By

Corporal Valadez

It's been six months now since I came to Addermire on permanent assignment. I'm not sure it was a good idea anymore. At first I enjoyed the isolation because it allowed me to pretend that I'd left my past behind me.

But now I catch myself singing just to break the silence. I sniff and inspect every bite before eating. When I shower with water from Addermire's reservoirs, I don't feel clean. It's as if disease is in the very walls.

So many sick people have come through here, for years! And not only carrying germs, but suffering maladies of the mind. Those kinds of things leave a mark on a place, even after the particular smell, and look at you like you're just a pile of organs.

I'm probably sick already, having breathed this cold, wet air for so long. It's hard to believe people used to come here to get well.

Addermire feels like a tomb now.

Maybe I'll go keep watch on the roof deck. Enjoy the sun while I can.

Last Entry in a Sailor's Diary

By

Unknown

15th

Born in Dunwall. Thought I'd die here too. But I got to go find a new home. It ain't one way or the other to me who runs the Empire. Euhorn from way back, his granddaughter Lady Emily, this new Delilah, whoever. None of 'em could be like Jessamine. She really had something special.

Anyway, I'd stay, but Dunwall's gone to junk, and there ain't nothing here for an old sailor. I'm gonna get killed in the street just for buying an ale, that's what. I got one regret, that I'll never see my secret room again. Bin working on it since I was a young man. My shrine. Lucky little tidbits I found here and there. My whalebone carvings. Quite a collection. But I can't bring a whole room with me, now can I?

Anyway, I ain't so old that I can't start a new shrine wherever I wash up. Maybe Tyvia.

Last Entry in the Matron's Diary

By

Unknown

I've been "dismissed."

That's how they put it, like I'd just brought the tea, and I could take my leave. And me, the fool, thinking I'm getting an afternoon off for a change. I says, "Grand! I'll see you early in the morning." Oh, my face turned a shade of crimson when they said I was never to return. Never! No explanation, and I'm not even allowed to see the good doctor.

I must have done something awful to deserve such ill treatment, but what? Didn't I always support Hypatia? Didn't I do all she asked? I was her other set of hands, her own words! I've been trying to recall what it was I could've done that was so wrong.

I did leave that vial of medicine on the counter, and it got spoiled. But that was over a month ago, and Hypatia didn't seem the least upset by it. Now I think she must have been ever so disappointed in me, but perhaps too sweet to say anything to my face about it.

All that work left to do. I'm too distraught to write anything more.

Lost Student Notebook

By

Unknown

Today's lesson was most stimulating. We watched Dr. Alexandria Hypatia dissect a bloodfly, extracting the venom glands used in her Addermire Solution formula.

We learned over the mezzanine railing, stretching our necks to note her every movement. Working in her laboratory below, her gestures were precise, and she explained everything patiently, in a soft voice. She views bloodfly venom, treated properly, as a potential blessing to Karnaca and the Empire.

As a hopeless devotee of hers, I found it all hypnotic.

Spreading the wings with tweezers, she opened the insect's carapace with a scalpel and pinned it back. I chuckled to myself, remembering the awful mess I made dissecting my first swamp frog at the Academy. Dr. Hypatia collected the venom glands, dropping them into a preserving serum.

I hope someday I can return to Addermire, but as a doctor, working with Hypatia.

Marykate's Diary

By

Marykate

The High and Mighty Overseer himself was here when Delilah took the throne.

The look on his face as she vanquished Emily the False and her Serkonan father will forever keep a candle flame flickering in my heart. Watching him beat a frantic retreat, knowing he'd return with others of his bloviating sect; knowing they would fall before us. It was delicious.

The Tower is ours now. Dunwall and Karnaca are ours. Soon too the Oracular Sisters, and when my mistress finishes her painting, we will own all the Empire.

- Marykate

Meagan Foster's Notebook

By

Meagan Foster

I'm starting to understand why Anton wanted to go to Dunwall to seek [Emily's/Corvo's] help. [She's/he's] impressive. I have to wonder if [she's/he's] really suited for palace life. Maybe [she/he] wonders that [herself/himself] sometimes.

We could've been good friends, at a time when I was running across the rooftops like [she/he] is now, watching my enemies from the shadows.

I just hope [she's/he's] breathing tomorrow morning, so I can complain when she puts [her/his] dusty boots up on the table again. I've lost so many friends. First my sweet Deirdre. Others along the way. Good old Aramis Stilton, who disappeared three years ago. And now Anton.

Maybe this is my punishment. I'm bad luck.

Please, [Emily/Corvo], bring him back.

I've seen mean storm clouds gathering, only to disperse in an hour's time. I've seen monstrous waves in the distance, towering like high hills, that were only a ripple by the time they reached the boat.

Things aren't right. They never have been, but at least everything's held at the center for a long while. Now I worry all the time. For me, for Anton, for everything. I should quit. Disappear again. Anyone else would, I think. Self preservation is only natural. I could take my boat and go anywhere. Be anybody. Be nobody. Nobody again. I'd like that.

I've had many different lives. Could I start a new one now? How many more

do I have left? I'm so tired. I wish I could sleep, and wake up as somebody else.

What day is it? I guess it doesn't matter.

I don't know what will happen. No one can know. But I have a feeling that we'll all be dead soon. Everyone dies, just like my sweet Deidre, twitching in the mud. But I think death is very close now. The air feels strange. The wind is coming from the West. I saw a dead gull floating in some foam.

Don't go off to Dunwall, Billie! That's what I'm reading from all the signs. I could run. Finally try to find him at long last, the old Knife himself. They could rent another boat. They don't need me, not really. So I could run.

I should run. Haven't I had more than my share of blood?

So, why am I still here?

Mindy Blanchard's Diary - Notes on Magical Marks

By

Mindy Blanchard

4th Day, Month of Clans

It's festering now, and the healer says I need to keep the poultice on for another day at least. He wanted to put a fleam on me, but I took out my blade and that changed his mind. But it's not all a loss, because now I know it ain't how deep you cut the tattoos. Deeper just makes them ooze pus. Ain't nothing magical in that.

12th Day, Month of Songs

I finally come to realize it ain't enough just to have a tattoo. A tattoo is nothing but a pretty picture put in your skin. That's all.

So I been studying those marks on Paolo's talisman. I don't know where he got that old dried up corpse hand - he takes a bullet in the head, a blade in the gut, whatever - and then he's back in his little secret room, right next to his office, like nothing ever happened. Maybe some day I'll just drink a little more than usual and ask him straight up.

Anyway it's something out of this world. I can tell just by looking at it. I get a funny feeling close up. Wish I could look close at the marks on it. I bet there's special herbs or something in the ink. Or maybe not herbs - something more. Mayhap whale's brain or crushed bloodfly wings. Or something brought up from the mines and crushed into powders.

25th Day, Month of Songs

Whale blood in the ink's not right. I'm feeling terribly off. Head pounding worse than since I was little and that other boy hit me between the brows with a brick, just before I threw him off the water tower. And the tattoo ain't setting proper-like.

My Effigies of the Oracular Sisters

By

Unknown

4th Day

It's been difficult to create effigies of the Oracular Sisters. They keep to themselves, rarely venturing outside. Impossible to get the hair and nail clippings I need.

But I have an idea. If the Sisters are linked even beyond death, then I can use the bones of their dead, dug from an Abbey graveyard, to attune the Oraculum to the minds of living Sisters.

12th Day

It's done. Adolfina and several others brought back a wagon full of coffins. I'll start on new effigies at once.

19th Day

Still only faint voices. Nothing near the connection required to give them dreams. I must adjust the lenses, refine the effigies, sleep with their skulls beneath my blankets for a few nights more. Perhaps integrate the scarves they use to cover their eyes.

21st Day

Delilah is anxious about my progress, and yet there's not much to tell. I was able to interrupt several Oracular Sisters in conversation, leaving them momentarily at a loss for words. I'm confident that soon enough I'll be able to make them say whatever I wish. Then I'll have news for my Empress in

Dunwall.

23rd Day

At last! I held one of the Sisters in a trance-like state for an hour. Delilah was ecstatic. Soon we will control the Oracular Order.

Old Charm Carver's Writings

By

Unknown

10th of Rain

I found a sailor dead in the street. Dragged her to an alley to check for loot. Don't know what killed her, but it wasn't thieves since her pockets was full of coins and other things. The best was two nice pieces of whalebone. I made sure I soaked them good in her blood, just like my mother showed me, when she had the black bonecharm before me.

12th of Rain

I took out the black charm and strung it around my neck, hanging 'tween my paps. Started carving on one of them whalebones from the sailor, and it's eager for work. Too eager. So I speak to it. Calm it. You gots be patient, I say.

13th of Rain

Once that whalebone was still, I carved a curse round one side, then a sweet tempter on the other. Took me a good long time too. It's my mother's black bonecharm that makes it all work. Got warm to the touch and started to sing while I was working. This new bit of whalebone is sure special. Strong. Fetch a good price from a street boss or smuggler.

15th of Rain

My little charm is done. It'll make a gambler drunk with luck. Walk away a winner every time. Though each night spent at the tables the price is paid. Eyes going milky bit by bit. Till they're all boiled up like eggs.

Old Diary

By

Unknown

[The pages have been half-eaten by rats, only a few are still legible]

4th, Earth, 1837

Fools. Running in the streets. No worse place to be! Everyone knows plague is carried on the winds. I will do the only sensible thing and lock myself up until the infected breezes move on. I have plenty of dried meats, and other foodstuffs. Enough to last me quite a while I think. Empress Jessamine called for calm, and I will heed her call, alone!

25th, Nets or thereabouts

Strong winds tonight. I am afraid for anyone who hasn't barricaded themselves inside as I have. I know that Empress Jessamine and her Royal Protector, Lord Attano, will find a solution soon.

High Cold, Probably

I have lost track of time. Sometimes I sleep for days. I might be sick. But I dare not venture out to find a doctor. An ill wind might find me. And the plague is far worse than melancholy, is it not?

Month of Clans, I think.

The wheat tastes rancid. Still no word from the Empress or Parliament. No City Watch walking the streets and ringing bells to announce a cure. But I know Empress Jessamine will do everything in her power to save Dunwall from the plague. I need only wait a little while longer.

Old History Textbook

By

Unknown

Chapter 12: The Whaling Trade

In 1631 Emperor Finlay Morgenggaard commissioned the first fleet of vessels made expressly for the hunting and processing of whales. They were powered by sails alone, and so were at the mercy of the winds. Although these whaling ships were small by current standards, Morgenggaard's fleet established the robust whaling trade we still enjoy today.

Modern whaling vessels are much larger and use steam power to traverse the seas in search of whales. Did you know that every part of the beast is used? In addition to canned meat and whale oil, there is also a flourishing whalebone trade. Baleen is used in roofing. Whale skins are processed into crude cloth. Bladders are made into wine flasks. Even the intestines are carefully harvested for their precious ambergris, used in many medicines and perfumes.

[Handwritten note at the end of the chapter]

Emily,

Half of Morgenggaard's whalers fell to the rough coast east of Morley. You can still see the remains of ships poking out of the water should you ever visit Arran. Also, there's no mention here that it was Sokolov himself who designed the first steam powered whaling ships! He'll tell you all about it if you ask, and he's sober.

Old Widows' Recipes

By

Unknown

Marnie's Secret Powders

(For bringing on Frightful Illusions, Blurred Vision, and the like)

Dry twenty purple sea slugs in the sun until they be crisped and light as feathers.

Put them in the mortar with these:

1 dried Burdock Root

4 dried Neem Leaves

1/2 measure whalebone, finely shaved

Grind until powdery. Keep very dry until ready to use. Careful not to get any in yer eyes.

Adeline's Night Drops

(For inducing night terrors, and starving yer enemies of sleep)

Soak a ripe lemon in a mug o' goat's milk for five days until the milk turns to green foam. Should be thick and pungent. Discard the lemon.

Mix the foam with a bit of honey (for taste) and bottle it up tight with a stopper. Five drops in the fellow's drink should do the trick.

On the Oracular Order

By

Douglas Harwickle

Much has been said about the blind Sisters of the Oracular Order. In truth, their eyes function just as well as yours or mine. However, they do endeavor to become blind to distractions and frivolities. They will, if necessity bids them, walk among us, wearing richly hued blindfolds or otherwise covering their eyes. In this way they remain “at all times ready to see things clearly.”

Decisions are made during Cloistered Gatherings. Though no others are permitted to observe, the process was described to me, so I render it here with permission.

“A room is prepared with heavy incense and blessings from the Strictures. In a circle sit thirty or more Sisters of our Order, until the room is brimming. We will hear no topic, lest we have each had adequate time to research. Several outcomes will be discussed, and some Sisters are specifically tasked with advancing less popular or unlikely scenarios. It is not permitted to remain silent. Every voice must be heard. It may take some time to arrive at a decision, and by then all are quite versed in the myriad consequences, and may have lengthy advice for all contingencies. When an opinion is written, it may be as short as a sentence, or fill twenty pages. Yet still, one last Sister must approve it, the High Oracle herself.”

Our Natural Philosophers

By

Kenneth Obenshaw

“There is always a cure! The question is - what are you willing to sacrifice to have it?”

—

When Anton Sokolov spoke those words, Gristol was battling the worst plague in a century. Hospitals were overwhelmed, and the citizens panicked. Eventually a cure was found, thanks to the work of Sokolov and Piero Joplin. But that cure came at a terrible price!

In his quest for a remedy, Sokolov needed infected individuals, who were rounded up and given experimental serums so their reactions might be observed. The plague was horrific enough, but these serums brought on dire symptoms of their own! Blood became as if stone in one patient. In another, bone dissolved beneath the skin. The dreadful cries, it is said, were enough to drive a sane person mad. Still, progress was made, according to Sokolov.

Alas, it was not enough to test only the sick! For reasons perhaps only a Natural Philosopher might understand, it was also essential to administer these serums to healthy individuals. Citizens jailed for petty crimes were thrown into cells and injected with Sokolov’s experimental serums! Most of these formerly healthy persons perished, of course. Officially, they were all “victims of the plague,” sacrificed for a cure and buried in communal graves.

Ramsey's Improvised Diary

By

Mortimer Ramsey

I trust I'll only be locked away here for a short time. I intend to record my thoughts, for during a confinement, a gentleman must find way to keep his mind alert. Additionally, one should engage in strenuous exercises to retain vigor. Therefore, I have performed a dozen lunge style exertions for my legs. Feeling quite revitalized.

Day 4

I am frustrated to have been left here for so long. Though it is understandable. Duke Abele and Delilah have just acquired the throne and have many urgent tasks to perform. I hope I am not forgotten amidst their other duties! But how could they forget me? It was I who tipped the scales in their favor! Ten squats performed today.

Day 7

If I am meant to be humbled by this imprisonment, then let it be known I am humbled! Perhaps my role was not so important. Yet, I did play a part. And I hope to continue to be of service! Marched in place.

Day 12

Have they no pity? The briefest audience. That is all I ask. Empress Delilah. Duke Abele. I will grovel before you! I beg you! Don't you want to see your Ramsey crouch and snivel? I am ready!

Seance Notes

By

Unknown

Month of Songs

Lady Cottington brought silk scarves from her boutique, one of which Mr. Prospero used to gently strangle her. I maintained a count of her pulse and observed her breathing. When the life signs faded, we left her still for two full minutes before reviving her.

Was it really the Void she described? Have we succeeded in seeing the unseeable?

My hand trembles as I recall the intensity in her eyes, as she struggled to recount with broken voice what she felt during those two minutes.

Month of Earth

I convinced our little group that less gentle methods were needed if our desire to meet the Outsider was sincere. Bloodfly fever, voluntarily induced. That will be our way to the Void.

After procuring a few bloodflies and some Addermire Solution, we coated our hands with elixir before exposing them to vivarium. The stinging was unbearable. Lady Cottington fainted immediately. I was the last one to remove my hands.

The fever was quick to set in. As I faded in and out of consciousness, ocean waves pounded above me. There were silhouettes in the distance, and shimmering black rocks. A timeless passing, in an unthinkable place, while delirium held us for hours.

I must get back there as soon as possible, when my wounds have healed.

Selected Sayings of the Overseer

By

Unidentified Overseer

“Let not the eyes linger upon pretty things. Better to pluck them out than to rest them long on temptations.”

Sayings of the Overseers, 114

“One heretical thought leads inevitably to more, as a single errant weed soon overtakes the field of wheat.”

Sayings of the Overseers, 401

“Know this: There is only one path. It is the job of the Outsider to convince you there are many.”

Sayings of the Overseers, 31

“The duty of the tongue is to speak the Seven Strictures, all else is heresy.”

Sayings of the Overseers, 18

“Burn the non-believers from your midst, for they are a blight upon the earth.”

Sayings of the Overseers, 534

“There are among the guises of the Outsider: the orphan with outstretched hand, the strumpet with luscious words, the scholar with copious tomes.”

Sayings of the Overseers, 103

“The heretic cannot be redeemed, except by oil and flame.”

Sayings of the Overseers, 211

“Beware the starving hordes, for they hunger for more than sustenance. In spirit they are destitute. In judgement they are lacking.”

Sayings of the Overseers, 140

“Live in silence. For a single untruth or misspoken word can lead to ruin many times its magnitude.”

Sayings of the Overseers, 76

“Do not accept to the invitation of the Outsider. The drink he offers is poison, and on his hearth death simmers.”

Sayings of the Overseers, 41

Sewer and Pump Room Inspection

By

Unknown

Water levels normal. Had to burn a few river krusts next to gate 2B. They shouldn't come back this time.

Water levels normal.

Severe rain. Water levels above normal.

Can't believe what happened today. Looks like we got ourselves a new Empress, out of nowhere. I don't like it.

I didn't get word from anyone. Not sure if I'm supposed to continue working as usual. Removed a dead hound stuck in gate 14D. It doesn't feel safe outside. I'll just hide here for a while. I found myself a good spot near the pump room.

I heard people talking in the sewers. Two of those strange women who came to live in the Tower with the new Empress. They were collecting moss and algae from the walls. Stayed maybe an hour, scraping and chanting. Are they cleaning the sewers? That doesn't make any sense. And do they know I still work here? Does anyone?

The women came back. Still scratching the sewer walls for algae. But they talked about humans bones they need for some kind of recipe? Or maybe I misunderstood. What should I do? I need to get out before they find me, or before I starve to death. I'll take my chances tonight.

Shopkeeper's Journal

By

Unknown

I saw a young woman digging near the Royal Conservatory. I thought she must've lost something so I approached to help. But as I got close I could see she was burying someone recently dead. Before she looked up from her exertions, I ran.

So many things are odd lately. An owl nailed to a door on my way to market. Dead, but I felt it was watching me. Who would do such a thing?

A woman with strange eyes entered my shop and wanted to buy elixir, but as trade she offered me a jar of slugs! I told her no, but she argued. Said they were raised only on dog's blood, as if that made them more valuable. Sinister was her look when I asked her to leave!

What will become of me in this city?

Silvergraph Studio Notebook

By

Unknown

Look- all that matters is that every wedding silvergraph delivery comes with a nice little message. I know they're tacky, but it's what our customers want! We're not here to be poets, stinking of wine and piss, starving in the gutter outside the Crone's Hands.

Here are some examples. Do your best.

We met in the Month of High Cold,

Now we'll hold hands until we're old.

Wed the Month of Rain

A love without refrain.

Wed the Month of Timber,

Ever a day to remember.

Married in the Month of Seeds,

A sweet huckleberry for all your needs.

Wed together in the Month of Cold,

You can dump him when he gets old.

Solarium Schedule

By

Unknown

Lumino-therapy appointments for the morning of 2nd Day, Month of Timber, 1849, approved by Dr. Vasco.

Mrs. Anita Cardona: 2 hours

Mr. Roberto Garcia: 5 hours

Serve Mr. Garcia some valerian tea to ease his cough every hour. Please schedule a session for him this afternoon as well.

Mr. Andrew McAlister: 2 hours

Mr. Emilio Molinero: 2 hours

Ms. Lucia Pastor: half an hour

The Patient is pregnant and in very weak condition, be sure not to exceed the prescribed time. Apply some leche thistle lotion before and after the session.

Mrs. Camilla Durante: 2 hours

The Astounding Clockwork Soldiers

By

Kirin Jindosh

A Precise History by the Creator Himself, Kirin Jindosh, Grand Serkonan Inventor

Chapter 23

Dear readers, you will be fascinated to know that earlier models of the Clockwork Soldier had human-like faces! Allow me to explain. As you know from Chapters 18 through 22, I had been testing the Clockwork Soldiers against a wide range of enemies. Early in this process a problem emerged. The would-be thieves and assailants were not intimidated by the delicate ceramic faces of the earlier prototypes. One criminal even believed he recognized an uncle and attempted conversation!

Undeterred, I set about redesigning the head mechanism, encasing it with a terrifying visage! I knew I had found the right design when my first test subject fell to their knees in fear.

The Child Empress

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a Historical Series]

There was a definitive moment when people stopped calling Emily Kaldwin “the Child Empress.” It came after an ambush by the “Regenters,” an extremist group who wanted to return Dunwall to the authoritarianism of the Lord Regent’s time.

On the way back to Dunwall Tower, Kaldwin’s carriage was blocked between two gates, with her attackers firing pistols, and even throwing a grenade. With the Royal Protector too far away to be of service, the young Empress, only fourteen, found herself all alone in the carriage, save for her friend, Alexi Mayhew .

Kaldwin supporters are lucky that Mayhew was there, as she was brave enough to grab a grenade that had landed at their feet, throwing it back at the assailants and saving the Empress. When one of the men dropped down from the forward gate, it was Emily Kaldwin who yanked free a short railway brace and beat the man senseless with it. With the City Watch closing in, the two girls held their ground against the debris of the carriage until the situation was secure.

It is said that Emily Kaldwin refused to have the “Regenters” executed for their crimes, and this is hailed by many as her first adult decision as Empress.

Cited for her heroic actions, Alexi Mayhew was commissioned by the City Watch when she turned eighteen, and was later made Captain, by Emily Kaldwin herself.

The Duchess In Green

By

Douglas Harwickle

Much has been written on Theodanis Abele and his sons. But in her own quiet way the Duchess Callas Abele made contributions to Serkonos that will never be forgotten. A collector of artwork, she commissioned the painting “Radanis Abele’s Incongruence with Time”, from Anton Sokolov. It was a tribute to her late son, Radanis, who died at the hands of a deranged street scoundrel while studying abroad.

The Duchess Abele was also an architect and busied herself with projects as varied as the building of the Orphans of Seafarers Academy and the installation of the marble flooring in the original ducal palace. The marble was a gift to the Abele family from the late Empress Jessamine Kaldwin, who had the stone quarried from the cliffs of Redmoor. However the ducal residence was razed to make room for the new palace constructed under the direction of Luca Abele. Substantially, all of the artworks and treasures from the old residence were lost or destroyed.

Callas was a private person, and rarely made public appearance. She died in her fifty seventh year, after a tragic fall from a balcony.

The Fishmonger's Cookbook

By

Unknown

Hagfish Quenelles (Serkonan Fish Dumplings)

Ingredients

2 Hagfish, skinned, boned, de-wormed

Butter

Flour

3 Eggs

Salt

Cheese

Krust Stock (or any briny fish stock)

White Wine

Steps

Make a paste of the butter, flour, and eggs. Add salt to taste. Mince and pound the hagfish small, and combine into the egg paste.

Bring the stock to a low boil. Add the egg and hagfish mixture to the stock by large spoonfuls, and simmer for 30 minutes.

Arrange the boiled quenelles in a deep baking dish. Top with generous

amounts of cheese and butter, and add the wine to the bottom of the dish. Bake until the cheese melts and the quenelles are fragrant.

Serve at once, with strong beer. Serves four.

The Foreign Curse, Written and Researched

By

Tabitha Alba

The Great Rat Plague. The Spreading Death. The Foreign Curse. These are names we give to the disease that bloomed briefly, taking tens of thousands of lives as it spread across Gristol from home to home, town to town, preferring neither rich nor poor. The capital city of Dunwall suffered the most, settled so thickly by both people and rats.

Many feared the plague would spread to Serkonos, but even beyond the naval blockade effected at the time, several factors kept the sickness from reaching our shores.

First, in Serkonos, the population of disease-carrying rats was kept in check by bloodflies. Natural enemies, rats are known to feed on bloodfly larvae, and fully mature bloodflies lay their eggs in rats. Second, it is simply true that Serkonans are healthier than most. With the best foods, morning constitutionals, and a strong work ethic, we have some immunity to diseases that afflict less vibrant folk. Lastly, mining dust was found in trace amounts in Serkonans even during the time of Dunwall's great crisis, and that dust played a critical role. It's true that the plague was spread by rats, but some natural philosophers now believe that it was also carried on wind currents. As such, we can be thankful that in addition to bringing us wealth from the silver, the mines also protected us from the greatest plague in living memory.

The Knife of Dunwall

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a Penny Novel]

Chapter 3

Daud stared at the blade. The plan had gone perfectly, even better than he could have hoped. In fact, the whole thing had been too easy. But now that was over, he felt hollow, and there was nothing in the world that could fill him again. He knew it with a certainty that scared him.

Billie called from the next room. “Boss?”

“Leave me.” He nudged the door closed before she could say anything else. He trusted her more than any of them, but he didn’t feel like talking.

Cleaning the blood from the blade, he studied the marks it made on the cloth. Royal blood, but it looked the same as any he’d seen before. Weren’t the high and mighty supposed to be filled with something different? Something better?

Daud was tired. No amount of blood could change the way he felt. He didn’t drink as a general rule, and sex had never interested him. He felt a kind of exhaustion that couldn’t be soothed away. A smile crept across his mouth. The Knife of Dunwall, exhausted. And yet something else. What was he was feeling, exactly?

He’d looked into Jessamine Kaldwin’s eyes at the moment her life slipped away. And in that moment a thought occurred to him: He’d made a mistake. He’d been misled. That kind of thinking was useless. She was just as dead,

whether he regretted it or not. But he'd seen his true face reflected in her eyes; seen himself for what he really was. Not a renowned assassin, not some great shaper of history. Just another playing piece in an unknowable game.

The Royal Protector

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a Historical Record of Government Positions and Ranks]

Throughout the ages, rulers have always faced attempts on their lives. Once in a generation the Empire is rocked by the death of a powerful political or religious figure. As such, city-states across the Isles have devised varying strategies for protecting their leaders.

In the capital city of Dunwall, each new Emperor is allowed to appoint a Royal Protector. This is far more than a trusted bodyguard. Much more revered than the hand-chosen guards defending Dunwall Tower or the food tasters, the Royal Protector is a court figure, given enormous latitude, who keeps constant company with the highest ruler in the known world. At the age of twelve, the young monarch participates in the selection process, making the final decision about who will safeguard his or her life. While most of those chosen as Royal Protector have been men, several times throughout history, a woman has served well in the role.

For the first time in Dunwall's history, a monarch has been slain by her own bodyguard. At the time of this writing, with Dunwall in the grip of the worst plague ever recorded, our fair Empress Jessamine Kaldwin has just been murdered. The deed was done by her former Royal Protector-turned assassin, Corvo Attano, who is still sitting in Coldridge Prison awaiting his deserved execution. Some argue that it is worth noting that Corvo Attano is the first Royal Protector in the history of the Empire born outside of the Isle of Gristol.

Historical Record of Government Positions and Ranks - Addendum

Corvo Attano. Accused of assassinating the Empress he was sworn to protect. How unlikely he would not only overcome this shame, but then redeem himself so fully as to be named Royal Protector to yet another Empress! Those of us at the College of Histories were too fast to use pen against him!

Yet let us not blame historians, for the evidence against Attano was nearly overwhelming. First, he is the only Royal Protector ever to have been born of an Isle other than Gristol. His “foreignness” is not itself a crime, but added to the suspicions (the most forgiving of which was that he lacked the capacity to fully understand his duties). Second, he was caught quite red-handed, with bloodied weapon, kneeling over the body of Empress Jessamine. Of course, it turns out that even this damning evidence was part of a clever plot to destroy the Empress and remove Attano from interfering with the ongoing plans of the Lord Regent’s conspirators!

And while I admit to publishing what are now clearly incorrect conclusions regarding Corvo Attano, I will not, as some my colleagues have done, resign my position at our veritable organization. But instead, I reassert myself in the endeavor of weeding out fact from fiction to produce the most salient histories possible!

The Seven Strictures

By

Unknown

[Excerpt from a commonly distributed overview of the Seven Strictures]

Surround your innermost being with these Strictures, and you will be safe.

The Seven Strictures are our core principles, taught and reinforced by Overseer across the Isles. From these principles stem all manner of rules, social codes and beliefs about the Cosmos.

The Seven Strictures

1. Wandering Gaze
2. Lying Tongue
3. Restless Hands
4. Roving Feet
5. Rampant Hunger
6. Wanton Flesh
7. Errant Mind

All these behaviors must be restricted in order to keep one's heart free from malevolent influences. They are the inroads of the Outsider.

The Shindaerey Gift A study

By

Emora Clipswitch

On the Effect of the Winds on the Karnacan Landmass and Resulting Economic Positions

Whale oil. Liquid power! How astonishing that within those beasts, inside the oil harvested along with their flesh, was enough power to see the Isles through these tumultuous years! And it all seemed limitless, but now the lights begin to dim. Our fisher folk say the great beasts are increasingly rare!

Not all places will suffer this loss equally, fellow natural philosophers! Karnaca has a unique feature - the cleft in Shindaerey Peak, through which the winds are channeled and amplified.

As whale oil begins to run short, with the cost of finding the remaining leviathans escalating beyond the worth of the oil itself, Karnaca will find itself ascendant among the Isles.

The Southern Winds

By

Caleb Manly

The Southern Winds

Presented at the Academy for the Benefit and Moral Edification of the Pupils
Therein [Excerpt from a speech]

—

Cherished students and learned colleagues, have you not heard the tales of Serkonos and the beauty of its people? I pose questions today, that I hope to answer in great detail. Let's start with the ones commonly asked by travelers for many decades.

Does the warmer clime affect the spiritual outlook of people? Are those born in Tyvia, Morley, and Gristol possessed of a more taciturn nature through the geographic and meteorological conditions of their birth? And are these subjects influenced by the obscure currents of warmer water and air that are channeled across the dreadful Ocean from the Pandysian Continent itself? We know so little about that far land!

In my travels, I have been impressed with commonality shared across all cultures, but also in the differences. It's my goal to illuminate these areas of inquiry, and I will share at least one spicy Serkonan recipe with you before the day is done.

Caleb Manly, Natural Philosopher

Traditional Serkonan Songs (1)

By

Unknown

Elmira, Elmira, please come home, Elmira

She left one day to work the clay, but never did come back this way

They say she found a silver vein, longer than the Empire's reign

Running deep the miner's way, looking for the light of day

Elmira, Elmira, please come home Elmira!

She's down there still, and always will, but be my sweet Elmira

Elmira, Elmira, please come home, Elmira

She's caught down in the deepest deeps, never eats and never sleeps

They say she sometimes calls my name, or that by now she's gone insane

Elmira, Elmira, please come home, Elmira

She's down there still, and always will, be my sweet Elmira

Traditional Serkonan Songs (2)

By

Unknown

Stinging Nettle

In the darkness

Round and round

One bite, two bite, three bite, four

In the sunshine

Hear that sound?

Jump up, jump down, jump for the door

In the nursery

Something crawls

Mind the ceiling, mind the floor

In the Garden

Barbed and bright,

Round and round, and round no more

Traditional Serkonan Songs (3)

By

Unknown

The King in the Month of Ice

After sparrows three times call,

After gull does three times fall,

Come maiden, mistress, mouse and hen,

Come fisher, farmer, frog and wren.

Once a king dressed in red,

Warmed by flames on feather bed,

While all the town starving cried,

Chilled by winds, the Month of Ice.

Eat them of frost, eat them of snow,

The monarch decreed to them below,

Upon a spike they perched his head,

Cursed his name, burned his stead.

Hush-a-bye, and don't be affright,

Mama will sing through all the night,

Many an hour before morning sun,

Don't dream of horror yet to come

Traditional Serkonan Songs (4)

By

Unknown

The Calling of the Endless Sea

On the furthest reaching pier, I was abandoned

As the vessel fled the port

Leaving me with only warm winds

Looking upon the foamy wake of regret

The undulating dancers

And the taste of Tyvian wine

Couldn't overcome my recollection of the Ocean

And its swaying whispers

Even now the excited cries of my homecoming children

Leave me unmoved and weary

Longing for the lament of the deep ones

And their inscrutable mysteries

I carve through the umberwood forests

And I bleed the mountain's silver veins

Yet no purse overflowing with coins
Pays enough to slake my thirst for the salty depths
I'm no aristocrat or Lord,
No Overseer or well-versed scholar
But I'd burn all their tomes
And melt down their precious crowns
To be young again and back on the endless sea

Vasco's Diary - Month of High Cold, 1850

By

Bartholomeus Vasco

Alexandria's new serum must never leave Addermire, and no one must ever know of our failure.

We tested it on ourselves which we often do, in fractional doses. The night was sheer horror. It's hard to describe the effects on the mind, the frenzy it induced. We were - not ourselves. Alexandria muttered to herself, calling herself Grim Alex, almost as if she had a total shift in personality. I cannot commit to paper all that occurred, but I burn with shame remembering the way my perspective shifted, as if my entire morality was up-ended.

The following day, after recovering my senses, I felt better than I have in years. The serum might hold the keys to improved lung function and general vigor. It could even ameliorate the effects of some of our worst fevers and infections.

But the costs are too high. The absolute loss of empathy; the unfettered appetites.

And yet, a week later I watched Alexandria on the terrace below. She was in a terrible way, disheveled, with words escaping her lips that were jumbled and wild. Her movement were unfamiliar.

In the morning I asked if she had tried the serum again. She was most alarmed, assuring me that she would never again touch even a drop of it. She swears that only a sample remains, safely locked away, for future study.

Vasco's Diary - Month of Nets, 1851

By

Bartholomeus Vasco

A patient arrived late at night, complaining of “grit” in her eyes. The good doctor was resting - finally! So I took the case.

After careful observation I determined that the cause was silver dust from the mines. To bring forth tearing from the eyes, I combined glycerin and pepper oil, which I planned to follow at once with a rinse. However the burning sensation was apparently quite marked, and the patient was too distressed to let me attend further. However, the flow of tears was sufficient that I'd wager by morning her eyes were clear.

I declare my idea for purging the eyes of grit to be a success! I could see the formula. Just the thing to get dust and debris banished from the eyes, Vasco's Formula for Eyes and Ears, that's what I'll call it. Fast and effective.

All with Dr. Alexandria Hypatia's permission, of course. She knows best.

Vera Moray's Diary

By

Vera Moray

12th, Month of High Cold, 1810

My physician says I should keep a journal. Says it will do me good to reflect on my ways and deeds. Says that the mark on my hand is just a tattoo or blemish from birth, and that the black-eyed boy is only in my head. Pshah! Bunch of fools. I found where the administrator keeps the whiskey. Snuck a bottle to my room, easy as that. I think I could stuff a whale under my jacket and dance the gavotte and they'd never notice. What would my sweet physician say about that? Or my dreary old husband? "Oh my, Vera, what have you done now?! Mumble, mumble. Appearances and what not!"

16th, Month of Hearths, 1810

I must get home to my collection of carved bones. Such pretty things, brought all the way from Pandyssia. How warm they feel in my hands - there's power there. Something I could learn to harness. That's why I've been trying to be a proper "lady" again, with clean nails and a perfumed handkerchief. My physician says if I'm still behaved by the ends of Hearths, that they might send me home! So I smile and curtsey. And I ask for tea in the afternoon. Comb my hair. Drink my medicines. And I stopped trying to bite the attendants.

Whispers from the Void

By

Barnoli Mulani

Treatise on the Physical Existence of that Foreign Realm [Excerpt]

It is a common story: A person has stopped breathing, pinned under carriage wheels or some other tragic happenstance, and is thought to be dead. But when the weight is removed - they make a quick recovery! But nonetheless, for a moment or two, this person was lost to us, lost to the world itself.

And what did they experience while in this temporary death? Darkness? Nothingness? No, indeed not! They tell us, as so many before have, that they were in a particular place, and can describe it vividly.

And who among us does not know this place? Have we not all seen it in our dreams? This place we share, in the farthest reaches of our minds. The realm where nothing makes sense, where one is at once both lost and at home. The Void.

Windmill Operation

By

Unknown

Section 21 - Regular Maintenance

- 1) Check wind speed. Windmill will only turn with sufficient wind.
- 2) Danger! High wind may overcharge security systems. (See Appendix, Wall of Light.)
- 3) Ensure gear works are free of debris.
- 4) Oil mechanism in accordance with schedule. (See Section 30.)
- 5) Remove nesting animals or vermin, such as birds, rats or bloodflies.
- 6) During emergency, disengage windmill using lever, located on “maintenance platform”.
- 7) With windmill disengaged, check wooden blades for cracking or loose supports.
- 8) Wax wooden blades in accordance with schedule. (See Section 30.)
- 9) Periodically, gears, blades, and other parts must be repaired or replaced, as specified in Section 10.

Dishonored 2 Notes

Amadeo Monte

By

Unknown

Amadeo Monte. Artist, draws advertisements and portraits for the newspapers. Lives near the dockyard. Spotted him when he lost his shirt in a game of dice at the Crone's Hand. Seems to have interesting ink on his back. Really want to check it out.

Met up. Definitely has some very unusual tattoos. I might have to see him again, once or twice. Take time to make a good sketch. He's cute so that part'll be easy. But I need to be careful. I think we were followed. Probably one of those limp dicks from the Abbey.

Shit. They got him.

An Unfinished Letter on Legacy

By

Unknown

Honestly, I bear no ill will towards Emily Kaldwin or her father, the Royal Protector. I've never given a single fig for any of those palace-born nobles in Dunwall, so how could I think ill of one Empress or another?

You would not be incorrect in suggesting that my motivations for assisting the Duke were at least twofold. I wanted to advance the causes of Natural Philosophy, for the sake of the work itself, and to show those stodgy morons at the Academy the light they very nearly extinguished. Further, of course, I am not stranger to infamy, and in fact I am fond of it.

But there's more driving the engines of my desire.

Dynasties rise and fall with the ages, through mundane catalysts such as famine, plague or bankruptcy. Now, however, we live in a time that is being shaped by genius! Just as Roseburrow, Sokolov, Joplin, and Hypatia have set the wheels of history spinning with their contributions, so will Kirin Jindosh.

And it is my goal to eclipse those who came before me. No matter how the history books record the tale regarding this turn in power, it must be stated that it was only possible through advances in industry and technological exploration. Power now rests in the hands of the brilliant, and the world will never be the same.

Anonymous Letter

By

Unknown

Miss Fenella Reid,

Are you really going to keep living in a ruin, with your leg still broken, out of misguided loyalty to your boss? He's dead, and he was an asshole, everybody knows that.

I don't give your building three days before it falls to the ground. By that time, you could be sailing to Driscoll, on the ship I told you about. The Captain will grant you passage for free if I give him the word. They're leaving this afternoon. All you have to do is pass by that little courtyard behind the Dunwall Courier, and do as I told you. Nobody will know.

Go back to your family, leave Dunwall and forget about the Boyle Company. This is your last chance.

A friend.

Answer from the Mayhew Family

By

Paulina Mayhew

Lord Attano,

We are devastated since our Alexi's death, but we found some comfort knowing that you managed to escape and that there may yet be hope for Dunwall and our Empress. Thank you for your kind words.

We're ashamed to say that we won't wait for your return though. One morning, all the bread in Gideon's bakery was turned to ashes; on another, the wool yarns in my haberdasher shop were full of snails and slugs. There's a curse on the city, and I'm not even talking about the Hatter gang who now rule over our streets.

Anyway, we're returning to our old home in Potterstead, where Alexi grew up. Good luck to you.

Paulina Mayhew

Answer from Wyman

By

Wyman

My Emily!

Your courier is only giving me scant minutes to write back before he leaves for your secret location. I'm in tears that he won't give me the location or take me along, but I trust you. I don't know if it's fair to be this angry with you, or if I should instead cry tears of joy knowing you're still alive.

It seems that Morley is on the verge of going to war against Gristol, and the rumors from Dunwall are grim and strange. We've heard about soldiers made of metal, women commanding the trees, and whales gathering in the harbor, singing their songs in reverse. I hate the whole world for being between you and me while we should be holding hands. Please be safe or I won't know what to do.

Wyman

Apartment Seizure

By

Unknown

Mr. Marletto

On the authority of Duke Luca Abele:

Due to an urgent security matter regarding buildings with balconies overlooking Ravina Boulevard and the newly installed Wall of Light you are hereby required to grant us access to your apartment indefinitely. We ask that you keep a spare key at your shop so that Grand Guard personnel have access to your apartment at all times.

This action is necessary to prevent miscreants from bypassing the Wall of Light checkpoint. As Director of Winslow Safes, you will certainly understand our security concerns, and we trust there will be no questions or delay.

P. Colegut, Fourth Captain

Grand Serkonan Guard

By Ducal Decree, No. 1572, stipulating the confiscation of all possessions in cases of death under criminal circumstances, these rooms belonging to the late Lucia Pastor are henceforth the property of the Isle of Serkonos.

The apartment and all within, including but not limited to furnishings, draperies, clothing, jewels, silver, books, and other personal effects, will be expropriated by the Grand Serkonan Guard. No trespassing, loitering, or soliciting.

M. Siggard, Fifth Commander

Grand Serkonan Guard

Palace Civic Patrol

Attention Visiturs

By

Margo Moss

Iffen you came to see Dr. Galvani, well you better run and buy yorself a ticket to Tyvia, because that's where he's been headed. Poor man sed he's afraid to live in a city where a kitchen maid's bastard daughter can sit her cheap bottom onto the throne, and wherein the Hatter Gang have taken over for the City Watch. I'm not the one saying it, that's his own words. But I guess that situation is just fine for us common folk, as he refused to buy a ticket for me to come along with him.

If you have business in his home, I still got the key, and I'll come once a week to do the cleanin. But I ain't making tea or anything.

Margo Moss,

housekeeper

Audience Request

By

Meagan Foster

Captain Mayhew, you don't know me, but you've got to tell the Royal Protector that I have urgent need of his time. I'm carrying a message that has to be delivered face to face. Tell him I'm working with Anton Sokolov, an old friend.

All the boats are being sent away from the docks, but I'll delay as long as I can. Tell Lord Corvo to find me there.

My ship is called the Dreadful Wale.

- Meagan Foster

The note is found beside Alexi Mayhew's body during the mission A Long Day in Dunwall.

Banners Fit for An Empress

By

Duke Luca Abele

Sweetest Delilah,

I've had banners fabricated depicting your lovely face, made of the finest materials. Now they grace the streets in Karnaca, each costing in silk and dye what a common family makes in three years. Whenever my people look up, it is your majestic face and piercing eyes they see. I want them to remember who guides their lives.

The great statue I've commissioned in your exact likeness is nearly ready in the Grand Palace. As my eyes rove along the curves of your body, molded in silver, I swear I find myself swelling with excitement. Sometimes I imagine climbing up until my face is pressed against those cold metal breasts. If only you will bring it to life, finding my bedchamber as I sleep. I shudder thinking about awakening in that silver embrace, knowing that it is you, holding me from afar, from your own bed in Dunwall Tower.

I miss you dearly, my Delilah, my lover from the past. I'm sending some of the banners to the Capital, so they can warm the lonely streets of Dunwall. When you see them, may they remind you of our love.

Yours forever,

Luca

Beloved Doctor Murdered

By

Unknown

News has just arrived that our beloved Dr. Alexandria Hypatia has been brutally murdered.

The Grand Palace issued this statement: “Doctor Hypatia, Director and Chief Alchemist at Addermire Institute, has been murdered by the Crown Killer. The Empire has suffered a terrible blow, and we call for a day of mourning. Dr. Hypatia was highly regarded for the treatment of miners’ ailments, but is best known for her “Addermire Solution”, an elixir that treats a variety of ills, including biliousness and bloodfly fever. Addermire Institute is now closed, and will remain so for the foreseeable future.”

Black Bonecharm Notes

By

Breanna Ashworth

5th

I've set out to craft a new bonecharm, and I hope to have it blacken, in keeping with those of greater power. It will complement the one I've carried since finding it within a mausoleum in Alba. Though it's rare to meet others touched by the Void, summoners beware, for as long as I carry that bonecharm, their rats and vermin will turn against them. And the new charm, if it works, will shield me against assassins.

11th

I am still working on my protective charm. I've taken the Tyvian Grey Bone recipe and altered it, using much more burdock root. The instructions were vague and the safeguards it offers are weak.

18th

Neither chamomile nor nasturtiums added to the mix give me the right effect. Though they perfume the air quite nicely. I feel well protected from unpleasant smells, but not much else.

23rd

I've finally got it! Hellebore of course, fermented and reduced over a low flame. It's rare to achieve this effect, where the bonecharm turns darkest black. As I wanted, I'm warded against the first bullet or bolt from an assassin's weapon. The initial shot that would fell me instead change to bloodflies in an instant!

Block the Secret Passage

By

Unknown

I want the back route out of Dunwall Tower blocked off in case anyone else knew about the former Empress's secret exit.

Work all night if you have to.

Bloodfly Infestation

By

Meagan Foster

Dear passengers, I'd like to offer my apologies for being such a grumpy captain.

First, to Anton, who I called a senile old goat when he decided to bring live bloodflies aboard for study. Not a single day passes without me staring in delight at those little marvels of nature.

Second, my apologies to [Lord Corvo, who/Lady Emily, who/whoever] broke the bloodfly tank, allowing them to flutter down to the engine room, bringing joy to this sad boat of mine, with the gentle humming of their soft wings. I deeply regret calling you a clumsy sack of guano.

But now that we've all had time to enjoy their charming company, can someone please exterminate every last bloodfly on my ship?

- Meagan

Bloodfly Situation Worsens

By

Unknown

After initial reports from the Grand Serkonan Guard stating the “Bloodfly Concern” was under control, authorities here in Karnaca now concede that the situation has worsened. New nests are being found “at an alarming rate” said one city official who wished to remain anonymous. Physicians are overwhelmed with cases of bloodfly fever, some too advanced to treat. If not contained, the infestation could bring Karnaca to the brink of ruin.

However, there is at least one reason to remain hopeful. Even as the Duke’s men smoke-flash infested buildings, Dr. Alexandria Hypatia of Addermire Institute is said to be working tirelessly to find a cure for the fever. Readers will remember that the Duke closed Addermire to the public a few months ago, so that the good doctor could devote herself entirely to perfecting her latest version of “Addermire Solution.”

For this, Duke Abele’s leadership should be praised.

Born in the Month of Darkness

By

Unknown

Before the Great Burning, before the wars

A time of nothing, but hills and shores

The smoke of cities, and fields of rye

No eyes or voices beyond the sky

Believers roamed from town to town

They spied every baby born, up and down

Scouring the land for a child to use

And ponderous, esoteric clues

A crumbling black city, an outcast found,

Father a monster, mother under the ground

A beggar, a mongrel, a boy with no shoes

He fell to their hands to cage and abuse

And lo! in the month of darkness

And lo! his name destroyed

And lo! he still whispers in silence

And lo! he went into the void
They were drawn to a light, a waning gray
His face was blank he had nothing to say
He watched and waited, they painted his eyes
They colored his clothing with pigments and dyes
They found a path away from the light
To an ancient tree withered by blight
A sacred altar, encircled in stones
Twin blades of bronze, sharpened on bones
And lo! in the month of darkness
And lo! his name destroyed
And lo! he still whispers in silence
And lo! he went into the void
In the Month of Darkness, seasons destroyed
A ritual killing bound his spirit to the Void
Eyes drained of color, the beggar no more
To become what the Believers waited for
They set him outside, beyond the spheres
Quiet as the night, long like the years
He opened his eyes, as black as a dream

Trying to speak, his only words only a scream

And lo! in the month of darkness

And lo! his name destroyed

And lo! he still whispers in silence

And lo! he went into the void

Breaking and Entering Job

By

Unknown

- Use cliffside outside office window to get over fence
- Drop down and enter basement through delivery door
- Special display is on second floor
- Enter through security room
- Grab Roseburrow Prototype (Don't forget to disable alarm!)

Easy money.

Breanna Ashworth's Notes

By

Breanna Ashworth

The original lenses Jindosh and I devised for the Oraculum were horribly flawed. Rather than focusing the energies of the Void, the faulty lenses scattered them. My head was filled with noise and the spiritual channel linking me to Delilah's magic was nearly extinguished.

I will not cease my efforts until our Coven controls the Sisters of the Oracular Order. But I know now that I proceed at a grave risk. The old lenses could have been my ruin. They are stored in my workshop for now, but must be destroyed.

Can you take care of this dead hound?

By

Bruno Pettywick

Jaime,

Oh, what have I done? Let me explain before you take action. You know about my ongoing silvergraph project? Well, I came across this dead hound, and I thought, how perfect for my art! So I brought it home! But then I noticed some suspicious swelling across the ribcage.

As you can imagine, I panicked! What if it's bloodfly larvae? What does one do in such situations? I have no idea! So I've set the carcass here for you.

If it is bloodflies, then it would be well for you to dispose of it quickly. Burn it, I suppose! Forgive me for dumping this in your hands, but you are so capable!

Sincerely,

Bruno Pettywick

Captain Ramsey's Orders

By

Mortimer Ramsey

On the anniversary tomorrow, we'll be receiving guests from across the Empire. Most are detailed in your itineraries, but there is an unlisted contingent from Karnaca. It's last minute, but important.

None other than the Duke of Serkonos will be travelling with an entourage that includes VIP guests and some rather exotic equipment, aimed at impressing our Empress. Let them pass and don't bother harassing them with the usual inspection nonsense, on my orders. And if you spoil the surprise, I'll have your head.

Disseminate this note to all squads.

Captain Mortimer Ramsey

First Officer, Night Watch

Careful of the balcony!

By

Jaime Carrera

Just a warning, being as the balcony is this near to fallin down, please don't touch it or go near it even. Specially don't touch them supports I put up!

Thass just temporary and likely as any to fall down at the slightest. Anyways, I gut someone to fix it up for real in a week or so.

Yours,

Jaime

Citizens Report Troubling Events

By

Unknown

Troubling signs of mischief have been reported recently in all corners of Dunwall! What was thought to be a series of pranks has proven much more widespread and unsettling. Despite the enlightened age in which we live, superstitious folk have begun to rumormonger of witchcraft!

There are reports of dogs shaved to the skin; small owls pinned to doors; lines of salt ominously left below windows; dried rats hung from archways; cats walking backwards who fail to mew; and pots of strange smelling ointments left underneath beds and writing desks!

That all these things might be occurring here in the capital, all at once, boggles this journalist's mind. What desperate times! If half of these are true, each odd occurrence seems a bad omen, a warning for terrible things to come!

And if as some say these antics are the work of Empress Delilah's devout followers, then what hope is there?

Clearing Bloodfly Nests

By

Unknown

Lento,

You're either brave or desperate to accept this job. We used to smoke-flash bloodflies with full crews, but the infestations are bad now and the Duke cancelled the funding. So we get rid of nests by hand.

Here's what you need to know to stay alive.

- 1) If you need to slip past a bloodfly swarm or nest, keep your distance and move slowly, or they'll attack.
- 2) When the bloodflies are calm, you're fine. If they take flight and start glowing, it's trouble.
- 3) If you get swarmed, you gotta run away or fight. Smash the bloodflies or burn them. Same for the nests.
- 4) A bloodfly swarm'll keep coming back until you destroy the nest for that swarm.

That's reallys all you need to know. You'll do fine.

Oh, yeah, another thing. If you find any blood amber in a nest, just keep it as a bonus. But make sure the Grand Guard doesn't see it, or they'll ask for some "urban sanitation tax" or whatever. Good luck.

Clockwork Army Timetable

By

Major Neko Fillados

Jindosh,

I was pleased to hear that the Duke has you working on a much less costly version of your Clockwork Soldier. I saw first-hand what a handful of Clockwork Soldiers did in Dunwall. With many more units we should be able to assert much more military power, following the coup.

What truly concerns me is the timetable. When will you be able to give us a date? We have ambitious plans, my friend, and we cannot accomplish them without our Grand Inventor.

Sincerely,

Major Neko Fillados

First Attachment to the Duke

Grand Serkonan Guard

Clockwork Soldier Basics

By

Anonymous

To All Personnel,

After last week's disaster, the Grand Inventor, Kirin Jindosh, circulated the following information related to his Clockwork Soldiers. All Grand Guard personnel should read this report.

Keep these things in mind, and the Clockworks will be an asset and not a liability.

Third Lieutenant Fiora Diaz

Lower City Technical OfficeGrand Serkonan Guard

Clockwork Soldiers Sold at Auction

By

Unknown

At an auction held by Kirin Jindosh, the Grand Inventor offered for sale two of his latest contraptions marvelous Clockwork Soldiers the likes of which have never been seen! The mechanical wonders sold after fierce bidding for an astonishingly high price! Never before has the wealthy class been able to protect themselves and their holdings with such vigor and style!

Prior to the auction, only the likes of Duke Luca Abele and more recently our new Empress could enjoy such protection. Having seen a demonstration arranged by the genius natural philosopher himself, I was witness to what his Clockwork Soldiers can do! Woe to any trespasser or villain who crosses their path! I daresay Kirin Jindosh has discovered a way to end crime altogether!

Code to Stilton's House

By

Unknown

This is from our friend the Duke. You'll need it when you take food into Stilton's house. Leave the supplies and make sure the old man has water.

And remember, no one else sees this combination. No one.

Lady Winslow - [heirloom]

Baroness Finch - [heirloom]

Doctor Marcolla - [heirloom]

Countess Contee - [heirloom]

Madam Natsiou - [heirloom]

Conditioning Sokolov

By

Kirin Jindosh

My efforts to fine-tune the electroshock machine have been less than successful. Breaking down the more bothersome elements of a subject's personality, such as willpower, while leaving cognition and creativity unharmed has proven unrealistic.

Instead, my machine leaves the subject babbling like a child which is the opposite of what I need from Sokolov.

Sokolov is more resistant to the notion of collaborating than anticipated. He's a stubborn old goat, which could be his undoing unless I'm careful with the electroshock machine. My goal is to render Sokolov pliable, but still capable of assisting me in designing a new version of the Clockwork Soldier.

At the moment, each Clockwork costs a fortune, but I'm certain my old teacher and I can find a way to reduce the costs.

So the high and mighty Anton Sokolov won't deign to aid me in my efforts to make a new version of the Clockwork Soldier. Fine, I have another solution. My electroshock machine, long a side project of little practical use, will be just the thing.

If I can find the right calibration, I should be able to damage those parts of Sokolov's mind related to independence and free will, leaving intact his vast knowledge and hopefully an even more important quality the old man possesses, though it pains me to admit, his legendary creativity.

I tire of dealing with my old teacher. I'm confident that I don't need him to simplify the design of the Clockwork Soldier, but without Sokolov it could

take years to reduce the cost of each Clockwork; to design a version that can be built with cheaper, more readily available materials, and assembled by Duke Abele's half-witted factory workers. The Duke will get his Clockwork Army, I'll make sure of that. The question is when.

I'll keep experimenting with the electroshock machine, trying to get it just right. And if Sokolov can't be made to help me, I'll continue using the machine on him anyway as entertainment.

Confiscated Merchandise

By

Corporal Rivera Feros

To the operator of this vessel,

This is official notification that your cargo has been seized by the Grand Guard for failure to pay the docking tariffs and other fines you owe.

If you come up with the coin, you'll find my associate and me in an apartment just before the Wall of Light checkpoint on the way to the Grand Palace. (Look for the target mannequins on the balcony.)

Better hurry, though. After a period of a few days, your goods will be sold to cover our expenses.

Corporal Rivera Feros

Grand Serkonan Guard

Conservatory Closure Extended

By

Unknown

A representative from the Royal Conservatory confirmed today that the site's closure has been extended once again, with no promise of when it might reopen. Curator Breanna Ashworth could not be reached for comment.

Readers will remember that an "infestation of mites" in the Roseburrow exhibit forced the closure nearly six months ago, though there have been rumors that no exterminators have been hired.

The Roseburrow exhibit was to be a prestigious event, sponsored by the Academy of Natural Philosophy, with the hopes of attracting numerous experts and guest lectures from across the Isles. This important exhibition is now on hold indefinitely due to the extended closure. For hopeful visitors, there is nothing to do but wait for further word.

Contraband

By

Brother Penn

I've acquired more forbidden articles from the street people nearby, and need to lock it away in the Confiscation Room. When Overseer Stellos awakens from his rest, have him bring me the key.

- Brother Penn

Courier Note from Meagan

By

Meagan Foster

There's a message for you on the table. A contact from Batista dropped it off, thinking I might know you.

- Meagan

Cracked Engine Plate

By

Unknown

Benny,

I think the engine plate is cracking again in this carriage. Maybe the last weld didn't take. Riding back from Addermire, it was grinding something terrible. We'll be lucky if it makes the trip even once more. Need to get this one off the rails and into the shop for tear-down.

Crimson and Black

By

Delilah Copperspoon

Cornella,

I have a special job for you and a few others, coven sister. I'm at work on an important painting, my final masterpiece. And I require some rare pigments to see it to completion. Move in secret. Be quick!

Gather what you need. Use the thighbone of a drowned sailor to crush and mix the colors. Gather twenty banded slugs. Seal them together in a jar until only one remains. It will be large and shiny. Yes, fat near to bursting! Crush it with your fingers, and capture the ooze in a vessel. Use this to give the pigments a finer consistency. My love for you only grows.

Your Empress Forever, Delilah

Crown Killer Rampage Continues

By

Unknown

Wherever there are opponents of Empress Emily Kaldwin, so follow the ghastly deeds of the Crown Killer!

The first victims were citizens of Karnaca, most notably Correy Brockburn, one of the earliest to so openly criticize the young Kaldwin. Just a month after the passage of her Sharecropper Rights Act, Brockburn urged the Parliament in Gristol to hold a vote for No Confidence. He never ceased to scrutinize the decrees from Dunwall Tower, attacking each with the same ferocity.

After Brockburn's terrible death, several more fell in Karnaca, always old foes of the Kaldwin family, including Janice Tines, the former editor of the Karnaca Gazette. A week after her scathing editorial called Emily "an Empress in name only," Tines was found dead in her office, missing several limbs that were never recovered.

Then the murders spread to other parts of the Empire. Dozens have now been taken, the latest being Ichabod Boyle, a respected businessman from Dunwall, who founded the "Anti-Rationing Club" to protest recent Imperial decrees on the distribution of whale oil.

Crown Killer Slays Curator

By

Unknown

In a statement from the Grand Palace, authorities have announced that an investigation is underway in the gruesome murder of Breanna Ashworth, Curator of the Royal Conservatory. The Grand Palace has asserted that the culprit is believed to be the same villain who has stalked our streets for months, the notorious Crown Killer.

Ashworth's death is a tremendous loss for the institution. She is said in connoisseur circles to have a keen eye for unusual works of art and rare pieces of historical engineering. She is also well-regarded as a taxidermist, enabling the citizens of Karnaca to behold rare wonders of nature from up close.

Crown Killer Strikes Again!

By

Unknown

Dunwall citizens express shock and fear as yet another outspoken critic of Empress Emily Kaldwin has met with a violent demise. The latest victim is none other than Ichabod Boyle, notable entrepreneur and supporter of the arts.

Boyle recently wrote an opinion piece harshly criticizing the Empress for what he called her “slipshod style of governance” and her “willful neglect of duties.” Authorities are convinced the Crown Killer is the culprit, given the gruesome details left at the crime scene.

As Her Majesty’s most outspoken adversaries fall one by one to this notorious assassin, we boldly ask: Is it now the duty of the Royal Protector to murder all who dare criticize the Throne?

Curator Ashworth Reported Missing

By

Unknown

In a statement from the Grand Palace, authorities have announced that an investigation is underway related to the disappearance of Breanna Ashworth, Curator of the Royal Conservatory. Insiders say that the Conservatory is currently unmanaged and that the building itself is in a worrying state of disarray. One can only speculate about what recently happened there, and about the whereabouts of the Curator.

Ashworth's disappearance is a tremendous loss for the institution. She is said in connoisseur circles to have a keen eye for unusual works of art and rare pieces of historical engineering. She is also well-regarded as a taxidermist, enabling the citizens of Karnaca to behold rare wonders of nature from up close.

Delilah on Rune Harmony

By

Delilah Copperspoon

Bending the energies of the Void was tricky, but I've managed to corrupt runes of bone for my great painting.

I've got all the ingredients ready in the Chapel. Dried kelp and algae from the moats. Flowers from the greenhouse, ground to dust and made into pigment. Human bones infused with the fluids of terror and regret!

Mustering patience, I will continue painting until the final rune is ready to affix to the throne. My throne.

But harmony must be maintained between the corrupt runes and their pure counterparts! Two corrupt, aligned with two of the purest. If this harmony is not observed, the magic of the painting could get twisted around and fail, or even turn against me.

Delivery Code

By

Unknown

Here's the combination for the alley gate:

[three digit number]

Don't forget the password either, or I won't open the back door.

Next time, dock your boat in a different place. You've started to attract unwanted attention. The Grand Guard have doubled their patrols since the Duke's last decree, so we got to be careful.

Deranged Killer Targets Guards

By

Unknown

A mysterious killer has been targeting the Grand Serkonan Guard throughout Karnaca, resulting in a significant number of deaths. Some speculate the crimes to be the work of the notorious Crown Killer, but while authorities have not ruled out the possibility, they warn against leaping to conclusions, saying that many of the usual hallmarks of the Crown Killer murders are notably absent from these latest crime scenes. Others fear it is another deranged individual, seeking revenge for some grievance against the Grand Guard.

Until the culprit is apprehended, the Duke's military advisors have recommended that all Grand Guard personnel double their squad sizes, and have asked that loyal citizens be on the lookout for this dangerous miscreant.

Detainee Durante

By

Unknown

Detainee was a man called Durante. He admitted entering the home of Aramis Stilton on occasion, but died before revealing how he came in possession of the Jindosh Lock combination.

Detainee is of no further use to us. His possessions have been passed onto Vice Overseer Byrne for inspection, upstairs in his office. Brother Tensus [has disposed/will dispose] of the detainee's body.

Disarray Spreads After Parliament Fire

By

Unknown

We've received devastating news out of Dunwall indicating the Parliament building there has been partially destroyed by fire. The swiftly spreading blaze resisted all attempts at extinguishing, and panic ensued as smoke and flame spread to outlying neighborhoods. Many deaths and injuries have been reported, with dozens yet unaccounted for.

Authorities have not ruled out arson, but the smoldering ruins are as yet unsafe and are a hindrance to investigations. Meanwhile, all Gristolian Parliamentary activities have ceased, and most commercial routes are now closed making it inadvisable to travel to Dunwall at this time.

Do not touch the statue!

By

Manny

Fernando,

Do not try to move the statue by yourself, it's heavy and unstable. We'll wait for Jaime to come back and do it together.

I know you meant good by putting it in the hall, but Mr. Stilton is not the type who enjoys contemplating his own face over dinner. Also, this bust was a gift from the Duke's father, the late Duke Theodanis. Sad memories for Mr. Stilton.

Anyway, the statue's back in the vault, but he wants it facing the wall, which is going to require some sweat.

The good news is that he agreed to remove that creepy painting he bought at the flea market from the dining hall, so I put it in there as well.

Manny

Doctor Hypatia to Resign says Grand Palace

By

Unknown

A statement issued from the Grand Palace today, signed by Duke Abele, indicates that Doctor Alexandria Hypatia has resigned from her position as Chief Alchemist at Addermire Institute for issues concerning her health. Additionally the statement advises the Addermire will remain closed for the foreseeable future. The statement did not mention the fate of the various cures Doctor Hypatia has been developing.

Readers will know her popular “Addermire Solution,” which is said to help miners with their work-related maladies, as well as combating bloodfly fever.

Doctor's Notes

By

Unknown

14th

Let the record show that I did try! When Addermire closed I tried my best to take on all their bloodfly cases. Void help me, I even took out an advertisement in the Karnaca Gazette! And come they did. Sometimes with cases so advanced, the larvae ready to burst through the skin. I had to turn them away lest they contaminate all the other patients, and myself!

The whole dreadful business has become a danger to me. If I don't protect my own health, how can I cure others? My things are packed. I have purchased passage to Wynnedown. What a relief it will be to treat scurvy and chilblains after all these hideous bloodfly infections.

14th

That fool! Bringing his wife in with such an advanced case of bloodfly fever! My anger boiled over. I demanded he explain why he waited so long to seek treatment. Alas, he was so slow-witted it's a wonder he managed to find a doctor's office at all. Of course there was nothing I could do for her.

The waiting room was full before noon. As it has been every day since Addermire closed its doors. I do the best I can. I set out medicines ahead of time, and keep the office open two full hours past dark. But no matter how hard I toil, no matter what new efficiencies I try, I can't keep ahead of them all! I admit, there are so many advanced cases lately, I now fear for my own health and safety.

Done Straightening Up

By

Carina

Mistress Breanna,

Like you asked, I stored your audiograph recordings in the Archive, down there in the basement. And I tidied up around the Oraculum, just as you asked.

Some of the others were talking about the old lenses you took out of that Oraculum device after the accident. Saying they were going to “bury them lenses forever at the bottom of the ocean.” Well, that didn’t sound right to me, so I just stored them in the effigies workshop in case you find them some use.

All my other chores are done, so I’ll go prepare your leche thistle tea.

I’m grateful for the second chance you given me. I’m sure over time I’ll feel Delilah’s presence and learn the magic, like my Coven sisters. Please don’t cast me out. I’ll make you and Empress Delilah proud, I promise.

Carina

Dr. Alexandria Hypatia's Health

By

Alexandria Hypatia

Valerio,

It seems you were right to think Dr. Hypatia is sick. I just overheard Dr. Vasco muttering to himself, talking about a cure he's working on. It must be very serious. Alexandria Hypatia has been so good to us all, and if she can't continue her work on elixirs and other treatments, then a lot of people in Karnaca will suffer.

Speaking of which, it's true that she doesn't eat much these days. We should go to the market when we're allowed and buy some fresh vegetables. We can make her favourite soup, which should do her good.

Anyway, Duke Luca Abele claims to have closed Addermire so that she could improve her formula, but working so much and being so lonely is never good for anyone.

Tina

Dr. Hypatia's Notes

By

Alexandria Hypatia

On a boat with friends, I believe. I slept. Thankfully without the usual nightmares. Perhaps the sea air does me good.

The captain, Meagan Foster, brought some tea earlier. Such an interesting woman. She seemed to understand, about my strange disjointed memories, and the feelings of dread that accompany them.

As soon as I am able, I must return to Addermire. So much of the last few months seems a blur. What was I accomplishing? What of my research into serums for the black spittle? My work was so easily derailed. I can only conclude I was suffering from a complete exhaustive breakdown. I will need time to recover.

Duke Abele Essential In Dunwall Coup

By

Unknown

Karnaca's own Duke Luca Abele reportedly played a key role in the recent coup that unseated the unpopular Emily Kaldwin. Our new Empress, Delilah Kaldwin, made quick work of dissenters and has already issued several proclamations, which are sure to be welcomed in Dunwall after the failed reign of Emily Kaldwin, known for shirking her duties in favor of more pleasurable pursuits, and now blamed for orchestrating multiple assassinations against her critics.

The coup is sure to increase our fortunes here in Karnaca, as Delilah Kaldwin has strong ties with Duke Abele. Serkonos is now expected to rise in wealth and power within the Empire! There are ongoing reports of lingering unrest in Dunwall, as those who remain loyal to Empress Emily's corrupt reign are dealt with.

Duke Abele Returns Triumphant

By

Unknown

Our cherished Duke Luca Abele has returned safe to Karnaca after his successful enterprise to unseat the illegitimate Empress, Emily Kaldwin. Empress Delilah Kaldwin, the rightful heir to the throne, has been installed as sovereign over all nations, and has already implemented numerous improvements throughout the Empire of the Isles.

Upon his return, the Duke announced he plans to host a gala in honor of Empress Delilah at the Grand Palace. Merchants in Karnaca are hereby ordered to add a celebration tax to all sales, so that citizens can enjoy the privilege of contributing to this upcoming event. The resulting monies from the new tax will be collected by the Grand Serkonan Guard until such a time as adequate funds have been amassed.

Duke Hosts Inauguration Celebration

By

Unknown

An extravagant inauguration ceremony for Empress Delilah Kaldwin took place in the Grand Palace several nights ago, as a show of support from all Serkonans.

Guests at the event say that the festivities were not dampened by the absence of the Empress, who remained in Dunwall, busy with her official duties. In her place, a larger than life silver statue made in her image graced the ceremony. Always lavish and full of surprises, it is no wonder Duke Abele wishes to be known as the Joyful Duke!

The Grand Palace added that the absurd gossip regarding our ambassadors returning to Karnaca from Dunwall Tower with odd markings on their faces, uttering gibberish as if speaking a dead language, are preposterous rumors with no base in reality.

Duke's Quarters

By

First Lieutenant Rosa Merquez

Just letting everyone know, avoid the Duke's chambers today, including the entire fourth floor. His Eminence is in a pissy mood.

Give him some space and stay out of the elevator.

- First Lieutenant Rosa Merquez

Dunwall Anticipates Sad Anniversary

By

Unknown

Preparations are well underway for the upcoming anniversary of the assassination of Empress Jessamine Kaldwin, taken from us far too soon by deadly conspirators.

The yearly remembrance will include a private ceremony to be held within Dunwall Tower. Young Empress Emily is expected to recall fond memories of her mother, and to address the people of Dunwall directly via street speaker.

Business owners throughout Dunwall say they are ready for the influx of visitors expected on this day of mourning, who will need food, lodging and all manner of items and services during their stay.

Dunwall Tower

By

Hugh

Dunwall Tower is a note found in Dishonored 2.

Thomas,

Two days ago I saw all the Abbey men gather in the street and march toward Dunwall Tower. I had never seen so many of them. They were all reciting the Strictures, their voices united. It made me believe the city could still be saved.

But they haven't returned. Someone said they couldn't reach the Throne Room at the top of the Tower, where Empress Delilah sits scheming up whatever comes next. It looks like most of them died at the main gate, Thomas. There are no Overseers left in the capital.

I'm packing everything and leaving while I still can. Join me as soon as possible.

Hugh

Durante's Room

By

Paolo

Bernard,

Durante got himself nicked by the Abbey boys, which means that they've got his office key, and it means he might have told them how to open the Jindosh Lock.

I need you to find a way to open Durante's door, and no, burning the building to the ground is not an option.

I also want you to start dropping off food for old Stilton until we find someone to replace Durante. Once you manage to get his office open, you'll find all the details inside. Be very careful when you go into Stilton's Manor. If the Overseers do have the code to the Jindosh Lock, they might want to have a peek inside too.

- Paolo

Empress and Royal Protector Exonerated! Victims of Clever Conspirators!

By

Unknown

On these trusted pages we have often speculated about the Crown Killer. At first, we believed the monster took orders directly from the throne! Yet recent events have laid bare innumerable facts that leave Empress Emily Kaldwin and her Royal Protector Corvo Attano free of all such doubts!

Not only are they no longer implicated in those gruesome murders, but they themselves are the victims of clever conspirators bent on destroying their exemplary reputations! Evidence now points to an assassin from Karnaca, possibly taking orders from none other than Duke Luca Abele and Delilah Copperspoon.

However, this venerable institution is reluctant to arrive at conclusions before the whole truth is known! We will keep you aware of events as they transpire, dear readers.

Empress Delilah's New Plans

By

Unknown

With the help of Duke Luca Abele, Delilah Copperspoon has executed a successful play for the throne and now sits as Empress. Whether legitimate or not is a matter of hotly debated opinion.

Emily Kaldwin's fate is unknown at this time. But we do know that several of her ministers are dead, believed to have been assassinated, and the Parliament has been set ablaze by a group of unknown arsonists.

In the time since the Coup, Empress Delilah has issued several proclamations, along with her assertion announced by street speaker that "everything will change soon in Dunwall, and across the Empire.

So our new ruler promises to show us a wonderful future, and warns that all citizens should endeavour to place their most earnest trust in her. Given the ruins in the streets around the palace, one can only speculate about what she means.

End of Gray River

By

Sabine

Yael,

You screwed me!

Paolo was where you said he'd be, alone. We knifed him fifty times. He was choking blood when I drove a rail spike through the side of his head. Then he was just gone, and there weren't nothing but a bunch of rats. Not sure how he pulled that trick, but you musta known, scumbag.

Next day, Paolo came back with ten Howlers. Got us a couple at a time. Dragged Brynda and Toma screaming into the street and bashed out all their teeth with a hammer. Put that crazy powder in their eyes. Had 'em seeing terrible things, screaming like carnival clowns, mouths all runnin' red. Then Paolo gave the word and they shot 'em with those screaming darts they use. I stayed hid.

So I'm finished, asshole. And I bet you were working with the Howlers all along. I swear, if I ever see you again, I'll stick you.

- Sabine

Excerpt from an Overseer Interrogation Report

By

Unknown

Brother Bernardus: Where did you find those drawings?

Accused: I made them. As I said, I'm an artist. Mostly newspaper advertisements.

Brother Bernardus: These don't look like advertisements. They look like heretic nonsense intended to make your neighbor sick, or bring back a loved one.

Accused: Nothing will dissuade you of these notions, I'm sure. So instead of wasting my breath, I'll give you some advice. Take a bath once in a while, Overseer. And invest in some scented soap, unless that's against one of the Strictures.

Conclusion: Apparently, the accused suffered from a weakened heart, dying during the interrogation without providing anything further. His apartment on the canal should be searched for items or drawings of a profane nature.

Fallen Statue

By

Manny

Jaime,

Fernando and I found the statue on the floor like this, in the vault. How is that even possible, since the vault was closed? Could Mr. Stilton have done it out of anger? I know he said he didn't want to set eyes on it ever again, but it's not like him to break things, even in a bout of melancholy.

For now I'll leave the bust where it is but it's going to be a pain to put it back on the pedestal.

Should we tell Mr. Stilton about it? What if he did it? And what if he didn't? Listen, could you talk to him, after he's done with the Duke? You always know how to speak to him.

I'll owe you.

- Manny

First Captain's Safe

By

First Lieutenant Rosa Merquez

Sir, I escorted the proprietor of the Winslow Safe Shop onto the Palace grounds and into the Grand Guard barracks yesterday evening. He mucked about with the safe in the First Captain's office, and now the combination is set to [three digit number].

- First Lieutenant Rosa Merquez

Former Empress On The Run!

By

Unknown

There is no longer any doubt that the recently unseated Empress, Emily Kaldwin, is responsible for the recent string of horrible murders! The former monarch is on the run, conforming our suspicion about her guilt and association with the Crown Killer! Indeed, some have even suggested that Emily herself committed the appalling crimes, as it is well known she was raised by conspirators and murderers.

The Grand Guard has promised rewards for any information leading to an arrest, and warns the fugitive will be shot on sight if spotted. Duke Abele recently stated that the former empress will likely receive a fair trial if she turns herself in peacefully and forthwith.

Fruit Thief

By

Sabine

Fourth Corporal Chen,

I don't really care what you do with this fool. Elias whatever his name is. He's a thief but all he's done is steal some of the Duke's fruit. Most of it rots anyway, since the Grand Palace gets about ten times more than it needs each week.

Give our sticky-fingered friend a beating, humiliate him in some way, or just make up a fine that he's got to pay. Makes no difference to me.

Captain Sandoval

Gate Code

By

Ricardo

Dear brother,

Are you serious? How are you able to run a safe and vault business if you can't even remember a simple three digit combination?

I set the back alley gate code to your birthday and you thought it was your wedding anniversary. I set it to your wedding anniversary and you thought it was Grandfather's age. I set it to Grandfather's age and you thought it was Mother's street address. What kind of advice are you giving to your customers for their combinations, I wonder. It's a miracle anybody in this city manages to open one of your safes again after locking them.

Anyway, since you leave me no choice, here's the gate combination written in colored ink, which isn't cheap: [three digit number]

Bring the note with you when you come to my shop, I'll make sure it gets burned. And no, I don't leave the gate open, I can't risk having the curious peek inside at my little business.

- Ricardo

Gate Codes

By

Major Allain Binoche

I know that discipline has gone to shit over the last few years, and especially this year, but this is a reminder that gate codes should not be written down and left lying around, where just anyone who wanders through the office can see them. These codes are for Grand Guard personnel only, for good reason.

Once you've read and memorized the codes, destroy them. Maybe your rank and assignment don't mean squat to you, but if anything happens to Jindosh, we'll all face a firing squad at the Grand Palace.

Major Allain Binoche.

Gate Defense Orders

By

Captain Michelle Hays

Corporal Blinn, you and your men are being positioned outside the gates. Trust me, it's for your own good. Life on the inside with our new Empress is not what you're used to.

With Ramsey out of the picture, those of us who sided with him in support of Delilah are thinning out quickly. Some have deserted, others have, well, let's just say they've offended our new ruler once too often.

So here are your orders: Don't expect food or pay. Take what you can from the neighborhood and surrounding district. Call it a tax. And should an attack come, from any quarter, defend the gate. Even if your checkpoint falls, you'll buy us time to prepare for an assault.

- Captain Michelle Hays

Gate Must Remain Closed

By

Ricardo Marletto

Remember to close the gate behind you after each delivery.

If you need the code, speak to me directly or to Carlos Marletto, at Winslow Safe Company next door.

Ricardo Marletto

Goodbye Trevor

By

Mindy Blanchard

Trevor—

I'm surprised you had the guts to admit you was scared of me! Good. Maybe you should be. I'm getting pretty good with a blade.

Anyways, I'm a Howler now and I ain't going back to my life like it was before. And if you don't want to join up too, because you're too scared or too weak, then to the Void with you! I already got four new boyfriends and a couple of girlfriends too, if I want 'em.

I'm done crying about it. So I guess this is goodbye – forever.

Unless you change your mind and join up.

M.

Grand Guard Returns to Dust District

By

Unknown

For the first time in several years, the Grand Serkonan Guard have resumed full policing operations in the Batista District, now commonly referred to as the Dust District. Though never officially confirmed, the Grand Guard had abandoned the district while a conflict played out between the Howler gang and the local Overseer presence. The two rivals wrought such violence and discord that Grand Guard leadership felt it more prudent to enact a policy of containment.

Now it appears the skirmishes between the two parties have ended with no clear victor, allowing the Grand Guard to resume their patrols. While the situation within the district is still murky, it seems that Paolo's Howlers have been left scattered and weakened, without a leader, while Vice Overseer Liam Byrne has gone missing, according to the Abbey.

Grand Guard Safe

By

First Lieutenant Rosa Merquez

Captain,

Mr. Marletto from the Winslow Safe Company was able to re-open the regiment safe. We had to try different combinations for over two hours. Anyway, now we'll finally be able to distribute this week's pay.

Marletto advised us to set the combination to something the on-duty officers can remember. He suggested we use something like the average pay for a retired veteran, but I don't think triple zero makes a very secure combination. I just chose something else, and left it written in the Duke's office.

First Lieutenant Rosa Merquez

Grand Serkonan Guard

Grand Inventor Falls to Crown Killer

By

Unknown

The Grand Palace released a brief statement today regarding the recent demise of our irreplaceable Kirin Jindosh, the famed Grand Inventor for the nation of Serkonos. The statement indicated that all evidence gathered thus far points decidedly to the Crown Killer, who remains on the loose, and is actively being sought by the Grand Serkonan Guard at this time.

The statement went on to say that the Empire has lost its most brilliant mind, and that the now-vacant position of Grand Inventor will not easily be filled. Jindosh is best known for inventing the astonishing Clockwork Soldiers, as well as the Silvergraph machine.

Grim Tidings from the Capital of the Empire!

By

Unknown

Following the Coup, Empress Delilah Kaldwin, formerly called Delilah Copperspoon, still sits on the throne in Dunwall Tower. The residents of the district have, for the most part, fled. Shops and apartments sit in decay. In some cases, barricades have been erected at narrow streets, attempting to contain the odd cabal of women accompanying our new ruler.

Seeking to exploit an opportunity, local gangs are having a field day. I can attest personally to the increased presence of the Hatters, whose numbers have swelled with the recruitment of orphan children.

Your intrepid reporter will continue to bring you news as it happens, and as always I will interpret the events to the best of my ability. At the Courier, we try to represent all sides (that we deem reasonable), but of course we have a perspective and we have values, like all journalistic outlets, which will always inform our reporting.

Guard Deserting

By

Peterson

Weaver,

That's it, mate. We talked about it last night, and me and my Jilly are leaving Dunwall.

You know me, I was always City Watch through and through. I never thought I'd be a deserter. But there's no other way. Staying in the Tower with Delilah and all her followers would be nuts. I've seen things in the last week that I didn't think could happen.

When Mortimer Ramsey said Empress Emily was a traitor, and that Lord Corvo had been killing off nobles, I believed it. Now I'm sure I was being naive. We all got taken on that one. Everything's ten times worse now than it's ever been.

Jilly and I are going up to Poolwick. Her sister has a farm outside of town. So goodbye, and good luck. If you ever get up there, I owe you a few drinks. As always, remember our motto. Keep your head down.

Peterson

Here's the Payment

By

Durante

Modotti,

Here's what I've been allowed to take from the saloon emergency stash. Hold onto it until I bring you the two guys.

It makes me sick to pay those bastards from the Mining Company, but we can't afford to let Paco and Bill die up there.

Durante

Holiday for Miners Granted

By

Unknown

A holiday for mine workers has been granted by mine owner Aramis Stilton, to be held annually on the anniversary of the late great Duke Theodanis Abele's death. Complimentary beverages and other consumables will be available until midnight at the Batista Community Saloon.

Entertainers have been retained for the delight of all assembled. Feats of skill will be held, challenging those who dare to games of stone tossing and rat catching. The mines will be closed on the holiday, with all associated operations halted so that all may partake of the festivities.

Mister Stilton hopes the holiday will be known henceforth as Theodanis Day, and will be marked by remembrances of the former Duke and his many fine-accomplishments for the benefit of his beloved Karnaca.

HOUSE FOR SALE

By

Unknown

The Caruso Manor, previously known as the Stilton Manor, is currently on sale.

All inquiries and visit requests should be addressed to Jaime Carrera, housekeeper.

Buying offers should be presented directly to Baron Caruso, currently residing on Calle Museo, Cyria Gardens.

Howler Leader Found Dead

By

Unknown

Authorities have confirmed that the infamous Paolo has been killed. The body of the charismatic and influential Howler leader was positively identified last night. “There’s no question it was murder,” said an on-duty Grand Guard captain, though she refused to give details. Without their leader, there are already signs the Howler gang may be falling into disarray.

Vice Overseer Liam Byrne has moved ahead with his plans for the Dust District, including the building of a new chapel, and increased Overseer presence. Citizens are advised to attend services regularly or face censure.

Howlers Don't Play

By

Bluejaw Jake

Winnow,

You wanna know what happened to the owner before you? When he says “no more pay outs and that’s that,” we says “all right, you got us” and left him alone. Then we paid one of his friends to take him fishin’ a week later.

They were out on the water all day. Real good day, caught a lot of fish. Comin’ back, his friend gave him a letter from us and ran off. In it, I spelled out how the bait they was usin’ all day was bits of his mother.

Howlers don’t play, you piece of shit. You got three days.

- Bluejaw Jake

Ichabod Boyle Case – Witness Statement

By

Unknown

Witness Name: Peter Atkins

Occupation: Matchbox Maker

On the 16th Day, Month of Earth, just before midnight, I was on my way home after a couple of ales at the pub. Stopping to pee next to the Boyle Company offices, I heard moaning and furniture creaking, so I thought maybe some people were having fun and I could have a peek.

But when I got close to the windows, that's when Mr. Boyle started screaming like a slaughtered pig. He was all tied up. There was someone wearing a hooded cloak, and I swear, I think he was eating up Mr. Boyle's guts.

That has to be the Crown Killer, I told myself, and so I ran as fast as I could to the nearest Watch post to get help. And your soldiers could have made it to Boyle in time if they hadn't taken half an hour to fine me for throwing up. Anyone would have done the same after what I had been through. You guys should have some respect.

Instructions for Next Supper

By

Aramis Stilton

Cathy,

There will be five of us. Don't get the usual things though. You have to get the imported cheese. Someone mentioned Caulkenny Cavern Cheese? And wine from Gristol. The best. The very very best that you can find. Follow one of the cooks from a noble's house if you have to.

It is the Duke himself we will be hosting!

I want to serve those tiny barnacles wrapped in pork belly. I had them at a gallery last month and couldn't get enough! And get sardines! And those little twice cooked cakes from the bakery. And some sweets.

No matter the money! If you're not sure, come see me.

- Aramis.

Instructions to Staff

By

Kirin Jindosh

To my privileged staff,

Today Mr. Hadros and Mrs. Vivienne will be visiting to purchase a pair of Clockwork Soldiers. My instructions are as follows:

The Arc Pylon should be stowed beneath the floor. Let's not vaporize our guests. Bring it back up only in the event of a disturbance.

Lay out refreshments, and prepare dinner for after the contracts have been signed.

If they grow restless and demand to see me, tell them I will be with them shortly, and escort them to the waiting room. Do not activate the mechanism that lowers the waiting room into the assessment chamber. I will do that once I arrive.

- Kirin Jindosh

Instructions

By

Hadros

Once you've completed your errands, take the carriage to the Jindosh Mansion and wait outside. I expect my business with the Grand Inventor will be concluded within the day.

Do not keep me waiting.

- Hadros

Kaleb,

Most folks don't know what's really going on. With Delilah and her Coven running things, it's worse than if the Hatters or the Branded Foot Girls took over the city. At least the gangs operate to make a profit. Everything that's been running along smoothly for a very long time - corrupt or unfair or whatnot - went into the toilet as soon as Delilah set fire to Parliament.

But trust me, it's good news for people like me and you. Make this run for me, deliver the weapons and ammo, and if it goes well, I'll bump up your cut on future shipments.

Run off all the people holding things together, smash up the gears and pulleys, then make money selling guns to the people who are afraid in all the chaos. You won't see an opportunity like this again in a lifetime. In three or four years, we'll both be rich, even if we won't be able to retire in Dunwall.

Interrogation Report

By

Unknown

Captain Cullero: Your name is Hieronimus Blas.

Suspect: Yes.

Captain Cullero: And you admit to writing, printing and distributing the pamphlet called, "Get the Clankers Off Our Streets"?

Suspect: Yes. You should read it. How long before the Grand Guard is entirely replaced by mechanical soldiers? Indifferent to human suffering, following some aristocrat's orders blindly.

Corporal Loya: He kinda has a point, Captain. What if the Duke thinks we're not good enough for the job anymore? I don't want to go back to the mines.

Captain Cullero: Corporal, this is hardly appropriate.

Suspect: Imagine: infallible, incorruptible soldiers.

Corporal Loya: He's right, Captain.

Captain Cullero: Interrogation suspended.

SEND REPORT TO FURNACE

Invitation from Her Majesty Empress Delilah Kaldwin

By

Delilah Copperspoon

To the Duchess Lucille Clothilda,

I hope this note finds you in good health. Yours was the first such correspondence offering me fealty, and officially denouncing the murderous Emily Kaldwin. Swift actions such as yours deserve reciprocity.

Come join me for a dinner in your honor. My kitchen will prepare jellied oysters, herring in gravy, and some of those unusual Morleyan clams that thrive only in brackish waters. Let it be tomorrow evening. For I am eager to show how I feel toward one who is so quick to change allegiance.

Empress Delilah Kaldwin

Invitation Letter from Jindosh

By

Kirin Jindosh

Dear Mister Hadros,

It would be my pleasure to play host to you and to give you a personal demonstration of my Clockwork Soldiers as you take possession of yours. As you must know, the cost is exceptionally high, but once you see one of my creations in action you will be unable to resist the purchase.

Please arrive on the appointed date, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon. It is important that you arrive at the time I have specified as I might otherwise mistake you for an intruder.

Sincerely Yours,

Kirin Jindosh

Janitor's Note - Hamilton

By

Joe Hamilton

Dr. Hypatia,

I know you're busy these days with your experiments and all, but since you seem to be in the Duke's good graces, I was thinking maybe you could request extra funding for the old basement?

With most of our personnel sacked, I can't deal with the flood, so I just sealed it off for now. That won't do the building any good, long term. And anyways there is still some stuff stored in there, from Addermire's old days. Some of it looks valuable.

- Joe Hamilton

Jewel of the South

By

Unknown

Where the warm winds blow

There's spices and charms

And a silver mine

That could strong arms

So pack that trunk

And board that ship

The boat leaves soon

From the southbound slip

Karnaca calls

With its shining bay

And high on the cliffs

The old tress sway

The winds of change

The wealth of trade

The fruits of labor

Where fortunes are made
So pack your dreams
And leave you coat
Your life begins
When you leave the boat,
The Jewel of the South
She shines for you
Karnaca calls you
To be born anew
Karnaca calls
With its shining bay
And high on the cliffs
The old tress sway
The winds of change
The wealth of trade
The fruits of labor
Where fortunes are made
Where the warm winds blow
There's spices and charms
And a silver mine

That could strong arms

Jindosh Entry on Whalebone

By

Unknown

Today I'll raise the anatomy platform, bringing it up to the Laboratory floor where I can resume my work evaluating the rune artifact.

Even as a man dedicated to Natural Philosophy, I must admit that my association with the occultist Breanna Ashworth has renewed my interest in the study of whalebone. Given what I've seen over the past three years, working with Breanna, I cannot entirely dispel the idea that the bones of the leviathans possess unusual properties. When pressed, she speaks in the meaningless palaver of the spiritualist.

In an attempt to find answers on my own, I have procured one of the so-called rune artifacts, considered heretical of course by the narrow minds of the Abbey. However, thus far my examinations have netted nothing of interest. A sample of human tissue affected by these runes might reveal more, were I able to get, say, the jawbone of one of those poor sods burned alive by the Overseers.

Last Notes from the Lodger

By

Unknown

I heard the noises again last night. But I won't open that trunk. Not with him in there. I can't even stand to look at it. And going back to our apartment isn't a possibility, since the Grand Guard seized the place.

One little push. Shoved him harder than that on a hundred occasions. But he hit his head, and the life went out of him. The plonker! Never was any good since the day I married him.

After he was gone, at first it was all right. More food for me anyway. Then things started to get putrid. Just like him to torment me from the beyond! Still, it was only a smell.

But now it's noises, and I can't figure it out. His spirit has come for revenge, that's what I think one minute. The next, I'm sure it's just rats, making a home in his skin. I yelled "quiet!" the other day. But the noise got even stronger, like he was going to burst out.

Not sure how much more I can take.

Last Words

By

Stanislaw Shepherd

To whoever might find this,

Are you trapped? I know only too well your situation. You see, these are my last words. I have found a spot away from the clutches of those things, but for what? I have no food, no water, and now I grow weak. if there was a chance of escape, then I have missed it. Even writing this note saps any strength I had left.

I thought I could beat this contraption, this terrible house, this thing that Jindosh has built. But it has beaten me. If only I had thought to bring water, or a morsel of bread.

And so I say goodbye to you, my reckless friend. Perhaps you too will die here. I'm sorry for that. If I become a ghost, then I will try to help you. Otherwise, fare thee well.

Stanislaw Shepherd

juggler, magician, thief, braggart, and surely, a fool

Leave Karnaca

By

Kristo

Rapollo,

When you receive my letter, I want you to pack a bag promptly. Leave within the hour of reading this, and stop worrying about all that terrible business in Karnaca.

Stay with me in Saggunto for a month or two, and I'll feed you until you're fat. We'll have an excuse to shop once a week to get you nice things in larger sizes. You know I bought a dozen of those fancy rugs from the weavers' market. If you'll join me at my tiny manor, we'll put them to good use.

Kristo

Rapollo,

When you receive my letter, I want you to pack a bag promptly. Leave within the hour of reading this, and save yourself from jail or execution in Karnaca.

Stay with me in Saggunto for a month or two, and we'll drink until we cannot remember what happened to your dear sister when she insulted Duke Abele. The news that she faced a firing squad broke my heart, but hearing that she did it just after having both her hands removed fills me with rage to the point of madness.

Kristo

Letter from A Journalist

By

Karnaca Gazette

Chief Alchemist Alexandria Hypatia,

I am writing because I am not permitted to visit you in person, thanks to one of the Duke's new decrees, which now fall on the city as frequently as drops of rain. But I will get to the matter at hand.

What is the progress with your research on the latest strain of Bloodfly Fever? Is there any hope for an improved version of Addermire Solution? I'm talking of a remedy that could cure the Fever, instead of just delaying the symptoms. Have any of your experiments proven effective? If so, when will something be available to the community?

As you must know, available stocks of elixirs are dwindling, and people often have to turn to the black market to buy potions at a shocking price. What is your reaction to this situation?

Eagerly awaiting your response,

Wren Mancini,

Karnaca Gazette

Letter from Advisor Helmswater

By

Leonora Helmswater

Empress,

We face yet another murder, and I cannot remain silent on this matter. Strange, is it not, that all the victims have openly opposed you? If not strange, then oh so very convenient.

Is there anything you wish to tell me, Majesty? How can I be an advisor if you don't include me in these most sensitive of endeavors? I feel I must be the only person in Dunwall who doesn't know the truth about the Crown Killer.

Don't leave me out in the cold!

I remain,

Your trusted servant and advisor,

Leonora Helmswater

Letter from an Admirer of Daud

By

Claudio

Dear Alfred,

I received the book, a good find. But I must admit I have my doubts regarding the historical value of the work. The “Knife of Dunwall,” feeling remorse about killing the tyrant Jessamine? As I write, I’m staring at his portrait, and I suspect that Daud always knew destiny was guiding his hand, firm and unforgiving.

Anyway, the book was an entertaining read, so thank you again. Keep sending me all the information you can find about this mysterious figure we both admire.

Your friend,

Claudio

Letter from Bethy

By

Bethy

Sarah,

Things are rotten here in Dunwall. Nothing is the same since the coup. It ain't safe for no one and there's no jobs neither. You get yourself back here and take your kids.

It ain't right you should have left them with me for so long. Anyway, you didn't mention how sickly they was, and poor behaved. Now, you're my sister and that counts for something. But when the new month comes I'm leaving. There's no more I can do.

I ain't their mother, and they won't listen. I can't afford to feed 'em no more. There's nothing left for beers or rent by the time they're done eating. And not a penny from you! Off to find your fortune in Karnaca! Well that's the end of it.

Bethy

Letter from Boyle Accounting Service

By

Martin Jenkins

Miss Fenella Reid,

I regret to inform you that your special allowance request has been denied by our Financial Director. We are very sorry to hear that your apartment on Kaldwin Blvd. is in such poor condition, but we think you're being overly emotional when describing the building as "on the verge of collapse." A broken leg is certainly not something irreparable, nor is a broken ceiling.

In any case, as the Import Manger, you must understand that the company's future is unsure to say the least, after untimely death of its beloved funder, and the political turmoil across the Empire. All wages should remain frozen until a successor is appointed. No exceptional will be granted.

We wish you the best of luck.

Sincerely yours,

Martin Jenkins, for the Boyle Company Accounting Service

Letter from Corvo

By

Corvo Attano

Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew,

I am deeply sorry to inform you that your daughter, Captain Alexi Mayhew, was killed in action during the recent Coup in Dunwall.

Alexi was brave, loyal and selfless until the end, as she always had been, since the day she fought alongside the Empress and saved her from the carriage attack, while they were just kids. Emily never had a better friend.

It has been an honor to know and work with your daughter. Be assured that as soon as Emily is restored to the throne - and I swear she will be - I'll make sure Alexi's death is properly memorialized.

With all my sympathy,

Corvo Attano

Royal Protector

Letter from Delilah

By

Delilah Copperspoon

Kirin,

You ask what the Void looks and feels like, if it can be measured like a real place. Here's my answer: Don't concern yourself with such matters. It is as real as anything I've ever experienced, but if you understood it, you'd know that such a statement makes as little sense as saying that I have been dead.

The Void is unspeakable. It is infinite and it is nowhere, ever-changing and perpetual. There are more things in the endless black Void, Kirin Jindosh, than are dreamt of in your natural philosophy.

Leave aside things beyond your reach, and be content that you are gifted with more insight than the common man.

Delilah

Letter from Duke Abele

By

Duke Luca Abele

Kirin, my dear Grand Inventor!

Who else possesses such a keen mind? Could any other of my inner circle achieve such industrial marvels?

I appreciate how superbly your Clockwork Soldiers performed in Dunwall, cutting those guards loyal to Emily Kaldwin to ribbons. And Breanna Ashworth claims you've been invaluable, helping her Oraculum contraption. Delilah will be pleased.

Please dispatch a courier as soon as you have what you need from Anton Sokolov. Press him as you see fit. No methods are off limits! We must find a way to produce your Clockwork Soldiers in greater quantities.

Your Duke,

Luca Abele

Letter from Duke Luca Abele

By

Duke Luca Abele

My marvelous Alexandria Hypatia! Or do those closest call you Alex?

How valuable you are to me! To Serkonos! What would we do without one of our most prominent Natural Philosophers? It keeps me awake at night, worrying for your safety. What if some incurable wretch should attack you? Or what if exposure to one of those hideous maladies you come across proves fatal to you? Where would we be then? Who would we turn to?

So you see, that is why I have arranged for the Grand Guard to keep an eye on your offices at Addermire. For now, indulge me. As your Duke, I recognize your value, and I am committed to keeping you safe!

Most warmly,

Luca Abele,

Duke of Serkonos

Aramis,

Smart of you to agree to host this special little party. It will do much for your social standing, and I knew I could count on you. Be careful not to muck it up!

Here are some of the particulars. More later.

We'll need a locked room. Locked. That's very important because we don't want your servants entering at a sensitive moment and ruining everything.

Nor would we want any of the guests to leave! No windows or if there must be windows, then perhaps make certain they are heavily draped?

Once everyone has been made comfortable with refreshments and such, it is crucial your servants and security retreat for the night! They must not interfere! Send them home if you must, or to the streets if they have no residence.

As for guests, I believe there will be five of us. Including you. No surprise additions please! If someone stops by, send them away! This is to be a private séance, and the guests have been especially chosen by Breanna Ashworth. You don't want to displease her, do you?

I hope I've made these instructions clear. You were my father's closest friend, and I know the old badger would be happy that you're helping me with this matter.

Luca Abele

Letter from Duke Theodanis Abele

By

Theodanis Abele

I hope you're not spending too many days down under the earth, Stilton, my friend, sniffing for noxious fumes, or inspecting creaking supports. You've earned a better life, and I want to see you live it.

That said, I missed our weekly supper and hearing more about your plans for improving conditions for the miners. Much more interesting than the drivel I'm forced to endure in the course of a day. Promise me that next week you will regale me with talk of some new gadget meant to predict collapses before they happen, or what have you?

For me, as if uniting all the squabbling rivals in Serkonos were not enough, I've had another troubling letter from Luca's school. This time I'm afraid a young man was badly injured. Some schoolboy prank gone dreadfully wrong. But then, he's not really a boy anymore, is he?

I haven't made the impression on him that I wanted. Not even half. What will become of Serkonos when I'm gone?

Ah, I've burdened you too much! All will surely be well.

Until next week!

Theodanis

Letter from Emily

By

Emily Kaldwin

Wyman,

By now you must have heard about the Coup in Dunwall. Don't worry, I'm safe, hiding far away with friends. I implore you, don't try anything reckless, and don't go back to Gristol. Stay in Morley. There's nothing you can do against Delilah.

I can't say I have a solid plan yet, but you know how well I improvise in desperate situations. Remember the time I kept a straight face during the Watch Officer's report, all the while sitting at my desk without pants? If I survived that, I'll get through all this.

For now, I need to stay hidden and act alone. Trust me. We'll see each other again, I promise.

Emily

Letter from Lucia Pastor

By

Lucia Pastor

Dear Dr. Hypatia,

I couldn't be happier about the news you gave me. The people here in Dust District desperately need someone like you.

I understand that you cannot see patients at Addermire anymore, and that it's too dangerous to go back to your apartment. I'll arrange something, we'll find you a safe place to hide and give free consultations, as you suggested.

I'll send word about it via the Miners Family Committee and some friends I have at the Silver Spike newspaper.

Welcome back to the city.

Lucia Pastor

Letter from Mindy

By

Mindy

Nice tattoo you have on your back, Amadeo. Where did you find the original drawing? Want to chat about it?

Come to the Crone's Hand in Dust District and ask for Mindy. You won't regret your time.

Letter from Mr. Weatherby

By

Horatio Weatherby

Antonio,

Don't come back to the shop. I'll find a new assistant, one who doesn't feel the need to discuss the political validity of the taxes with the Grand Guard when they come to collect their protection money. By the way, the extra fee they requested will be retained from your last wages.

Bring me back the shop key and make sure I don't ever see your face again.

Horatio Weatherby

Letter from Muranola Architecture

By

Muranola Architecture

To Mr. Aramis Stilton,

Good sir,

We write with some excitement regarding the planned extension to your home. We are ready to unveil our plans for your new functional and appealing office space! Might you have time to view our drawings in the coming weeks? We are completely at your disposal, and are ready to begin construction upon the very instant of your approval.

Respectfully yours,

K. Kirkenguard & A. Muranola

Muranola Architecture & Supplies

To Mr. Aramis Stilton,

Good sir,

We are writing to inquire about the finished work on your new office. Does everything meet with your expectations and approval? Are any adjustments needed? Have the workmen sufficiently cleaned up after their construction activities?

Should everything prove satisfactory, we will follow up shortly with our invoices.

Respectfully yours,

K. Kirkenguard & A. Muranola

Muranola Architecture & Supplies

Letter from Rebecca Fletcher

By

Rebecca Fletcher

Dear Alistair,

It seems like only yesterday we were watching young Empress Emily launch that magnificent ship in honor of her late mother, gone these fifteen years. A beautiful vessel, built by your hand. We were so proud.

Since the Coup, I've been worrying what will become of the ISS Jessamine Kaldwin. There's been rioting here, and angry citizens are defacing her statues. For now, the ship sits, waiting in Dunwall Harbor. There are no orders coming from Dunwall Tower.

I hope you and Philly are well and that things are calmer in Karnaca, but rumors indicate otherwise.

Your cousin and friend,

Rebecca Fletcher

Letter from the Tyvian Trade Commission

By

Demyan Shurygin

Our most Esteemed Empress,

As you know, freight from Serkonos, bound for Tyvia, is now routinely set upon by pirates, or spoiled with bloodflies. In addition to the loss of Tyvian lives, be they crew, dock workers or shop keepers, there is the material cost of the cargo itself, which can barely be calculated.

If things continue unchecked, we will be forced to cease trading with Serkonos, and perhaps to even embargo ships from the southernmost Isle altogether. But this need not come to pass. The Trade Commission is a reasonable body, and has already considered remedies to ameliorate the situation.

We seek the following:

1. Independent, qualified inspectors at all ports.
2. Patrols to defend against pirates and smugglers.
3. Compensation for the previous and future losses.

It is this list of remedies that I wish to discuss with you, in person, at the earliest possible opportunity. So far, your staff have registered our efforts to establish a definitive time for negotiation. Prompt them to action, Majesty, for we are eager to travel to Dunwall.

Until we can sit down and discuss this in a civilized fashion, I send you our best.

Demyan Shurygin, Principle

Tyvian Trade Commission

Letter from Wyman

By

Wyman

Emily,

I didn't want to wake you this morning, but you'll forgive me since we must have said goodbye a hundred times yesterday night. And the only chance I get to see you with your hair all whichever way is while you're asleep. As soon as the sun rises, you'll put on your Empress face. It makes me happy that I know your real face, the one that laughs at our silly rhymes.

I don't want to go back to Morley, but I'm needed there. It'll be four months before we see each other again. I'll miss you. And yes, I'll bring you some white leaf tobacco for your hookah. (Lord Corvo, if you're reading this letter as per your Royal Spymaster functions, know that I am joking and perfectly aware that the white leaf tobacco is forbidden in Gristol).

Take care, my daring Emily, don't go falling from a rooftop.

I love you.

- Wyman

Letter to Amado Foundry

By

Kirin Jindosh

Please type and send this letter to Nora Amado Foundry:

Madam,

Your idiot foreman just queried me thusly: Will any size do? Any size, he says! No, no, no! The components must be precisely the size specified in my plans!

I need assurances that there is someone at your facility who understands this; who will see to it personally that all the parts I've requested will be perfectly uniform, exactly sized, and composed of the requested materials. I will not pay a single coin until I have confirmation that my requirements will be met!

These parts are not just paperweights for my desk! They must fit together within a larger machine after they leave your doors.

I await your reply,

K. Jindosh

Letter to Billie Lurk

By

Katrina

Billie,

I ain't know your address, so I just give this letter to a mudlark who knew the lay o'the area and hope for the best.

You and I ain't got no reason to like each other, but Fennick liked you good enough, so that's why I'm writing. Anyways, he's dead, and I thought you should know. It was that old wound, remember? It never did heal. We tried every kind of cure and poultice.

You know what I think? I think maybe the boss cut him. Maybe on purpose, maybe not. You know how it was back then.

Speaking of, I tried to find the Big Knife, but no one's heard a thing in years. Don't know if he's alive or what.

Anyways, outta respect to Fennick, if I ever see you, I won't kill you.

- Katrina

Letter to Bloodfly Fever Patient

By

Jeremy

My sweet Albina,

How good to hear from you! When I left you in the doctors' hands you were so feverish you couldn't even say goodbye. The sting marks, so many of them; just remembering fills me with dread. I'm glad Dr. Hypatia could at least make the symptoms a little more bearable.

Now I don't want you to worry about those awful things you said. Of course you're going to be better, of course you'll survive! The children need you, and how could I go on living without you? Little Benito keeps having nightmares about bloodflies devouring our whole family, so I promised him you'd be back soon, and that no bloodflies would ever attack us again. We baked mulberry biscuits this morning, so I'm sending you a little box of them with this letter. I hope we'll be able to visit you soon.

Please don't give up! I love you more than anything.

- Jeremy

Letter to Bonville

By

Breanna Ashworth

Major Bonville,

Thank you again for your help. Without you, it would have been impossible to trace the final members of the Grand Guard who were with Stilton that night, three years ago.

The last man had made it all the way north to Meyra, if you can believe it, and was recovering at a Tyvian asylum for the poor, claiming to have seen all manner of strange things on the night of Stilton's last social gathering. He even described an exotic, hooded figure visiting the manor. Perhaps someone connected to Stilton's disappearance. Such matters are best left to military men such as yourself, I suppose.

I still have your bank agent's name and address. Rest assured, your final payment will be delivered soon. I'm also sending a small flask of a liquor that is close to my heart, made from the pomace left over after wine grapes have been pressed. Please think of me as you enjoy.

Yours truly,

Breanna Ashworth

Letter to Laura

By

Ichabod Boyle

Laura, don't tell me my business. My family's been at this game for a long time, and I'm not acting alone.

Currently, I have several friends working on similar pamphlets aimed at further turning public opinion against Emily Kaldwin and her cursed Royal Protector. Lady Brambly is calling hers "Bastard Daughter." That ought to light them up at court. Nathan Bettenbridge is nearly finished with "Prosecution for Corvo Attano." I'm giving consideration to releasing my own as, "Should Parliament Rule? A Modest Proposal."

Yes, I know she's the Empress, but eventually she'll bow under the weight that we will bring down upon her. First the gentry here in Dunwall, then the Parliament. Finally, the other Isles.

By early next month, look for these works plastered on the walls here in the Capital City, but if you're abroad you'll see them in Dabokva, Alba, Karnaca, Caulkenny and Yaro as well. I have friends all over, Laura. Don't let it slip your mind for a second.

- Boyle

Letter to Lieutenant Valiente

By

Matilda

Dearheart,

I keep thinking of what you told me. If it's true, if that's really what you saw. I just can't bring myself to believe it, even though I trust you entirely.

I know Duke Luca is a despicable person, but him using that monster for his political agenda? Please, I beg you, don't be rash, I know you want to resign from the Grand Guard, but I fear for your life as long as you're in Addermire. Don't send that letter yet, don't talk to anybody about what you saw, at least until you come back home and we can discuss it with clearer heads.

Please stay safe. I'll be waiting to hear from you.

Your Matilda

Letter to Lucia Pastor

By

Lucia Pastor

Jaime, could you please send this note to Lucia Pastor at the Miner's Family Committee, along with my mask prototype? Make sure to clean it up a bit first. Thank you.

Lucia,

Have you seen my plan for the masks? I fashioned one for myself, and wore it in our deepest mine for over two days. I'm excited to say it has some very promising qualities, significantly reducing the intake of solids into the lungs. You must try it also, because I want your thoughts on the matter!

I would like to begin manufacturing these for all mining crews.

With some urgency,

A. Stilton

Letter to Mr. Weatherby

By

Carlito Molina

Mr. Weatherby,

You'll have to hire a new shop assistant, and it won't be me. "If you want the job, you just have to go get the shop key from my former assistant," you said. "Here's the address," you said.

Well, sir, you forgot to add that the guy didn't quit, but died somewhere in a building so infested with bloodflies that the Grand Guard condemned it. How's anyone supposed to get that key back?

There are lots of things I'd do to get a job, Mr. Weatherby, but suicide isn't one of them. I know you'll ask some other poor guy, more naive or more desperate than me, but let me tell you one thing: that is not fair.

Carlito Molina

Limited Resources

By

Meagan Foster

It's not what you're used to, living in a palace, but this is all the coin I could scrape up. Anton and I operated on a tight budget, and guess what, now you do too. If it's not beneath you, pick up whatever valuables you find along your way. We'll need ammo and resources to take down the people behind the Coup.

Hidden all over the city, there are underground black market shops. Look for a symbol depicting two hands, which means there's a shop nearby. Follow the signs, they'll guide you. Buying from the black market is against the law, but it could make the difference against the Duke's military. Sokolov was working on this crossbow as a gift for you. If you need it modified, those shops can help with that as well.

- Meagan

Love Letter

By

Unknown

Ah Mindy,

I've seen you fight three at once with only the haft of a broken shovel. But it's not your mean-streak that I'm obsessed with.

I want to bury my fingers in your hair. Has it ever met the teeth of a comb? I dream about running my fingernails over your scalp, barely touching you. Licking the sweat from the soft down at the back of your neck. If I could, I'd grab your face, fast enough to surprise you, and then I'd kiss your open mouth, soft as a cat at the milk bowl.

There are tattoos across your shoulders and breasts, marks I want to trace and decipher, guessing at the meaning of each - this one is your first heartbreak, I imagine, and that one is for the first time you stabbed someone, you little savage.

I want to know all about you, to read the story on your body. All the chapters, even the secret ones. Do you have tattoos under your knickers? Legend has it that one of the boys who saw that ink and blabbed about it didn't survive to see it again.

I want to bite and kiss your skin just hard enough so you'll keep a mark, a new tattoo made by my lips and teeth. Maybe you'd shiv me in my sleep for doing that, but I won't care, as long as you remember me for a few days.

Maintenance List

By

Meagan Foster

- Repair the things that got busted up in Anton's room, when he was taken. It's been weeks now.

No, scratch that. Not until I bring him back home. As a show of faith that he will be coming back.

- Unblock the storage door. Looks like something fell on the other side. And I really need to sell the stuff locked up in there to make some coin.

- Pay the port tax and the "look the other way" fees to those Grand Guard bastards, before they wonder who my passenger is this time.

I'll do it when I get the money.

Drain Engine Room - Another week, another leak.

I wasted hours on it and couldn't get it stopped. I'll shut the water off, assuming I can find the crank-wheel. Something to deal with once Sokolov is safe.

Check Bridge Tubing - DONE

Haul Down Oil - DONE

Buy Onions - DONE

Make Your Decision

By

Breanna Ashworth

Aramis,

I've made my arrangements for the séance. Delilah's effigy is in place, attuned to your wretched burrow of a house. I set alight candles made from materials I dare not name, and a special incense that took nearly a year to find. Open the door as little as possible until tonight.

I'll return with Luca, Kirin, and Grim Alex just before the appointed time. And I don't want to hear any more about your silly doubts. It's an honor that we're doing you, allowing you to participate in Delilah's return. We'll start whether you're there or not. Time to decide which future you want to be a part of.

Breanna

Mine Collapses - Numerous Casualties

By

Karnaca Gazette

A representative from the Miners' Family Committee reports that another silver mine has partially collapsed, leaving eight miners injured, and killing twelve. The Committee maintains that the Duke's unrealistic production goals were the true culprit, citing the overlong shifts that have been in practice since mine owner Aramis Stilton disappeared.

We, at the Karnaca Gazette, certainly support the effort to maintain Serkonos unity. Our thoughts go to the families of those injured or killed.

Mission Letter from Delilah

By

Delilah Copperspoon

Mariah,

Take Heather and Kai. Travel to Karnaca tonight. The others there will give you a roof to sleep beneath and they will keep you out of sight. Watch for our friend from Dunwall.

When the moment comes, strike. If you succeed, I promise you will be rewarded. And beyond that I'll make you a portrait.

- Your Empress Forever, Delilah

Mission Orders

By

Sister Rosewyn

Brother Fitz,

I bid you courage on your expedition into the heart of corruption, the once-shining Dunwall Tower.

Know that beyond Delilah's occult heresy, she is full of guile. Be wary. Storm the Tower and protect High Overseer Khulan with your life, for he will lead us back to the righteous path.

But there is another thing. For years, rumors have circulated regarding the Royal Protector. If victory is secured and you manage to find yourself in his quarters alone, we want you to search for signs of blasphemy. Report back, but only to me.

All my years, I dedicate to the Abbey and the Oracular Order.

Sister Rosewyn

More Woes Afflict “Dust District” Residents

By

Unknown

The situation inside the Batista District continues to deteriorate at a rapid pace. Not long ago the great area prospered under the watchful eyes of mining operations owner Aramis Stilton. But the well-liked worker’s advocate disappeared three years ago under suspicious circumstances, and since then the entire district has been afflicted by increasingly foul air and gang violence.

A functionary from the Grand Serkonan Guard admitted that the group has essentially abandoned the area. “It’s simply too dangerous,” he said of the crime inside what is now commonly called the Dust District. “The Overseers and the damn Howlers fighting for control in the streets, with skirmishes every day, assassinations, torture, and so forth. After a while we just decided to withdraw and let the two have it out,” he said. “Sealed it all up behind a few well placed Walls of Light.”

Nest Keeper

By

Unknown

Alexandria, I've always believed the idea of bloodfly "Nest Keepers" to be legend, or drunken miner talk, even though members of the Grand Guard have reported putting down "belligerent occupants" when burning out bloodfly infestations.

As such, this silvergraph represents a rare sighting. We can only conclude that the final stages of Bloodfly Fever occasionally result in an extraordinary kind of brain damage, wherein the host fixates on protecting the nests. The bloodflies in turn, welcome the afflicted person, and thus a symbiotic relationship results.

Bloodfly research never ceases to amaze. If we could procure a sample from the brain of one of these nest keepers, I'd love to observe the effects on rats or wolfhounds in my laboratory.

New Gate Code

By

Major Allain Binoche

Attention everyone!

The new code for the gates is [three digit number].

Once you've read and memorized it, destroy the note. Remember - do not write them down or forget to destroy the notes.

Major Allain Binoche

Note for Captain Sandoval

By

Julia Noomia

Captain Sandoval

I'm an engineer, sir, not some kind of magician. If the foundation of the Grand Palace was built at an uneven grade, how am I supposed to keep it from flooding? How do you expect me to stop the Ocean itself?

Duke Abele wanted another entrance to his precious Vault, and we warned him that was a bad idea, given the foundation. So now, every time the storage room and the external passage flood, we're called in to fix the problem.

This is a fundamental structural problem - the Duke's house, as it were, is not built on a solid foundation.

Julia Noomia

Karnaca Engineering Corp

Grand Palace Maintenance

Note from Correy Brockburn

By

Correy Brockburn

25th Day, Month of Timber, 1851

Janice,

You'll find everything in the safe. I've written the combination in the usual place; you know where to look in the office. I changed all the safe tumblers recently, because I feel like I'm being followed. Pretty sure I heard shuffling and heavy breathing from somewhere nearby in the dark while I was closing up the office for the night. It's not the Grand Guard this time, but we're being watched for certain.

It's probably safer to postpone our next gathering. Can you warn the others?

I'll leave for Cullero when I'm done with today's clients.

Correy Brockburn

Note from Delilah

By

Delilah Copperspoon

Following the Abbey's pathetic assault, I want the power shut off in the security room, and I want this rickety old contraption locked. No more supplicants from the city riding up to beg for my graces.

Come to my throne room only if your need is dire, and woe be to anyone from outside the Coven who disturbs me while I'm painting.

The Overseers were probably the last of our significant enemies, and now they're beaten. I trust you can handle anyone who comes along.

- Your Empress, Delilah Kaldwin

Note from Dr. Hypatia

By

Alexandria Hypatia

Dear Cyrille,

I'm working so late these days, I might as well sleep at Addermire. I know, it's not good for my health, and a doctor should know better, you are totally right. But I have the feeling I'm about to discover something important; something that will improve my Addermire Solution.

Would you be so kind as to water my plants for a few days? You'll do a better job than me anyway, I always forget them. Help yourself to an elixir in my reserve if you like.

I hope Caroline gets better soon.

Your neighbor and friend, Alexandria

Note from Meagan Foster

By

Meagan Foster

Dr. Hypatia needed a place to sleep, so I cleared the stuff out of the spare cabin. I was able to sell most of it. Here's what's left of the money. It's not a lot, I know.

Whale oil is expensive and under imperial rationing decree, but you know that.

Meagan Foster

Note from Meagan to Sokolov

By

Meagan Foster

Anton,

That tin of putty was meant for the porthole seals! I see you've smeared it all over a canvas. Is that your idea of art? And how will that keep the rain out?

Do your painting or whatever it is, but use your own things. Leave my stuff alone. I'm trying to run a ship here.

Also, your snoring is dreadful. Can't you prop up your pillow? You're always bragging about some old thing you invented. Well, invent something for that, why don't you?

Meagan

Note from Meagan

By

Meagan Foster

While you were resting up, I had the old man drop me off so I could check out the Dust District. I'll meet you there and pass along whatever I learn.

Come find me when you're awake.

Note from Paolo

By

Paolo

[Don't worry, one of my people watched you for a while, but it means nothing to us, whoever you are. You won't hear from me again, but] You did the Howlers a favor, coming into Batista and getting rid of the Vice Overseer. Those Abbey pricks were out for my blood. I'm not going to forget what you did for me, regardless of how shit turns out in Serkonos. You have my word.

Now, with Byrne shuffled off, anything's possible here in Karnaca. A city run by the people of the alleys, the waterfront streets, the mines. Not like under the Duke, where only the palace-born got a share of the good stuff.

Anyway, I don't know whose side you're on and I don't care, but I wanted to give you a little something for your trouble anyway.

- Paolo

Note from Petronilla

By

Petronilla Wetherspoon

Allison,

I'm taking some hagfish broth to my cousin who's been coughing badly for two days. If you need to spend the night here, you already have your own key and you know you're always welcome.

Please be a dear and don't put your muddy boots on the bed. I'll be back tomorrow morning with some pastries.

Petronilla Wetherspoon

Note from Sokolov

By

Anton Sokolov

[Emily/Corvo],

It's true, I don't tinker with mechanical devices much anymore, but I'm not so old as to be useless just yet.

Behold! I have fashioned a little contrivance for you, using only parts scavenged from this wretched vessel. Yes, all right, a few bits were currently in use, but I assure you none were involved in keeping us afloat.

Say nothing to Meagan, as her disposition needs no further souring. In any case, may this device serve you well.

Sokolov

Note from the Chief Editor

By

Simon

Kent,

Don't take it personally, but I'm not publishing your story about mechanical soldiers down in Karnaca. I'm not questioning your sources or your writing, but some moonstruck natural philosopher making marionettes in his basement isn't really news.

I've done some research on this Kirin Jindosh you mention. He was driven out of the Academy of Natural Philosophy years ago, so he's hardly a credible threat. Until one of his inventions actually kills someone, he's not worthy of our ink.

You should focus on the Crown Killer case instead. If the Imperial family is really ordering those murders, I want us to be the ones who expose it.

Simon

Note from Vice Overseer Byrne

By

Vice Overseer Liam Byrne

[Stranger,] while I have my suspicions regarding who you work for, or who you might be, I'm willing to look the other way, disregarding your methods. I say this because you've done a great service for the Abbey and for the people of Karnaca.

With Paolo gone, his Howler vermin should be easy to eradicate. The Abbey will restore our hold on Serkonos, starting here, with the southern capital. A return to the Strictures, with an Overseer providing guidance at each neighborhood chapel, across the city.

If we cross paths in the future, I hope you're in accord with the Strictures. In any case, remember the name Liam Byrne, because I won't rest until all the people of the Empire are safeguarded, counselled toward better lives. Whatever that requires of me.

- Vice Overseer Liam Byrne

Note on Abandoned Luggage

By

Severino

Lieutenant Colbers,

I've packed everything like you requested and brought your luggage to the train station, but I can't wait any longer. The train will be there any minute, and I won't miss my chance to leave this wretched city. Your shift at the Royal Conservatory should have ended an hour ago, so I'm confident you'll be here soon, and that you'll buy another ticket.

It has been an honor to serve you during these two years, and I wish I could have said goodbye in person.

Best of luck

Severino

Note to Alexandria Hypatia

By

Cyrille

Dear Alexandria, I've tried to take care of your plants the best I could. I worry, though, I haven't heard from you in a long time. Are you alright?

I am still holding onto your key, let me know when you'll need it back.

Yours,

Cyrille

Note to Anton Sokolov

By

Kirin Jindosh

My Dear Anton,

I hope the sound of the Clockwork Soldier outside your cell doesn't disturb your rest. I find the solid footfalls and gentle electric hum to be soothing, but you may be of a different opinion. In fact, in your condition, the noise might be maddening, especially since the pressure plate for the exit of your cell is positioned tantalizingly within reach.

But should you attempt to venture forth from the assessment chamber, like some wrinkled, gray whiskered rat hunting through a labyrinth for a morsel of cheese, you will soon find your stoic guardian bearing down on you. You're an intelligent man. I'm sure I don't need to illustrate what those honed edges would do to your ancient and haggard body.

- Kirin Jindosh

Note to Beesley

By

Mortimer Ramsey

You've come this far with me, Beesley, don't get clammy feet now, man. Delilah is our rightful Empress, or will be soon, I promise. And the Duke will make sure we're properly compensated for our part in orchestrating this coup.

I have men across the City Watch, and let's just say certain stubborn Emily Kaldwin supporters are being arrested even as I pen this note. On top of that, the Duke will be bringing over a hundred from the Grand Guard.

Now do your part! And shred this note as soon as you've read it. Put it down the toilet.

- Mortimer Ramsey

Note to Employees

By

Unknown

One of the booth keys has been stolen again. This time I'm not having it remade, so you'll have to share the remaining key.

Pipa, when your shift is over, just wait for Narciso to arrive then hand the key over to him.

Narciso, you wait for Daniel, and so on.

Nobody leave the key in some stupid hidey hole or whatever! If the last key is lost or stolen, we won't be able to open the booth and you'll all be out of work. If you're worried, pool your coin and have another key made. Or go buy the old one back from the black market, as I'm pretty sure that's where it is now.

Aventa Station Management.

Note to Grand Counselors

By

Duke Luca Abele

Esteemed Counselors,

I won't be able to attend our gathering tomorrow morning, or should I say in two hours. I'm going to bed now. But I'm confident you will know what to do about that curfew decree. Buy more Walls of Light, give the Grand Guard greater enforcement latitude, ban all popular committees, whatever is required.

But I want you to start thinking about something else. I have no doubt we'll soon bring the infamous Crown Killer to justice. Our true Empress Delilah wants the trial to make History. Prepare all the details. Bloody exhibits and demented witnesses. If I don't cry while reading the prosecution speech, you're all fired.

Duke Luca Abele

Note to Kirin Jindosh

By

Breanna Ashworth

Kirin,

It's my hope that the pale stars look down with favor upon your attempt to gain Sokolov's favor. But if the old goat will not bend to your will, I can offer an alternative to merely keeping him locked in your assessment chamber and subjecting him to cruel electrotherapy.

I've started a new effigy, cast in Sokolov's shape. Given time, I believe it might grant me some influence over your esteemed guest.

Breanna

Note to Kitchen Staff

By

Duke Luca Abele

Kitchen staff, See to it there's more caviar! Last night it was gone in an hour. Also, a guest complained that the usual accompaniments were arranged sloppily, and that there were too few of those little round crackers to accommodate the crowd.

Tonight I expect even more guests than at yesterday's gathering. We celebrate all this month in honor of Delilah. And so we must have good wine, and plenty of it. I woke up this morning with a sick head, because you served such a poor vintage, from that backwater valley east of Saggunto. Good wine never gives me headache, no matter how much I drink!

Another thing - tonight we must have those tiny shrimp rolls in oil, and some good cheese from the northern Isles. And no more pestering me about cost or shipping delays. I find the discussion disagreeable.

- Duke Abele

Note to Lucia Pastor's Mother

By

Lucia Pastor

Mother,

Please don't be angry and hear me out. I know it's you who's been coming to my apartment to straighten me up. I'm sure you mean well, but please stop. Anyway, I've made up my mind to move to the Dust District. That way I can be closer to those I'm helping. For other reasons too that I won't mention now, because of how it might upset you. Anyway, it's unlikely I'll ever return to the Palace District. I'll have someone sell my apartment here, along with the furniture.

I know this isn't what you wanted for me, but it's who I am. And don't waste any more of your time matchmaking. I do not wish to marry. None of this is to make you feel badly. Please try to understand.

All my love,

Lucia

Note to Mr. Hamilton

By

Alexandria Hypatia

Mr. Hamilton,

As I asked, empty the Vivarium of all dogs and other test animals. We'll be using the area to contain bloodfly nests, exclusively, since my latest formula depends on ingredients collected from fresh bloodflies. Don't worry about exterminating the rats, since the bloodfiles will need carcasses for egg-laying.

As soon as I eliminate the undesirable side effects, we will give the people of Serkonos an elixir that is nothing short of miraculous, fortifying the mind, body and spirit.

Trust me, you will be proud to have been a part of our effort.

Dr. Hypatia

Note to Neighbors

By

Bettina

Most hated neighbors,

You forced me out of our home and you barricaded Luciano inside, treating him like a diseased animal! Yes, he was stung by bloodflies, but he's as healthy as a shark, and when he recovers he'll make you regret this.

I've sent the children to my mother's home, but I'm staying here. Say whatever you want, I'm not leaving him. Barricade me inside as well if you're so scared. You can all go to the Void.

- Bettina

Note to Purlos

By

Unknown

Purlos, I'm posting this letter, but if you're reading it, you've got the brains of a mule. You didn't pay no attention to what I said. You had to come to Karnaca anyway. All right, fine! But you won't find me and Camina here, 'cause we're leaving as soon as we get the money.

You say you lived here most of your life, so you know the place. And I'm telling you, you're wrong. You don't know shit. The city's changed. When the Duke's son took over years back, that's when everything went sideways. At first it was all just disorganized. New taxes and fees, some parts of the city heavily patrolled, some districts with no one from the Grand Guard anywhere to be seen.

Then things got nasty. Bodies in alleys, the Howler gang going wild, the bloodflies worse than I ever seen. So what'd the new Duke do? He cracked down, so now the Grand Guard are surrounding people on the street, beating 'em to death. Anybody they don't like, anybody they don't recognize.

I told you not to come to Karnaca! Good luck, but you can't say you didn't get a warning.

Note to Recuperation Staff

By

Bartholomeus Vasco

The weather forecast promises us a nice amount of sunlight tomorrow, so we encourage you to bring the patients who don't have an appointment for a lumino-therapy session out onto the terrace. Use wheelchairs if needed.

We only have so many Moir tanning boxes, and considering how expensive they are, we won't be getting more any time soon. Nor will the broken ones be repaired, sorry. So, let's have our patients enjoy some real sunlight instead!

Dr. Vasco

Note to Staff

By

Modotti

Do not take any more silvergraphs for Ms. Mindy Blanchard until she pays what she owes. Do not let her pick up any of her existing portraits either.

We do not offer credit, even to the Howlers. And promises don't pay your wages.

If she threatens one of you again, let me know, I'll bring the matter to Paolo.

- Modotti

Note to the Overseer

By

Vice Overseer Liam Byrne

Overseer Ogburn,

I should be back within a few days. Continue to compile information on Breanna Ashworth's activities, despite the odd letter we received from our Oracular Sisters in Cullero. It's not like them to issue a proclamation without certainty, but I know I'm right about Ashworth. My gut tells me she's a threat.

That said, the Howlers are my priority. This conflict with Paolo could affect our influence in Karnaca for years to come.

Yours in the Strictures,

Vice Overseer Liam Byrne

Old Note from Dr. Hypatia

By

Alexandria Hypatia

Vasco,

Today was exhausting! I expect the flood of patients will be unabated tomorrow well into the foreseeable future. It would be most helpful to me if you set up a triage area.

Send me only the most urgent cases, especially issues of severe bronchial distress, black spittle, festering wounds, or pediatric cases with coughing or serious injury. These I must see right away.

For the rest, could you please handle them personally? I trust your skills as equal to my own.

Alas, I fear we will miss the little “half day off” we discussed. Next month, for certain.

Alexandria

On Bakers and Electroshock

By

Kirin Jindosh

My electroshock machine provides insights into the human mind, though admittedly the subject is damaged or destroyed in the process. The advancement of knowledge is usually worth the sacrifice, of course.

Once, having tested it on a baker, I found that I could obliterate the memories of his life and thus his personality, while not impeding his ability to bake bread. I thought it odd at the time, but it's this exact effect that I wish to reproduce in Sokolov. Sadly I've never been able to reproduce it to my satisfaction.

Sokolov, however, is no mere baker. If he refuses to aid me, it's doubtful that the machine could be used to weaken his willpower without also obliterating the knowledge and capabilities that are so precious to me. Still, the thought of reducing Sokolov to a state of infantile stupor is satisfying.

Opportunity

By

Unknown

I have a new assignment for one with your unique talents.

I'd like you to retrieve the old Roseburrow Prototype on display at the Royal Conservatory. It's likely well-protected, but I'll double the finder's fee.

M.V.

This isn't how we did it for the first game. Where's Essie?

And we have to do things in the same way

Sometimes location description isn't enough or too blur.

In this case I'd say a picture of the actual Roseburrow prototype would be fitting.

But yes, with the first Dishonored the pics for the books, notes, audiographs, etc were 90%+ of the time in reference more so to the content as opposed to an actual physical pic of the item.

Essie had a brilliant artsy-style about her pics and her choices of what to add to give the page a little more panache.

Molotov did this too, if I remember right (though I could be mistaken on this point).

As Tea said, just a pic of the item itself is rather boring, and so... uninspired.

Oracular Order Divided

By

Unknown

A representative from the Sisters of the Oracular Order in Serkonos paid a surprise visit this week to officials at the Grand Palace, delivering a message that calls into doubt the Order's formerly-held position on the illegitimacy of our new Empress, Delilah Kaldwin. It seems that there is intense disagreement between the sects of the secretive organization.

While not a full reversal, the visit to the Grand Palace prompted the following statement from Duke Luca Abele: "It pleases me that the Sisters of the Oracular Order have come closer to endorsing our beloved Empress, Delilah Kaldwin. Her recent and valiant coup is an attempt at restoring just rule to the Empire, and I advise the ever-stubborn Abbey of the Everyman to immediately embrace Delilah as Empress, accepting her wisdom and authority. We thank the Oracular Order for delivering this vision, and we call for a day of celebration."

Meanwhile, Vice Overseer Liam Byrne, speaking on behalf of the Abbey of the Everyman, advises restraint, saying that the latest missives from the Oracular Order are still being interpreted and debated.

Order to Clear the Docks

By

Mortimer Ramsey

Corporal Blevins,

I won't tolerate any more questions. Send all boats away from the docks. Tell them it's for the Anniversary of the Death of Our Beloved Empress Jessamine. Threaten to seize their vessels. I don't care. Just clear the docks.

And according to the morning patrol, there was a woman here earlier who refused to leave. She captains the Terrible Whale, or the Dreadful Wail, or some other rubbish. She was asking for an audience with the Royal Protector. If you see her, I want her arrested immediately.

You have your orders, Blevins, and trust me, you don't want to make trouble right now.

Captain Mortimer Ramsey

First Officer, Night Watch

Orders from Captain Ramirez

By

Captain Ramirez

Dr. Alexandria Hypatia won't be working in her office today. She'll be in the Recuperation auditorium instead, which is locked. She's not to be disturbed. If anything urgent comes up, I'll leave Dr. Hypatia's key in her office.

Another thing: The janitor Hamilton is to remain in Disease Treatment until I interrogate him and decide on his fate. We've got him locked up in the little plant conservatory there. No one is allowed to speak to him or even enter that room.

Captain Ramirez

Our Two Cuckoos

By

Modotti

Durante, it's underway.

Your men will be released by the Shindaerey Mining Company as soon as we bring them a couple of replacements. You just need to drop two of the usual drunks into the crates I've prepared. Anyone reasonably healthy will do, but go easy on the drugging. The deal is off if they arrive dead.

Take this key. It opens the back room of my silvergraph studio. Whoever you nab, drop them into the crates and nail 'em shut. When you've done your part, leave the shop door unlocked on your way out. Needless to say, I won't be there.

Modotti

Palace District Under New Orders

By

Unknown

The Grand Palace has issued several security measures, effective immediately, in order to control access to the Palace and surrounding areas. These strict new measures apply throughout the entirety of the Palace District, and include revised rules for apartment and property seizures, which will no longer require prior notice or approval

Additionally, citizens are asked to have their papers ready when approached by any member of the Grand Serkonan Guard. Failure to do so will now carry the weight of on the spot tariffs and even potential jail time, warns the Grand Palace.

Paolo's Concern

By

Paolo

Bernard,

Things just got worse. Mindy's got herself killed. She were deadly as poison, and you never knew what that woman was gonna say next, but I depended on her for everything. Some masked stranger's cutting through the Dust, and I got attacked myself. Barely slipped away. Could be the same one who got Mindy. I'm going to need you to step up.

—Paolo

Bernard,

Now things are a real mess. Mindy's dead. Murdered, is my guess. And she wasn't just another lieutenant. You once said she was unpredictable, but that doesn't go halfway to describing her. That dangerous smile of hers. Never did know what would come of out her mouth next. I've lost one of the handful I could count on. I'm going to need you to step up.

—Paolo

Mindy,

Be on your toes, my twin spirit friend. I got jumped and I'd be bleeding away in the Void if I hadn't run off like a rat. They had their faces covered. Not an Overseer, not Grand Guard. Someone from out of town, I think. Someone good. All our troubles, and now some masked stranger from across the waters. Spread the word, Howlers should be stiff for this one.

—Paolo

Petition Project

By

Lucia Pastor

Dear Armando,

I loved your idea for a petition, so I wrote it up at once. Of course, the Palace Grand Guard refused to take it. So it seems that, as Luca's political decoy, you're the only one who might be able to bring it to the Duke's attention. This is asking a lot from you, but if it succeeds, the petition could make a tremendous difference in Karnaca.

Here's the letter:

Duke Luca Abele,

As you know, the silver mines have been pressed beyond capacity, resulting in constant danger for the miners, and completely contaminating the surrounding district.

There is, however, a possible solution, which I hope you will consider, and put your support behind. I am preparing a petition asking the wealthy individuals who profit from the silver trade to accept a +20% tax on silver that will be applied to improving the lives of the miners and their families. Eventually, the increased silver prices will also reduce the demand on the mines, slowing the dust falling on the Batista District.

I would be grateful if you would agree to be the first signatory on my upcoming petition!

With high hopes,

Lucia Pastor

Shindaerey Peak Miners Family Committee

Pilfered Safe Combination

By

Unknown

I'm certain I saw one of the students at my lecture writing down the combination for my safe. That silver spoon dilettante who wants to make a career as a newspaper journalist. Sneaky fuck; he's chosen a fitting career. And his snobby cousin operates the black market shop nearby, so it must run in their well-heeled family. Now I need to ask Margarete to change the combination to my safe.

Powering the Electroshock Machine

By

Kirin Jindosh

Note to self: There is insufficient power to operate the electroshock machine. Until this is rectified, I will have to compensate, freeing up more power for the electroshock machine by configuring the other laboratory platforms so they draw the least power.

Prized Valuables Stolen From Respected Citizens

By

Unknown

The Grand Serkonan Guard reported today that some of Karnaca's most prominent citizens have been targeted by thieves. Members of these great estates have suffered the loss of precious family heirlooms, stolen from their homes. Missing are treasured artifacts, valuable paintings, and other irreplaceable items, many of which have been held by the families for generations.

A ranking officer from the Grand Guard confirmed that they have no leads at the moment, but she expressed confidence in a positive outcome, saying "These criminals get overconfident, and that's when we nab them. It's only a matter of time."

Proposal from Curator Haden

By

Finley Haden

To Breanna Ashworth, Curator of the Royal Conservatory: Although we have never met, we share occupations; overseeing cultural artifacts and historical oddities, you in Serkonos, and me in Morley! I have heard much about you, and have long admired the stories regarding your exhibits.

To the matter at hand: I propose an artistic exchange. At the Morley Gallery of History and Sculpture, we have works by many of the greats, including Anton Sokolov himself. Additionally we have many unearthed items of a much unusual quality, which never fail to amuse and bewilder the public.

But we would like to broaden our coverage. To that end, would you be interested in an exchange? I'm particularly eager to get my hands on some of your own works, and your Conservatory's collection mechanized fauna.

In high hopes,

Finley Haden, Curator

Morley Gallery of History and Sculpture

Reminder - Things to Buy

By

Alexandria Hypatia

4th Day, Month of Earth, 1851

Vasco,

Sorry to have to send you out again so soon, but I won't be able to proceed until I have the following:

- One large tin of powdered sea salt
- Compounding grease (but not lard, it goes rancid too quickly)
- Rubbing distillates
- Glycerin
- Two vials oil of juniper
- Two vials oil of rose

I know the rose oil is expensive! But it's the only thing for clearing the lungs of phlegm, so what can we do? Maybe we'll plant our own rose garden someday, no?

Wish that I could go fetch them myself.

Alexandria Hypatia

Reminder: Check out the whale

By

Mindy Blanchard

Heard that one of the whaling ships from Santiago Fisheries brought in a big fat one, bleeding all over the docks for a while because of an argument over port taxes. I need to go take a look one of these nights, before it's totally rotten. I can probably snatch a few gallons of blood and grease to refill my ink stocks.

Reminder

By

Unknown

The key to the Archive is in the Quartermaster Office.

Replacement Windows

By

Jaime Carrera

To the house staff,

Well them workers are comin tonight to fix up that window. It's the only time I could gettem to come, and they made a big stink about how busy they was for months now, and tonight's the only time they got fer us.

I reminded 'em that it's fer Mr. Aramis Stilton, and they said they don't care if he were the Duke'imself, it's tonight or not for months. So let 'em get on with fixin' the window is all I'm sayin'.

Yours,

Jaime

Reports from the Oracle

By

Sister Allison

Day 18

Sister Allison, Recorder of Proceedings

Also present Sister Anne, Sister Margaret, and Sister Tabatha.

The following is the true and complete transcript of the uttering of Sister Anne, Oracle:

More incense please. Yes. The past and the future meld, I am without body. Dust, all about me. So thick my vision falters. It is greed in palpable form. Hiding a thousand evils. Oh, look, my Sisters! Heresy! Ten - no! Twenty wretches. Servants of the Void, vile Worshippers of the Outsider! They are assembled there this very moment, in a hidden alley, the ground slick with fishmonger's detritus. In the heart of the Dust District.

I am moving now. Still trapped in dust. Nearly blinded, yet I sense something. Other blasphemies hide nearby. A strange taste in my mouth. What is this!?

(And here there was a pause so long that Sister Tabatha finally broke the silence) My sister, has your vision ceased? Or if not, what do you observe?

(And Sister Anne answered thusly) I have a message for the Vice Overseer, tell Byrne to end this needless meddling into the Conservatory. And now, Sister Anne will be needing some rest.

And thus ended the session.

Truly and in complete detail,

Sister Allison

Restricted Access to Great Hall

By

Captain Cordero

To all of you working tonight, Mister Stilton asked me to restrict access to the Great Hall, after the arrival of the Duke and his other guests. They'll have their own people with them tonight for security.

I'll be in the Dining Room if I'm needed.

- Captain Cordero

Royal Protector On The Run!

By

Unknown

There is no longer any doubt that the former Royal Protector to the Empress, Corvo Attano, is responsible for the recent string of horrible murders! Corvo is now on the run, confirming our suspicions about his guilt and association with the Crown Killer! Some have even suggested that Corvo himself committed the appalling crimes, as he is a trained assassin and a notoriously violent individual.

The Grand Serkonan Guard has promised rewards for any information leading to an arrest, and warns the fugitive will be shot on sight if spotted. Duke Abele recently stated that Lord Corvo will likely receive a fair trial if he turns himself in peacefully and forthwith.

Sad News

By

Jullian

Agatha-

You can probably guess the reason for my letter.

He died last night. He seemed a little better and took some broth. Little Al even got him laughing a bit. But the laughing turned to coughs. That lasted for about an hour. Then it stopped real sudden. Like he didn't have the strength to cough no more. Then he sort of spit up some black, and more came out his nose. I tried to get him to cough it all out, I turned him on his side, and slapped his back, and put boiled onions on his chest.

But it weren't no use. And he died like that, eyes bulging out, and that black stuff everywhere.

I'm taking the children and moving back to Redmoor. We ain't never should of come here in the first place.

Jullian

Safe Code

By

Unknown

Some of Doctor Hypatia's odder patients are occasionally carrying items that are hard to classify for storage. So I've put them in the office safe, off to the side of the main entryway. The combination is [three digit number].

Safe Combination

By

Unknown

In the building directly across from the Royal Conservatory

Infested with bloodflies!

[three digit number]

This note can be purchased from the black market shop in Cyria Gardens, during the mission The Royal Conservatory.

Safe Contest Combination

By

Unknown

I set the combination to [three digit number].

Yes, we're going to keep running the safe contest. Maybe no one comes into the shop, or maybe a dozen people come in, like we had during the Parade of Fishmongers, five years ago.

And, I promise, none of these thick-skulled dock workers or their course wives are going to guess the combination.

We just run the contest to bring people into the shop. And if we're lucky, they talk about it over beers with their friends, or at family dinners. See, since they don't know what's inside, they fill in the blanks. They imagine something as grand as the treasure reserves at Dunwall Tower. We need the business, so keep the signs up, and stay polite to the knuckleheads who try to open the safe.

Schedule for Middle Songs Eve

By

Erick Plainstow

Empress,

Presented for your approval, the Schedule for Middle Songs Eve:

- Morning meal with Tyvian Trade Commission
- Presentation from the research vessel Loblolly Swift, just returned from newly discovered island chain off Pandysian Continent
- Midday meal with Dignitaries from Morley, who will present you with a gift in exchange for your attention to their complaints
- Dedication and speech for new wing at the Infirmary Home for Aged Seafarers
- Meeting with Advisors on the issue of bloodflies in the South
- Evening meal with Lord Corvo at his request

Erick Plainstow,

Scheduling Secretary

Secret Date

By

Mindy Blanchard

Amadeo,

Meet me in our usual place, tomorrow night. Be sure to bring the drawings we talked about.

M.

Secret Letter to Brother Harold

By

Brother Chester

Good Brother Harold,

Last week when we talked, oh what a state I was in. It was good of you to take me aside and lend your advice. I have taken it to heart and I know you are correct. Yes, I will need to be purified through ritual.

Ah! What a road I have ahead of me! I know it well, for you may not know, but I endured the ritual once before - but three years ago! Though I was young and strong, I came within an inch of death!

If I may impose upon you once again, would you be so kind as to not mention our conversation to anyone? I will arrange for the ritual, of course, very soon. Though I confess, ever since our talk I feel much better. No comparison to that agitated state in which you found me. Peace and clarity have returned to me. Truly, I do feel better.

In all things,

Brother Chester

Security Reinforcement

By

Unknown

Deploy additional guards to [the Duke's office/the Grand Throne Chamber/the Duke's Chambers/Delilah's room/the Duke's private garden], as his Eminence will be there tonight.

Servicing the Windmill

By

Captain Figuera

Corporal Ritello,

if that engineer comes back to service the windmill, do not go up the ladder to throw the shut-off lever for her. It's not your job and I won't have my squads taking risks like that for another department. They're not Grand Guard.

If the lead engineer is afraid of heights, it's her problem. How she expects to work on the windmills, without being able to climb up to the shut-off, I have no idea, but I don't care.

- Captain Figuera

Ship Launch Protocol

By

Advisor Wainwright

Empress,

After the Royal Protector's shake-down cruise, we'll launch the ISS Jessamine Kaldwin just before the anniversary of your mother's passing. Pending your approval, of course.

On the platform, we'll have a bottle of Kingstreet Brandy, tied to a long tether, that you will release to swing out against the hull.

What you say during the ceremony is, of course, up to you, but here are some ideas intended to serve as food for thought.

May a brisk wind hurry you to shores near, far, and fair. May you shelter your crew from the perils of the terrible Ocean. May you always sail for Gristol, true of heart, and homeward bound.

Yours faithfully,

Advisor Wainwright

Silver and Dust

By

Unknown

Oh early in the morning, 'fore the sun rise
They get outta bed an' open their eyes
Wit dirty old trousers in browns an' blacks
They pick up their tools and pick up their axe
Say way oh, the dust it blows
Say way oh, the dust it blows
They march down that road, to Stilton's old mine
Just like their elders, when the wages were fine
But Stilton's long gone, and so is his grace
Now ain't no one happy in this miserable place
Say way oh, the silver it glows
Say way oh, the silver it glows
Down underground, it's dark and it's cold
They don't get no breaks, they do as they're told
The dust crews get down on their hands and knees

To do anything that angry foreman please

Say way oh, the dust it blows

Say way oh, the silver it glows

But the foreman he's under the Duke's greedy thumb

Makin' them miners work till they're numb

They pull out that silver and make that man rich

And come home broken, face black as pitch

Silver Teeth Wanted

By

Unknown

Do you have trouble making ends meet here in Karnaca?

Did you have your bad teeth fixed with silver fillings?

Despair no more!

I'll buy all your silver teeth, whatever their condition, for a coin each.

Come to Valia Street each first day of the month.

Clean extraction tools. Bring your own whiskey if you need it.

Silvergraph Artist's Diary

By

Unknown

8th of Nets

Aramis could see I'd been crying. It's nice that he noticed, but I was too distraught to discuss my troubles, and retreated to the little studio he generously provides.

Yet another gallery has rejected my silvergraph images. Even after I explained the technical skill involved in the placement of the mannequins, and the difficulties with the silvergraph apparatus itself.

They called them boring. Boring! A jab at my humble upbringing no doubt. Snobbery is rampant in the arts. A portrait of Marquis X or Earl Y, that they would buy. But a still-life made of ordinary objects, captured more honestly by a mechanical marvel, for that they'll turn up their noses.

When my mood improves, I'll go talk to Aramis. At least he makes an effort to appreciate my art.

Sokolov's Abduction

By

Duke Luca Abele

Dear friend,

The Dock Captain just sent word that he spotted Sokolov. Knows his habits. Says Sokolov buys whale blood off the boats by the gallon, to make pigments apparently.

See, you seem to share some interests with the old genius, so why don't you go and invite him over like we said? The sooner the better.

He's probably staying on a boat in the bay, I trust you'll be able to follow his scent. Keep him safe in Addermire. Don't hurt him, or he will be useless for our plans.

If you're hungry though, the Dock Captain has served his purpose, and his second in command recently did me a favor.

Luca

Sokolov's Needs

By

Kirin Jindosh

Note to staff, As you know, we have a special guest in the Assessment Chamber, the infamous inventor, Anton Sokolov.

While the facility is not noted for its creature comforts, I expect Sokolov's basic needs and bodily functions to be taken care of so they never become a nuisance to me.

- Jindosh

Sokolov's Notes – Bloodfly Study

By

Anton Sokolov

I've wondered whether I have another book in me. The bloodfly epidemic, coupled with basic information on life cycle and behavior, might make an excellent project for this old natural philosopher.

- Bloodflies are exotic insects, unlike anything else found in Serkonos. I suspect they originated on the Pandysian Continent.
- In groups of 3 or fewer, they are harmless. Individuals won't attack, leading me to speculate that each emits a scent that has a collective effect on larger numbers of bloodflies.
- Bloodflies are attracted to rapid movement and sound.
- Their nests can be broken apart, scattering the swarm. And in particular the nests are quite susceptible to fire.
- The insects require fresh corpses to lay their eggs, which hatch in breathtaking fashion, after a very short time. More corpses in a Serkonan city, say during a crisis or plague, mean more bloodflies.
- Interestingly, in the last part of a bloodfly's cycle, they calm a great deal. Leaving the swarm, they molt, causing the wings to drop off. Afterward, each bloodfly lives a solitary existence. Very odd.
- Bloodflies are largely restricted to the South, preferring warmer climates. Like certain aging natural philosophers.

Special Fruit Delivery

By

Mortimer Ramsey

Cindy, I know it pisses you off that we keep a'changing the whens and hows of this arrangement. But what choice do we got? It ain't easy to steal fruit from the Grand Palace, under the Duke's nose.

But it's the best fruit and you know it, so I expect you to keep accepting our deliveries, even if we can't predict where and when they're going to drop. We got to make adjustments, just like any other business.

Elias

Split the Take

By

Unknown

Lieutenant Raccos,

By now you've had time to think it over. I'm in a good position where I'm at, and I've got the same deal going with four others in the Guard, spread out over Karnaca. People I trust, watching major entry points.

The offer's unchanged. If our Very Important Person from Dunwall comes through, alone or with anyone else, and you're part of the squad taking them down, do whatever it takes to keep it quiet. Whatever it takes.

Bring the body to me and we'll all gather up. The six of us will take credit for the 'arrest', and we'll split the Duke's reward. Money and maybe a post at the Grand Palace. Stick with us in this, lieutenant, and you'll increase your odds. But don't take a single soul.

Squad Orders

By

Third Lieutenant Benjamin Chou

The area surrounding the Royal Conservatory remains in lockdown.

Keep the roads clear during curfew and block off side street access.
Maintaining the Wall of Light is the responsibility of everyone in the squad,
and I expect the windmills that power the damn thing to be well guarded all
the time.

If any irregularities occur contact the Technical Officer immediately.

Third Lieutenant Benjamin Chou

Stay Ready

By

Mortimer Ramsey

I want you in place, just after the Duke and our new Empress make their appearance. Things will happen fast.

Do your part, and there's a share of the spoils for you and the others. Turn on me now, and I'll ask the Duke to send his assassin after your dear old parents.

Trust me, the so-called Crown Killer is the last dinner guest you want in your home.

- Mortimer Ramsey

Stilton and Abele To Discuss Miner's Fund

By

Unknown

Aramis Stilton, silver mine owner and advocate for workers, has called for a meeting with Duke Luca Abele to negotiate the creation of a new fund to benefit the victims of mining accidents. Currently, no such fund exists, and injured miners are simply “let go” from their positions, expected to find other work, despite missing limbs, blindness, and other serious impediments.

The meeting will be the third such for the two, with so far not much agreed upon. However, Stilton says he remains hopeful that the health fund will be established and well funded before the end of the year.

Stilton's Whereabouts

By

Aramis Stilton

The Duke and some of the others are in the Study. Make sure they're comfortable.

If you need me, I'll be out back in the courtyard, clearing my head before I'll join them.

If you need the most recent code to the study, it's in my notebook. Come find me.

- Stilton.

Study Condemned

By

Baron Caruso

KEEP OUT

The Study is to remain closed. No housekeeping. No airing. No questions. Just forget the room ever existed.

Also, upon threat of termination without wages, no gossip! I don't need the whole neighborhood asking about the "spirits in the old Stilton Manor." I've lived through enough bad luck as it is.

-Baron Caruso

Study Door Combination

By

Unknown

With Duke Luca coming tonight, there will be so many strangers in my house. I shouldn't have agreed to host this cursed séance. Something is going to happen, I can feel it. Maybe I won't attend. Feign sickness, or lock myself up in the bathroom.

Anyway I need to change the combination to the Study door, as I was asked. Let's focus on something else. Old memories.

[number] - The coins in my pocket when I left Morley and came to Karnaca. "One coin for each week until I take another boat and join you," my mother said. But then she never came.

7 - My birth month. I'm probably the only person who knows the date since Theodanis passed away.

[number] - The number painted on my lunch bucket when I worked the mines. I was just a kid, but it feels like yesterday.

Temporary Closure of the Conservatory

By

Breanna Ashworth

Dear Patrons,

Due to an alarming increase in the mite population, and with the full knowledge and approval of Duke Abele himself, the Royal Conservatory will remain closed for the foreseeable future. Our apologies.

B. Ashworth, Curator

Thank You

By

Meagan Foster

It's something I should say to your face, but that's hard for me. Thank you for what you did, bringing Anton back. What would I have done without him puttering around the ship, mumbling and stroking his greasy beard?

I wanted to find him on my own, but hearing what you went through, I'm impressed. Anyway, enjoy this bottle from the Captain's Reserve. Good stuff, I got from an aristocrat, wanting quick passage out of Karnaca a while back. You'll need it now that Anton is back, if you want to sleep. His snoring cuts straight through the bulkhead.

- Meagan

The Coup

By

Unknown

They say Emily was born to wear a crown on her head

But all her young life, some wanted her dead

She ascended too soon, or that's what they said

And 'fore too long, the streets would run red

Life was not easy for our sweet Empress

As a leader of men, she worked hard to impress

But her treaties and pacts had little success

And our skies turned dim and we lived in distress

A coup, a coup! What is it to you?

A feast or a famine, a nail or a screw?

A Duke from the south, a vile witches brew

A coup, a coup! What is it to you?

The walls of Dunwall, did they help her at all?

For our Emily, they were good for a fall

A captain, a traitor, they danced at a ball

The walls of Dunwall, did they help her at all?
For every loyal friend that Emily did make
There grew three betrayers, her life ready to take
Whispers in the south, a conspiracy planned
She trusted her allies, played into their hands
A coup, a coup! What is it to you?
A feast or a famine, a nail or a screw?
A Duke from the south, a vile witches brew
A coup, a coup! What is it to you?
A mystical woman, Delilah she's called
Claimed rights to the throne, and the Duke she enthralled
Some called it magic and some called it fate
Did she do it for love, did she do it for hate?
Now I'm just a poor singer, recounting this tale
If I sing it wrongly I'm dead as a whale
The Duke rules us now, and we know him, we do
So let's raise a glass to our Duke and the coup!
A coup, a coup! What is it to you?
A feast or a famine, a nail or a screw?
A Duke from the south, a vile witches brew

A coup, a coup! What is it to you?

The Crone's Hand

By

Unknown

Serkonos' Finest

"You're never alone in the hand of the crone!"

Meeting place and purveyors of strong food and drink. Come one, come all.
Nothing else compares!

Home of the 5-Coin dice game! Strong Arm Competitions held nightly!

Betting encouraged!

Young gentlemen and ladies welcome. No age requirements!

The first of the month is always Ale Night! Purchase three ales and get the fourth for half.

Easily found on Miramar Street, in the Dust District (formerly Batista District).

The note is pinned on a pillar in an alley, opposite to the Theodanis Abele statue in the Dust District during the mission of the same name.

The Jindosh Riddle

By

Unknown

At the dinner party were Lady Winslow, Doctor Marcolla, Countess Contee, Madam Natsiou, and Baroness Finch.

The women sat in a row. They all wore different colors and [character] wore a jaunty [color] hat. [Character] was at the far left, next to the guest wearing a [color] jacket. The lady in [color] sat left of someone in [color]. I remember that [color] outfit because the woman spilled her [drink] all over it. The traveler from [city] was dressed entirely in [color]. When one of the dinner guests bragged about her [heirloom], the woman next to her said they were finer in [city], where she lived.

So [character] showed off a prized [heirloom], at which the lady from [city] scoffed, saying it was no match for her [heirloom]. Someone else carried a valuable [heirloom] and when she saw it, the visitor from [city] next to her almost spilled her neighbor's [drink]. [Character] raised her [drink] in toast. The lady from [city], full of [drink], jumped up onto the table falling onto the guest in the center seat, spilling the poor woman's [drink]. Then [character] captivated them all with a story about her wild youth in [city].

In the morning there were four heirlooms under the table: [heirloom], [heirloom], [heirloom], and [heirloom].

But who owned each?

The Sands of Serkonos

By

Unknown

On the sands of sweet Serkonos

Did we bathe in the sun!

Sharing grapes from Cullero

When you were the only one

On the streets of Karnaca

I met you long ago

When the sea was still peaceful

And the bay seemed to glow

We danced and sang

Until the early ships sailed

And when the morning bells rang

Only then we exhaled

Now the sands of Serkonos

They're burning in the sun

And the grapes from Cullero

Are withered and finally done
Now we cower in the alley
Of the streets where we did stroll
While the Duke claims our riches
And his firing squads patrol
We run and hide
Until the evening ships sail
When the night is black
Only then do we exhale
So meet me in the shadows
And bring your sweetest grape
We'll slip onto a whaler
And maybe we'll escape

THE SILVER SPIKE - Empress Delilah's Secret

By

The Silver Spike

Today, risking my very life, I bring you probing questions about our new Empress, Delilah Kaldwin. Or, depending on your political leanings, Delilah Copperspoon.

Is it true that her mother was a kitchen maid employed in Dunwall Tower? Even if so, that does not prove she was Emperor Euhorn Kaldwin's daughter! If the Emperor did in fact have a second, secret daughter, making her the true heir to the Kaldwin throne, why didn't he make the proper arrangements?

Outside speculation, what else do we know about our Empress Delilah? What can the Silver Spike tell you beyond marketplace gossip?

We can date her past, from the time she claims to have grown up in Jessamine's shadow. We know when Delilah's most regarded paintings were bought and sold. But where was she between those earlier times and this year, when she ascended the throne in Dunwall?

Such a long gap away is suspicious, is it not? No artwork sold, not even an address of record. No neighbors stepping forward with juicy tales from the long period before she arrived in Karnaca, just three years ago. Therein lies a mystery worth cracking, dear readers, her activities in the time before she was first seen with our dear Duke Luca Abele.

THE SILVER SPIKE - Genius Inventor Can Barely Recall His Own Name!

By

The Silver Spike

Kirin Jindosh loses his smarts in a bold experiment gone wrong! You know him as the Grand Inventor, the genius of our time! But that was before his latest experiment went somehow wrong, leaving the man a blubbering shell of his former self! Scandalous, but true.

Servants are gleefully coming forward with stories of the once great inventor now barely able to navigate from room to room. One woman claims that Jindosh is now unable to determine which way to turn a simple bolt. “Everyone knows it’s righty-tighty,” she said. Another wondered openly whether Jindosh may have been using his pupils’ ideas all along, faking his genius to gain reputation.

Allegedly a cruel employer, sadistic in his dismissal of his staff’s basic needs, there is one curious turn in this story. Those closest to the inventor claim that he is now gentle as a lamb.

THE SILVER SPIKE - Mystery Women Leave Conservatory

By

The Silver Spike

Residents living near the Royal Conservatory report strange tidings, friends! As regular readers know, Curator Breanna Ashworth shuttered the Conservatory some time ago. And at nearly the same time, the Duke tripled security outside. Why would a museum sit closed? To save funding? I don't buy it. What costs are incurred by maintaining rooms full of old bones?

Now, something stranger still. No one has seen Breanna Ashworth in days, but a steady trickle of women have been seen leaving the Royal Conservatory at odd hours.

Some were seen heading for the docks, near the canal, assumably on their way north. To Dunwall, perhaps? Is there a connection between these strange women and our new Empress, Delilah? Are they somehow related to the missing women we've reported over the last three years, from families complaining of wandering daughters, some of whom suffered from "dissolution of the spirit" so severe as to require daily bloodletting.

We will reveal more as we continue to investigate.

THE SILVER SPIKE - On Howlers

By

The Silver Spike

[Your dear editor is stepping aside this week, to give you both sides of an argument raging across the city.]

Guest Editor: The Howler Blight.

The letter published last week by the Gazette was an outrage. How could Madam Anto suggest that the Dust District and even Karnaca itself would be better off if we legitimized Paolo and his Howlers in any way? Instead, decent folk should hope to wake up one morning and read that Paolo is finally dead or in jail! And why should we “be wary” of the Abbey? Only a witch need worry about the wrath of the Overseers.

The Howlers are nothing but a bunch of cutthroats who never worked a day in their life. Everything they have, they stole. If you want their so-called protection, it comes at a price. On the contrary, the Overseers have dedicated their lives to spreading the good values of the Seven Strictures. Believe me, the dust in Batista is not in our streets, but in our hearts. And only the Abbey will make us clean again.

Sebastien Armitage

THE SILVER SPIKE - On Overseers

By

The Silver Spike

[Your dear editor is stepping aside this week, to give you both sides of an argument raging across the city.]

Guest Editor: We don't need the Abbey!

Take heed, friends. The Abbey seeks to control our city and our lives. The Overseers are building chapels and outposts, taking advantage of the despair in the crumbling Serkonos, like our own infamous "Dust District."

You may have seen the sly propaganda from my learned rival, Sebastian Armitage, but consider with care. They Abbey will invade your homes looking for evidence of witchcraft or wrongdoing! And to them all manner of possessions are suspicious! They imprison and torture the innocent with the intent of extracting confessions! They frown on dancing, drinking, and gatherings! Are you prepared to abandon the Gleaners' Feast? Are you ready to submit completely, as they demand?

The Dust District can only be saved by the very people who have lived here all their lives, like me, like you, like Paolo and his Howlers, trying to make things better for us small people. Patrolling our streets, collecting and distributing resources to the ones in need. If more of us had Paolo's courage, maybe the Dust District could be called Batista again.

Maevous Anto

THE SILVER SPIKE - Palaces Don't Make Kings!

By

The Silver Spike

Read further at your own peril my friends, for the truth is a dangerous thing. Any in-bred highborn or even the luckiest commoner can wind up living in a might tower with a fancy title before their name! Those we consider to be made of finer material are in fact just as rough-cut as the rest of us, guided by irrational terror and petty grievance.

Did Jessamine Kaldwin deserve our respect, or did she deserve the knife? Was the former Duke Theodanis Abele a fine ruler, as some say? Well, good readers, that depends on your perspective. Are you the craftsman struggling to profit on your fine cabinets? Or are you the woodsman selling your lumber at the highest price? Maybe again you're the local law-keeper, applying a tax to the woodcutting or the sale of the furniture. "Truth" is a variable.

Consider Emily Kaldwin or her infamous father, Royal Protector Corvo Attano. How did the Empire fare beneath them, good or ill? And now it's Delilah, painter and some say occult figure. What will her time as Empress bring you and me, down on the streets?

None of the snots living in a palace know anything about the Dust District, even Lord Corvo Attano, despite him being born here. Would he recognize the place now? And would we recognize him?

THE SILVER SPIKE - Patients Aplenty for Hypatia's Return

By

The Silver Spike

A rare piece of welcome news today, fellow citizens of Karnaca! Dr. Alexandria Hypatia has returned to us! For months, we have endured uncertainty about her safety and whereabouts. Dark speculation and endless runaround from the Grand Palace! When Duke Abele closed the doors of Addermire Institute it only served to raise our concerns about Hypatia's situation.

But let it not be said that the Silver Spike reports only on ill winds. It seems that all is indeed well. Doctor Hypatia has confided that she suffered of late from an exhaustive derangement, which kept her from her medical duties. Now on her way to a full recovery, she sends word that, though she is temporarily working away from Addermire, she will give free consultation to anyone in need. Appointments can be made at the offices of the Miner's Family Committee.

THE SILVER SPIKE - Popular Shops Burglarized!

By

The Silver Spike

What's the Empire coming to? You know those shops we're not supposed to talk about? The ones we all depend on for the supplies that cannot be found in regular shops? At prices that seem steep until you realize that the Duke's tariffs make regular shops just as pricey.

Yes, I'm talking about the black market. Even talking about this puts your Silver Spike editor at risk for even more time in our local jails!

The matter at hand involves the robbery of several black market shops. Somehow, despite the "protections" of Paolo and the Howlers, some enterprising criminal or rival gang has outmaneuvered them. Maybe we were wrong to think Paolo could deliver on his big promises!

It's getting harder to come by good contraband, and now prices are sure to go up.

THE SILVER SPIKE - The Outsider Walks Among Us

By

The Silver Spike

Here at the Silver Spike, among our many offenses against the Duke's endless decrees, you can add another. Your dear editor counts among his friends several citizens well-informed on occult matters. As such, I can share this with you: The Outsider is not likely to be forgotten here in the Southern capital!

Many of the shrines built to honor him have been disturbed of late, as if recently visited. That figure of myth apparently walks among us, gathering up offerings. Some leave ruin-carved [sic] tokens of bone in the abandoned corners of Karnaca, and others interested in such matter report that, yes, those tokens are gone a night later!

Trust your senses. Do you not taste him in the withered, sickly crabs you boil for dinner? Can you hear his voice in the hum of bloodfly wings? What else could explain our current plight here in Karnaca. Murder in the streets and firing squads as a response. Such times!

Believe me when I tell you, my fingers tremble as I scribble these truths, but I am willing to continue on for your benefit. Do not be seen reading this printing of the Silver Spike. Burn it as soon as you [sic] done, and eat the very paper should you see an Overseer approaching!

THE SILVER SPIKE - The Vice Overseer is Missing!

By

The Silver Spike

The Abbey of the Everyman refused to confirm that Vice Overseer Liam Byrne has gone missing. Of course they did. But the rumors are strong, friends, with reports of suspicious signs coming out of the old Miners Union building where Byrne and his Abbey boys were set up against Paolo in the Dust District.

As readers of the Silver Spike know, rumors are more likely to be true than “official reports.” How common is it for the Vice Overseer himself to miss his daily sermon at Shindaerey Plaza, tell me that?

Word is, Byrne’s sudden absence has left the Abbey outpost in disarray, with the Overseers forced to abandon it, withdrawing from the area. So now the Howlers are stepping up, exert more control over the Dust District. Paolo has already started whispering from lieutenant to lieutenant, from local shopkeeper to some of his “friends” in the Grand Guard.

Changes are coming to Karnaca. And from what I hear, some of you in the community welcome these new developments

THE SILVER SPIKE - Vice Overseer Murdered!

By

The Silver Spike

So the venerable Abbey of the Everyman confirmed that their leader here in Karnaca has been killed. Goodbye, Vice Overseer Liam Byrne. No friend of mine, but allegedly a true believer, favored to someday be High Overseer.

The Abbey boys have been clashing with Paolo and the Howlers in the Dust District, but look twice at anyone who tells you with a straight face that the Howlers are behind the Vice Overseer's murder. Something else is going on, friends.

In any case, Byrne's death has left the Abbey outpost in Batista in turmoil, with the mighty Overseers forced to abandon it, retreating from the area!

Their absence has made it possible for the Howlers to exert more control over the Dust District. Paolo has already started a whisper campaign promoting some of his people across the city, taking control of Karnaca a block at a time, telling rivals how it's going to be. And it appears there is at least some part of our community that welcomes these developments.

THE SILVER SPIKE - We demand the cure!

By

The Silver Spike

As the “Bloodfly Concern” gets worse, we’re all waiting for a miracle cure. The question is, how many more have to die in agony!?

Addermire Solution is good for miner’s woes. Enriched, it’s been used to treat bloodfly fever with some success. And Dr. Alexandria Hypatia has stated publicly that she could improve the formula. So where’s the cure? What happened?

Let me tell you: Duke Luca Abele shuttered Addermire Institute with Hypatia inside! She’s a prisoner!

There’s only one explanation for this: It’s quite plain that this precious remedy is not available to anyone but the Duke and his circle of rich cronies. It’s my opinion that they intend to whittle down the impoverished to a manageable few! The Duke drinks copious amounts of Hypatia’s cure while the rest of us perish!

The Waterlock

By

Unknown

Lissa-

You like your assignment? I'm bored out of my skull. I say let's open up the waterlock, and have our own imperial fleet. I volunteer to be Delilah's first captain!

Ronica-

You always was a fool. We had to close the Waterlock so that no ships or anything can get in. Delilah's orders. She got enough to concern her without someone sneaking in through there. Keeping the Tower safe is her first priority, like she said just a night ago, which you would know, if you hadn't been out looting. Yes, I saw you slip away.

Lissa-

I heard her message. Belinda passed it on when I came back. And if we stayed in the waterlock, instead of keeping it blocked off with all that old blockade junk, we could keep anyone from creeping up on the Tower. So I still don't see why we can't have our own fleet of ships with me a captain.

To My Brother

By

Silvio

Dear Emilio,

I know what you'll say, but inside I'm already dead anyway. so I have to try. I sought out the old witch, and she said it wasn't too late to cheat death. I gave her all my coins for a spell to bring back my poor Lizbet, who was as happy as a gull one minute, the next, dead and cold!

Here, I write the awful spell the woman gave me. Only for Lizbet's sake do I dare attempt it.

"Four fingers, two fresh from you, and two cold and stiff from your departed dear. Placed in a copper pot with whale's blood. and the herbals I given ye. Boil it all while you speak the words 'reverse,' until ye can speak it no more!"

Emilio, if you don't hear again from me, it means that all hope is lost.

Silvio

To Whomever Finds my Body

By

Bartholomeus Vasco

I know I'm dying, haunted by failure. I couldn't save Dr. Hypatia from herself.

If someone finds this note, please don't blame her. She has no idea what her other self is doing. She doesn't know the monster she has become.

If only I had been braver, maybe I could have cured her. If it's not too late, please, I beg of you, prepare the antidote and save her. The instructions are in my personal safe. The code is [three digit number].

Trip to the Markets

By

Anton Sokolov

Meagan,

I've thought of a few things I need when you go into Karnaca. I'd get them myself, but you know it's like for these old bones to walk so far.

I need a smaller shirt. Seems everything I own falls off me now. And you're right, I suppose I need some soap. And a good hair tonic, for my beard and what's left around the sides of my skull.

You liked the Tyvian stew I made last week, so if you'd like to have again, get lamb if we can afford it. If not, don't worry. My appetite isn't what is used to be. A bit of bread and a few shrimp will get me through most days. But don't forget the wine.

If that's not too much, I could use more paints. I'm out of Cerulean, Ochre, and Ultramarine.

Anton

Trying to fix the secondary engine

By

Unknown

Anton, your idea of improving the head gasket's sealing with a guano coating is the worst you ever had. I'll make you sleep in the engine room if you don't fix your mess by tomorrow.

Meagan, if all inventors were as delicate and short-tempered as you are, you and I would still be paddling around in carved out logs.

Meagan, I made some mulberry cake. It's my own recipe, improved by Tyvian spices. I left it in the galley.

Anton, where are you old fool. I hope nobody hurt you. I'll find you, I swear. I miss you.

Underground Shops

By

Paisley

Listen, I'm sorry we fought. I get what you're saying about tangling with the Howlers, but they don't run the black market here, really. They just take a cut from all the shops. Yeah, the Grand Guard will crack our heads or shake us down if we get caught, but they'll do that no matter what we do.

We're new here, and we picked a bad time to move to Karnaca. We've got to do whatever we can to stay afloat, even if it means dealing with the black market. So I'm going to find the shop in each district across this rotting corpse of a city, and I'm going to get to know the shopkeepers. Butter 'em up.

You're still my love, my apple, even when I yell at you. Even when I curse and throw things. I'll let you make it up to me when I get home tonight.

- Paisley

Unfinished Letter from Jaime

By

Jaime Carrera

Clary,

I gut yer letter, an I curd read most of it. My answer is no! Madness has gripped Master Stilton since that night with the Duke, but I cannever abandon Aramis Stilton! He pulled me from that cave. My legs was recked, but he has me werkin in his own home despite 'em. So I will not leave.

I would shake the madness out of him if I curd. Most I have to stay out of his way, owing to the violence. I says to him last nite, Master Stilton! It's me, your faithful Jaime! But it wernt no use.

But you was rite about things here. All the others left last month! And there's so much to do. I can't done it all alone! Cookin, repairs. This place will come down around my head! It may be even I should leave.

Unfinished Letter to Abigail

By

Alicia

Abigail,

Cherished cousin, can you get some of his hair, and a recent handkerchief? If so, handle them as little as possible and send them to me wrapped in wax paper. Leave the rest to me and he'll have bad luck the rest of his days!

No one should be forced to marry an old oyster like him. Just thinking on his horrid purple lips makes me cringe! You poor little dove. How clever of Uncle Max to finally see the match was no good.

Also, I'll send you some ointment for your complexion.

Alicia

Unfinished Letter to Captain Ramirez

By

Unknown

Captain Ramirez,

The squad got together and decided not to kill the lab dogs like you ordered. I know it's too late for them and that they'll die anyway, but even getting close to them is risky. Also, what are we supposed to do with the carcasses? They'll attract bloodflies before the next shift is over.

Speaking of which, can't the Duke send another crew to flash-smoke the bloodfly infestation? It's bigger every day. I know, the doctors here use bloodflies to make Addermire Solution. Why can't they invent an elixir made from field mice instead? I'm sure it would sell better with a cute little mouse on the label instead of a disgusting insect.

Captain Ramirez,

The squad got together and decided not to take the matron's body down like you ordered. She hung herself a week ago now, and who knows how many bloodfly larvae are waiting for us in there. She was a good woman, but it's just too risky. No one is paying us to take care of infested bodies.

Why don't you ask the Duke to send one of those crews to smoke-flash the nests? We've got more bloodflies every day. I know, the doctors here use bloodflies to make Addermire Solution. Why can't they invent an elixir made from rat guts instead? Easier to keep caged rats on hand, and less chance of getting stung to death by a swarm of disgusting insect.

Unfinished Letter to Delilah

By

Breanna Ashworth

Delilah,

When we can't talk, I write. There are things only you will understand. Daily, I feel my connection to the Void growing. And through me, your power calls out to those who would join our Coven. New faces, new voices.

Our bond is stronger than it was at Brigmore, yet you feel so far away. If we were together, I could say more! It is as if I can see beyond the air, into another time or place. You have parted a curtain I never knew was there.

Oh, Delilah, strange and beautiful whispers are carried on the breeze. I am forever grateful of being your instrument.

Unsent Letter from Jaime

By

Jaime Carrera

Clary,

I gut yer letter, an curd reed most of it. Since the master died, the place has been bought by that Baron Caruso, who had us change everything, wallpapers and all. But last season he said he didn't want to live here nomore. The past year he demanded that we condemn Mr. Stilton's old Study. He said he heard voices in there, and saw weird sights. Well, what do you expect in a house where the owner was murdered, I told 'im?

Anyhow now I'm the only one left to keep the place up.

I stay in memory of Mr. Stilton, even if the place's not the same. Don't ferget he was the one who pulled me from the mines. Nearly buried alive, I was! The doctor said I weren't ever be much use again. But Mr. Aramis Stilton took me in, and said I were the best servant he ever had.

All the others left last month. So I got to do everything. Cookin, repairs, chasing out rats. Setting buckits for the holes in the roof when it rains. It's lonely bisness. Don't know how long I can keep up. Keep care of yerself,

Jaime

Unsent Letter from Patient

By

Guntram

17th Day, Month of Seeds, 1846

Mother, I know you were looking forward to joining me at Addermire, but the place is a brutal disappointment. The advertisements you were keeping seem to be from years ago. It's no longer the beautiful, luxurious place described in those leaflets.

Apparently the current director, Dr. Alexandria Hypatia, decided to turn Addermire into a hospital of sorts for the underclass.

I don't even have my own room! I'm told that the old VIP suites are "impractical". So I sleep nest to some gray-faced fellow who coughs his lungs out all night long. And they've refused to give me access to the Moir tanning boxes! They're now only used to treat the miners with vitamins deficiencies, developed apparently after not seeing daylights for months.

Can you imagine one of us being treated like this?

I'll have to stay until the next decent ship departs for Gristol, assuming I don't catch something disgusting by then.

Your son,

Guntram

Unsent Letter to Family

By

Unknown

To Emma, Philip, and little Edgar,

Things haven't changed much since my last assignment at Addermire. Excepting I report to a different fellow now, and he's twice as strict.

It's strange because there ain't really nothing [sic] for me to do. There's the doctor, but she just stays in and does her research. Maybe they need guards owing to the strange noises I hear at night. Not the usual creeks [sic] and groans a building makes. I feel any minute I might come around a corner and see something awful.

But I don't want to worry you. I'll be back in a few days. Buy yourselves a nice fat chicken when you get this letter.

Be good,

Father

Unsent Letter to the High Overseer

By

Vice Overseer Liam Byrne

Esteemed High Overseer Khulan, I hope you're in good health, and not too nostalgic for Wei-Ghon, which I'm told is striking this time of year. Forgive my stream of letters, but our problems in Serkonos are significant. Any insights you can offer would be welcome.

Duke Abele is a travesty, openly disdainful for the Abbey, and yet I must maintain relations with him for the welfare of this nation. You've been called a unifier, something the Abbey greatly needed after the horrors of the Rat Plague. So your guidance would be of value.

Under the Duke, the streets here are overrun with cutthroats. Paolo and his gang grow bolder every day.

Lastly, my recent correspondence with our Oracular Sisters has been troubling. Their responses have arrived after marked delay, and their recent proclamations possess an unusual cadence.

Yours in faith,

Vice Overseer Liam Byrne

Unsent Letter

By

Martha

Sweetheart,

I'm still not sure when I'll be able to join you. I can't close up the shop or leave my brother alone right now. Running a black market business is every bit as tricky as I always imagined.

The conflict in the district shows no signs of abating. Day and night, we hear Overseer gunshots and those screaming bolts used by the Howlers. We stay inside, hoping for all this to end soon.

Whenever I feel sad, I look at our wedding silvergraph. What a special day that was. I have an anniversary surprise for you, and I'm not sure I'll be able to wait to give it to you.

Stay safe, my dear. I love you.

- Martha

Dear Mum,

The mining idea didn't work out like we thought it shoulda. First off, I got in with some fellas that had a better scheme. But turns out it only paid for ales and a few games of cards and such. I would have gone and took my chances in the mines after that. But those fellas I fell in with got pinched by no one less than the Overseers, and now I'm scared to show my face.

They been raiding all the buildings round here. They'll be coming to mine any day. Can't let 'em see my tattoos or anything. And Overseers don't like

bonecharms, sure as dirt. So I'm packing up my things, and getting out of town soon as I can.

All me luv,

Santos

Vera Moray's Belongings

By

Imelda

2nd Day, Month of Seeds, 1810

Gus,

Seems like our VIP guest, Mrs. Vera Moray, has finally flown 'round the bend. She's been sent to the Critical Observation area, getting cold showers every three hours and the like. I heard one of the doctors say she might have contracted some nameless disease on an expedition to Pandyssia. Another eccentric aristocrat, trying too hard to live a life beyond us ordinary folk.

Anyway, some of her stuff was still in her room, so I'll store it all in Lost and Found down in the basement, until she's sent back to her husband. He's in for a nice surprise, considering how she spends her time now talking to herself and carving obscenities into pieces of bone. Just remember to give everything back to her when she checks out.

Imelda

Vermin Problem

By

Glen

Curator Ashworth,

So awfully sorry to tell you this, but there's something each night been nibbling on some of your exhibits. The big one that looks like clouds and swine, if you'll pardon my untrained eye.

It's them rats in the walls. I sure hope nothing is ruined.

I don't know what they like so much about it to come back every night and eat more of it. I was wondering what it's made of, but whatever it is, it's tempting for the little bastards.

Glen,

Night Custodian

Vice Overseer's Report

By

Vice Overseer Liam Byrne

The Howler detainee downstairs gave us key details pertaining to his criminal associates and their heretical leader, Paolo. Debauchery at all hours, and acts of certain witchcraft, the likes of which even our sacred music cannot dispel. Paolo is every bit as vile and corrupt as we suspected.

With his dying breath, the detainee revealed that the Duke himself has Paolo sending food into the barred and shuttered home of Aramis Stilton. The place is kept secure by the so called Jindosh Lock. No doubt the Duke obtained the lock combination from Jindosh, and Paolo passed it to the detainee. The weave of corruption is endless.

Warehouse Key

By

Patrick

Geraldina,

It's done, Reid finally gave in! She'll drop the warehouse key where we told her, behind some bottles.

Don't forget, use her name. You're Miss Fenella Reid, and you're the Boyle Company Import Manager.

Once you've greeted our businessman friend from Morley at the docks, open the warehouse for his crew so they can unload the goods. I'll start transferring them to the shop through the ceiling as soon as they're done.

In the meantime bring the Morleyan to the Boyle offices. Pretend that everybody is on holiday for some reason, still mourning the boss maybe. Make him sign some papers, use whatever forms you can find there, and make sure to stamp everything with conviction.

Give him a Cullero cigar from the reserve, anything to make him trust you. And remember to wear something clean.

Everything's got to be finished up before sunrise.

Patrick

Warning from Aunt Lucy

By

Aunt Lucy

My Dear Little Stephano,

Your letter frightened me!

I think the person who visited you was the Outsider. Were his eyes black and oily like a terrible sea on a starless night? That's how you know.

He's offered you a gift, am I right? But a strange gift! You think you don't want it, but still you feel that taking it is the only thing to do.

And of course he asked for something in return. Sexual "favors" is what he demanded, am I right? No need to be ashamed, my dear nephew, as I too received his visit when I was your age. Many times he appeared on my bedroom balcony. I was too weak to resist. And that's how I was cursed with an untreatable pox.

I can't tell you any more until I see you in person!

I hope this gets to you in time.

Aunt Lucy

Warning from Breanna Ashworth

By

Breanna Ashworth

All of you, if you share my loyalty to Delilah and to our Coven, heed my words. Again, I was haunted by nightmares about the Oraculum. The original lenses Jindosh used in the device nearly ruined me. I felt Delilah's magic flicker, and the flame she rekindled in me almost went dark, like it did after Brigrmore, fifteen years ago.

I fear another accident like that will cost me everything: my connection to the Void, to magic itself. We cannot afford any more mistakes. I will study the discarded lenses in my workshop, then have them destroyed.

Remember that Delilah is relying on my efforts, and the Oraculum is attuned to me alone. Do not interfere with the device. Only I have a chance to control the Oracular Sisters.

Breanna

Water Leak in the Basement

By

Aramis Stilton

My faithful Jaime,

I have discovered a leak in the basement. No, don't go and fix it, good man. There is a bloodfly nest near it and the situation is altogether too dangerous. I'm sure another solution will present itself, once I think on it a bit. Unfortunately I've a lot on my mind right now.

In the meantime, let's seal up that portion of the basement to close off the danger. The water is likely to rise a bit, so be sure to keep the drain stoppers open.

How's your leg? If it's still bothering you, I can have the doctor 'round to give it a look.

Kindly,

Aramis

Watery Grave

By

Unknown

Oh brother, been sixty three days
The water's been choppy, the whaler she sways
Can't keep no food down, can't find no sleep
Cuz the night is too dark and the water's too deep
Twas summer I boarded the old wooden ship
Sun she was shinin' on Cullero's dock slip
But now it's all storms way out on the cold seas,
An' if I don't drown, then surely I'll freeze
Wind blow us over this inky black wave
Brother protect me from a watery grave
Now the rats on the deck, nippin' my feet
And the holes in rags, stealin' my heat
These bowls of brown soup, with barely no meat
Make me dream nightly of my sunny old street
But a poor fool like me's gotta earn a straight wage

So I walked myself on to this seafarin' cage
Where the captain's a bully and the crew's full of thieves
An' the liquor's so bad I get the dry heaves.
Wind blow us over this inky black wave
Brother protect from this watery grave
Eight weeks, they said eight
But it's ten weeks we still wait
Not one lonely rock in sight
So it's another perilous night
Now come young sailor, learn from my trials
If y'dream of sailin' the Empire of the Isles
It's a tale of hard times, with death ev'ry day
So don't believe one word that captain might say
Wind blow us over this inky black wave
Brother protect me from a watery grave
A watery grave
A watery grave

Wedding Silvergraph

By

Unknown

Wed the Month of Rain

A love without refrain.

Modotti Silvergraph Studio - Capturing special moments.

Weekly Fee

By

Pricilla B.

Paolo,

Here's the money for the week. But I think we should renegotiate a price. With all the raids and curfew decrees, the Crown Killer and whatnot, folks just aren't buying as much drink.

I thought your part of the bargain was at least keeping the Grand Guard and cursed Overseers occupied. We ain't happy, that's all I'm saying.

Pricilla B.,

on behalf of the Wine Purveyors Association.

Woes Plague Beleaguered Dunwall

By

Unknown

Dunwall's troubles have multiplied of late, calling into question the very efficacy and intentions of our Empress. As evidence that Emily Kaldwin has forsaken us we need to look no further than Rudshore Financial, more commonly called the Flooded District! Though recently drained, we dare not celebrate, as the area is still riddled with maintenance problems remaining from its time underwater! With so many unable to find work, would this not be the perfect moment to unveil a grand scheme to restore this once-posh area?

Alas, no further considerations have been proposed! Nor has the Empress submitted solutions for the current whale oil shortage, even as we endure rationing and discomfort. The picture of incompetent leadership is completed when you add to all this the periodic "accidental" citizen deaths at the hands of the Dunwall City Watch, all while Captain Mortimer Ramsey appointed by our Empress maintains the perfect innocence of those men and women in uniform who are supposed to protect us!

Wolfhound Kennels

By

Unknown

Groundskeepers, remember to make your rounds!

At the end of the evening, all hounds should be in their kennels, with the doors locked tight. we don't want them roaming the grounds at the night, or, worse, entering the building.

Mister Stilton often entertains guests at odd hours, and it wouldn't do if Meagan Foster, or one of Mister Stilton's gentlemen, received a dog bite.